

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg
November 1917

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The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

of the Tea Table, and, in thousands of homes, of the Dinner Table, too, is

BLUE RIBBON TEA

And Why? Because Blue Ribbon Tea is a delightful beverage—healthful—mildly stimulating—pure as the Western breezes—and almost as cheap.

Drink Blue Ribbon Tea for your health's sake. Buy it for your pocket's sake.

And note the new package—a perfect protection against the enemies of good tea—dust and moisture. **A Money-Back Guarantee Goes With Each Package. Ask Your Grocer**

Only Eight Subscriptions Secure Dinner Set Illustrated Below



THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW

THE DINNER SET CONTAINS 6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

YOU ARE SURE TO BE GREATLY PLEASED. This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you.

You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about \$11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

Remember

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone.



THE WRONG and THE RIGHT

WAY

in constructing artificial teeth makes a great difference in your appearance.

Note the change in above face when teeth are properly made. Therefore choose a dentist who has had a wide experience and one who will study your expression and requirements.

You will find it pays to take a trip to Winnipeg and have your work done at

DR. GLASGOW'S
New Method
Dental Parlors
Cor. Donald and Portage
WINNIPEG

where you get the best in any form of dental work, whether it be extracting, filling or replacing lost teeth with or without a plate.

Most approved methods used in eliminating pain and scientific principals applied in the construction of your work.

Who's Your Dentist?

Permanent Crowns and Bridges

- made from the best materials
- heavily reinforced on chewing surfaces
- give correct "bite"
- beautifully finished
- durability guaranteed

\$7

My Whalebone Vulcanite \$10 Plates

SET

- restore youthful expression
- accurate and scientific
- they fit perfectly
- match original teeth
- efficient in use
- beautiful workmanship
- durability guaranteed

Dr. Robinson

DENTAL SPECIALIST

BIRKS BLDG. - WINNIPEG

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVIII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 11

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Chat with Our Readers

A considerable number of subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly expire with this issue. To all whose subscriptions expire with this number we have sent by mail a subscription blank as a reminder of the fact. Now, we wish to ask if there is a single one of these many readers who regrets that he or she subscribed for the magazine a year ago? Have you not received, in instruction and entertainment, many times the value of the small sum of money you paid us for the magazine? Has not the magazine been all that we promised it should be, and all that you could wish or desire? Have you not been pleased with it ever since you became a subscriber?

We earnestly hope that every individual one of those whose subscriptions expire with this issue will send us a renewal of his or her subscription for the coming year, and that as many as feel disposed to do so will get up a club, and thus secure one or more of the valuable and useful rewards we offer. Remember, that if you get two friends to join you in subscribing, thus making up a club of three, each will get the magazine a whole year for a total cost of only two dollars. For larger clubs we give fine premiums. If you will send for our Complete Outfit for Getting-Up Clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which we send free, you will receive our complete Premium List, describing different articles given upon remarkably liberal terms.

The growing appeal of this popular periodical is due to the fact that we embody in it the characteristics of a publication above all indispensable to the home. While it is primarily a fiction magazine, its various departments are of a high order of excellence. The Western Home Monthly is more popular to-day than ever before in its history. Rarely does any one ever hesitate to subscribe when the magazine is once called to his or her attention.

We do not wish to lose a single one of our present subscribers, and do not see why we should. The magazine costs such a small sum that any one can afford to take it. Please send in your subscription just as soon as possible. Do not put it off; do not neglect it. Remember that for the modest price of a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly you provide yourself with wholesome reading for a whole year to come.

A Pertinent Question

The Western Home Monthly particularly commends itself to me for its clean, wholesome and appealing stories. So many of the magazines to-day cater to the tastes of those who demand problem stories suggestive of things that we deplore. After reading them we have a bitter taste in our mouths. Why is it that so many magazine writers preach that Home is no longer the most sacred and happiest place on earth, that married life is not what God designed it to be, that the sanctity of the Home is weakening—the Home which should be a type of Heaven? So far, I have seen nothing in The Western Home Monthly to censure, and much to praise. The other departments of the magazine are excellent. I am grateful to the friend who sent me the magazine for 1916, as I have thoroughly enjoyed it.—Moosomin, Sask.

Opinion of a "Mere Man"

Although your excellent magazine seems to be equally good for men, most of the letters from subscribers printed on your editorial page are from women. I infer from this that women as a rule are most disposed to thank you for giving to the public so good a publication at so small a price. My mother, who is a very critical reader, says she considers the fiction in your magazine superior to that in the higher priced magazines. She had never taken The Western Home Monthly until this year, because she said it was impossible to get a magazine—with good stories the rule rather than the exception—at the price you ask. However, when I read the first copy to her she exclaimed: "Why, there is not a trivial story in it; and as for your special pages such as the Editorial, The Philosopher, What the World is Saying, etc., they are in themselves an education. It has been a long time since I have read a publication that was wholly good." I heartily endorse my mother's sentiments. The Western Home Monthly is good, "plumb good," from cover to cover. I do not know of any other way in which the same amount of money could have been invested with more profit and pleasure, than in a subscription to your magazine.—La Riviere, Man.

Regarding the Dinner and Tea Set

We have received many enquiries from readers regarding the 47-piece Combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we are offering our readers in return for eight new subscriptions. We impress upon all the advisability of referring to the advertisement in this issue which contains all particulars. We have no hesitation in saying that this is the greatest premium offer that has ever been made by any Canadian publication, bearing in mind the fact that at this time with imports so restricted, china, and crockery are 50 per cent more expensive than at this time last year.

Our Christmas Issue

Many writers of note will contribute to our December number. In matter and illustration, it will be of surprising merit. Send a copy to your friend abroad, and, by the way, when you come to think of Christmas gifts, may we suggest that nothing can be more appropriate and acceptable than a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly.



—no floor draft
—no gas or dust

You are assured of these by a "HECLA." Think of what it means to the housewife to have her house heated with a

HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE

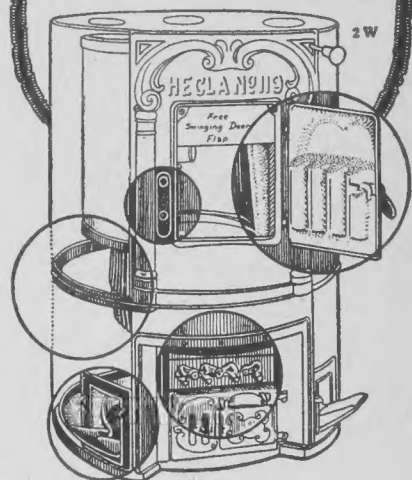
They are big items towards the comfort and health of the family—especially the kiddies. The picture below shows some of the "HECLA" exclusive features—the patented fused joints, the steel ribbed fire pots—the convenient and scientifically correct water pan—the individual grate bars—the air jets in the door which turns the gas into heat—the easy method of attaching water heating coils—and there are several other features not shown.

A furnace is something you buy to last for years. It's well to take time to buy right in the first place. A "HECLA" heated house brings coal bill satisfaction.

If you have any intention of changing your present heating system or of installing a system in a new house

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Please send me copy of "Comfort and Health."
Name.....
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The Queen of FACE POWDERS

Dr. Partin's FACE and HEALING POWDER is a revelation in face powders. Its special healing composition will make the skin smooth and clear. Five shades—white, flesh, mauve, pale lavender and orange. 50c. and \$1.00 a box. Free booklet, "The Joy of being Beautiful". Mail your order to-day.

Dr. Partin, Institute de Beaute
Room E, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

HAIR GOODS

Our 1917 Catalogue contains full particulars and prices of Transformations, Wigs, Toupees, Curls, Switches, etc., also a high-grade line of Skin-Foods and Cosmetics.

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SEAMAN & PETERSEN
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
301 Kensington Bldg. WINNIPEG

EARN \$10-\$2 A DAY AT HOME

Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home trade. Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 3 cents in stamps. Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co. Ltd. Dept. 333 E; 257 College St., Toronto

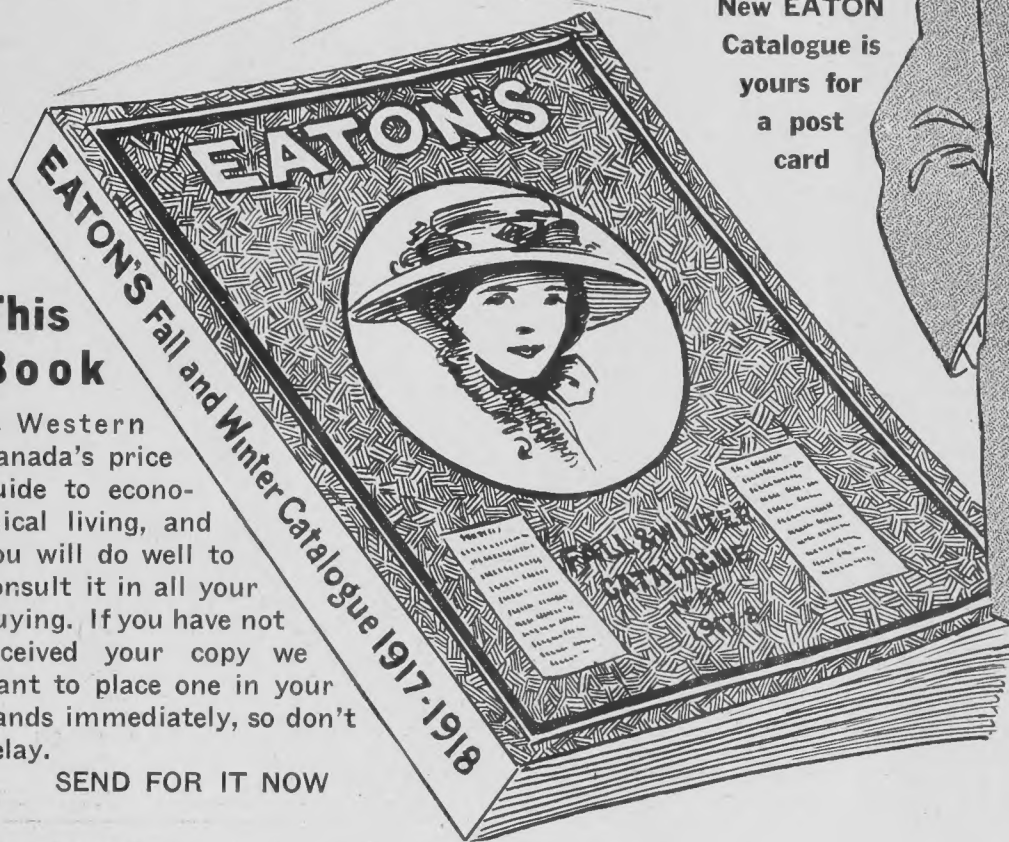
STYLE AND DURABILITY DISTINGUISH EATON CLOTHING

A Copy of the
New EATON
Catalogue is
yours for
a post
card

This Book

is Western Canada's price guide to economical living, and you will do well to consult it in all your buying. If you have not received your copy we want to place one in your hands immediately, so don't delay.

SEND FOR IT NOW



THE NEW EATON CATALOGUE SPELLS ECONOMY ON EVERY PAGE

Our New Fall and Winter Catalogue is just brimming over with exceptional values in everyday wants—Men's, Women's and Children's **Wearing Apparel**, and all **Farm Needs**, including Implements, Machinery, Wagons and Harness.

The need for things that winter weather makes so necessary—Heavy Clothing, Stoves, Building Paper and innumerable others—is no doubt on your mind at this time. **EATON'S** have anticipated your demands along those lines far in advance, in some cases six months and in others a year and even more. It is this foresightedness in merchandising that permits a selection so wide and varied as this store offers and at prices so consistently reasonable.

We invite you to examine this book, our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, and would suggest comparison, which is the best method of determining true value. Your name and address is sufficient and we will send a copy of this book on its way to you immediately.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY!

A LIST OF BOOKLETS SUBSIDIARY TO OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE

Along many lines where detailed description is so necessary in order to make satisfactory selection we have issued special booklets for your convenience. This list of booklets includes Men's Clothing, Wall-Paper, Modern Plumbing, Modern Homes and Farm Buildings

ANY WILL BE SENT FREE UPON REQUEST

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA



**THIS
SUIT
IS
No.
13A1931**

A particularly clean looking herringbone weave in attractive grey shade. Men who suit the double-breasted style will find this an ideal suit for every day wear. Pants have belt loops, two side, one hip and one watch pocket.

13A1931—In sizes 36 to 44 inches chest measure and 30 to 34 inches leg measure. Give height and weight when ordering. PRICE PREPAID

1150

Editorial

Democracy

THERE is no expression more frequently met with in the papers and magazines of Canada, Britain and the United States than "the fight for democracy." No phrase more completely sets forth the purpose of the war. The world is not safe so long as the few have absolute power and the many are in abject submission to them. It is all the same whether the power is wielded by a military class, a religious order, a political clique, or a financial corporation. Just now the world fight is against military despotism. The other forms of tyranny must in time be overthrown in the same way. The nations and all individuals must be free. Death is better than slavery or servitude.

Now it is strange that though we, who are in Canada, have been willing to give life and wealth to overthrow the despotism of Germany, we are quite willing to tolerate an equally objectionable despotism at home. The German war-lords have no more power in their own country or in Europe than have the money-kings—the big business men—right here in Canada. It is wonderfully strange how some people who are shouting "conscription," are blind to the other evil; wonderfully strange how they can denounce German robbery and heartlessness, and condone robbery and pillage right in our midst.

The Rule of Wealth

DURING the last three years, as never before, Canada has been in the grip of the moneyed interests. Appointments in and out of the government have gone to those who possessed gold, or who were willing to fall down and meekly worship the golden image. The possession of wealth has been to those in office a sufficient recommendation for leadership. Think of the last appointment to the Canadian Senate, think of the chairman of the most important of our commissions. Think of all the other appointments that meant so much to Canada during the war, and of the character of the men who have had at all times the ear of the government. If ever a country was ruled by a small coterie of men rather than by the representatives of the people that country is Canada. If ever there was a disgusting aristocracy it is the aristocracy of dollars that has the ascendancy just now. It is a small satisfaction to see the common people come into their own in England, Russia and other European states, and to find that right here we are in subjection to a few men, most of whom have acquired wealth as the result of special legislation, or because of donations from the public treasury. We can have no true democracy until the directors of our national life are true representatives of the people, rather than creatures of special privilege or worshippers of the money-chests.

Should any one think this is overdrawn, let him consider who are the real advisers of the government to-day. Not men of the people, but those who, above all others, were responsible for the plunder of the people. And when it came to actual appointments to the cabinet, does not everybody recognize that no one stood a chance who was not a friend of the interests? The very first appointments from the ranks of the opposition were men who could be trusted to stand in with "big business."

Any thing could go so long as the money-kings were left in possession of their plunder. The militarism of Germany is bad, the moneyed bureaucracy of Canada is worse, because in this case we are responsible for the evil.

There is a question being asked by every Canadian and by every newspaper, "Why should there be division at this critical time?" The answer is as plain as the nose on a man's face. It is not primarily because of race, religion or politics. It is because there are forty or fifty men who control one-third of the wealth of Canada, and they are determined to control the government of the country. It is easy for them to do so when the men in charge are such willing friends. Verily the love of money is the root of all evil.

The Remedy

HOW shall we get things right? There is only one way. The people can rule just as soon as they make up their minds to do so. No one need fear chaos and confusion. There could be no greater blundering and injustice than we have had during these last three years.

There is only one thing stands in the way. An old philosopher has told it all in a parable. Would you hear it? "Once upon a time the fishes of the streams and lakes waited upon King Pike and complained that he was too rapacious, that every year he swallowed too many of their number. King Pike, after careful deliberation, replied that there was, perhaps, some ground for the complaint, and that he would improve matters by allowing one of the little fish each year to become a pike. Then they all left perfectly satisfied, for each one hoped to become that pike."

The cure for all our ills is public spirit. There are public-spirited individuals in every community. Let

us entrust them with authority. These are the only men and women who can be trusted. After all it is a question of moral worth. Canada will not be great, prosperous, happy, so long as dishonest, unscrupulous, blinded partisans control its destinies. Nor will it be any better if its policies are shaped, and its interests administered by men who represent special interests. A man who is a grain grower and nothing more, a trade's unionist and nothing more, is just as unsuitable for public office as a man who is conservative and nothing more, or liberal and nothing more. In public office men must rise above their private affairs, they must cease to be partizan, they must be men. "God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess a conscience and a will; Men who have honor, men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a demagogue, And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking; Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog, In public duty and in private thinking, For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife—lo, Freedom weeps, Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!"

It is bad enough to meet a man who is not willing to send men and money to assist in the great world-struggle. It is even worse to meet a man who is crying "conscription" in order to drown the clamor that is being raised because of his own misdeed. So whether we have conservatives or liberals or both combined, to lead us, let them be men of the people.

The Food Controller

IT must be confessed that up to the present the food controller has not accomplished very much. He may have gathered statistics and figures, he may have travelled a good many miles and may have talked with a good many people, but he has certainly not done what people expected him to do. He has not relieved the strain nor lessened the anxiety of those who find it so difficult to live, and this despite the fact that he was so emphatic in his promises. Here is something from his own pen: "Against the other price-raising factors, against competitive buying by foreign governments, against unequal distribution of resources, against speculators, greedy middlemen and wasters, the public will be vigilantly protected."

It is impossible to get away from the impression that Mr. Hanna, or the men behind him, have been more anxious to stand in with the big interests than to relieve the distress of the people. For there is distress because of high prices, and these prices are altogether unnecessary. It is idle to say that an interference with prices would disrupt our economic system and cause national disaster. Isn't it about time the present system of handling food supplies was upset? Can't we usher in a new system here as well as in England?

A short time ago a gentleman of this city was at a town, a little over one hundred miles away. He bought a basket of blueberries for \$1.15 and paid express charges of 20 cents. He could have had all the blueberries he wished for at this price. On reaching the city he found the price to be \$2.75 retail. Even then the retail dealers were making but a little profit. There is, however, on King Street, a fruit combination that the food controller seems to have passed by. There is at the city market even a worse combination dictating the price of vegetables. A citizen has been offered outside the door of the market potatoes at 35 cents a bushel, when the members of the gang who were buying at that price were demanding 60 cents. This thing has been going on for years. The retail men are afraid to say a word. In Toronto the same thing is taking place. In Calgary it is no better. Our food controller is either powerless or blind. In a democracy the common people should have a little consideration. They receive next to none in Canada.

Here is something for Mr. Hanna to read: "New York State strides over men who thought themselves its masters, to cheapen food for consumers. Congress may tax profits as high as 80 per cent. Reverence for the law of supply and demand may have wrought well for a time, developing initiative, but it is as dead in Great Britain as King Alfred. Lord Rhondda instructing local committees tells them that their first duty is to safeguard the interests of the consumers. Farmers and market gardeners received from 75 cents to \$1.00 a bushel for their potatoes last fall. In the spring consumers had to pay \$2.50 a bushel. In Montreal potatoes were allowed to rot in cars so that prices might remain high."

But what is the use? What is the use of a controller who can't or won't control? Perhaps, however, Northcliffe was right in saying that a controller needs the courage of a lion, the eyes of a hawk and the hide of a buffalo. It may be that our own food controller has not yet acquired the characteristics of all three. Give him time.

Misplaced Emphasis

WE are informed on good authority that the grain crop of Western Canada is worth seven hundred millions. To this add the value of the roots and vegetables, and the income from the sale of stock and stock production—butter, cheese, wool, hides. The total will not be far from a billion dollars. Then the fishermen, lumbermen, miners, have been busy, and the manufacturers have been earning a huge income. Now deducting cost of production, there must be a very handsome balance in favor of the producers. Shall we say half a billion or more or less? The exact amount it is impossible to determine. Let each man for himself fix a figure. It will of necessity be a high one. One farmer says that he will clear fifty dollars out of every eighty-five he receives for his grain. That means a pretty big saving for a man with a thousand acres of wheat. Other farmers may do worse, and a few may do even better according to their acreage.

What should the receipt of such a vast sum mean to the country? It should mean first the payment of debts to banks, loan companies, implement dealers and local tradesmen. It should mean the purchase of comforts for the homes, the introduction of modern conveniences and labor-saving devices, the erection of new buildings, the building of roads, this and a thousand things beside. But all this is for the present. What about the future? How much will be set aside for the betterment of society, for the education of children who will constitute the society of the next generation?

A rough calculation shows that about three per cent of the gross income of Western Canada goes to the support of schools. This includes all that is spent in salaries, buildings, payment of debentures and everything else, and covers elementary, secondary and higher education in all its branches. Does it not seem to be about time for our people to take education seriously? Our schools are not doing all they should. The teachers in the elementary schools are underpaid. It is impossible to get men at the salaries given, and women remain at the work but a few years. In the secondary schools the teaching force is very unsatisfactory and the programmes of study very inadequate. Our technical schools are not to be compared to those of Europe and America. We must surely awake. It matters comparatively little how much money a man leaves behind him, it matters everything what character and ability are possessed by his children. Three per cent is a ridiculously low allowance for education. Ten per cent would be none too much. We are not putting emphasis in the right place.

The Latest Allies

URUGUAY is not a large country. Its population is about a million. But it is a country of great resources. It has rich plains capable of bearing wheat, corn, barley, millet, oats and rye. The people, however, take to stock-raising rather than agriculture. There are twenty million sheep in the country. The wool crop is over 30,000 metric tons annually. Cattle and horses are also reared in every part of the country. The people are chiefly of a mixed race—Indian, Spanish and Portuguese. The prevailing language is Spanish. The trade of the country is considerable, and apart from this it will be a great blow to Germany to be shut out of her seaports.

Peru, on the opposite side of the continent, is about 1,100 miles long and 800 miles broad, but owing to its broken surface its population is but four and one-half millions. Its climate varies from tropical to frigid because of varied altitudes. Its productions are varied, the chief being sugar, leather, wool, coffee, and copper, lead, bismuth and tin. There are three or four important towns or cities—Lima, Callao, Arequipa and Cuzco. One-half the population may be called Indian, and one-fourth of mixed origin. The prevailing tongue is Spanish. Peru is a land of romance. Originally the home of the Incas, it was despoiled by the Spaniards who treated the inhabitants shamefully. During the last few centuries it has been torn by internal strife or engaged in struggles with its neighbors. Its break with Germany is an added recognition of the righteousness of the cause of the Allies. It also means that there is another long stretch of a thousand miles of sea coast free from the depredations of raiders. Here's a hand to you—Uruguay and Peru!

Let Us Not Be Discouraged

THE War is going well with the Allies and badly with the enemy. On the one side the power is increasing and the morale is excellent. On the other side the power is diminishing and the people losing courage. The mutiny in the German Navy must be interpreted as a feeling that the German method will not win the war. With that view the Allies are in complete sympathy. The end has not yet come, but we can see it. The boastful and threatening speeches of German officials need not impress us, nor should we be disturbed by the talk so long as Germany can hold a gun.



Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

The skin of your face, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As the old skin dies, new forms. By the proper treatment with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experience by a *skin*

specialist. For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin tonight to get the benefit of it for your skin.



If your trouble is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly

habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this

treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.



Blackheads come from improper cleansing. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble.

Is your skin "pimply," blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for

ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

Send 4c for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet

We have been able to give just three treatments on this page, but you can get them all, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4 cents we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 2411 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**



Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks use.

Love's Help

By W. R. Gilbert

Chapter I.

AND we'll all be off to Cowry Bay for the holidays on Wednesday, and Mirabelle's no nearer knowing her own mind about me," complained Roddie Hastings, his handsome grey eyes glowering disconsolately through the haze of cigarette smoke with which he and his companion were filling the typical Chelsea studio. "Can't get her to say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"I thought you did not mean to take 'No' for an answer."

"I don't if I can jolly well get any other; but I tell you she won't even vouchsafe me that definitely. Says she 'thinks' she likes me better than most of the fellows who buzz round her. 'Better than most,' mark you. Doesn't so much as let me know whether she includes that drivelling ass Sinclair, who practically lives at their place. He is going away with 'em, too, confound his inf — his ineffable impudence; so she'll have two strings to her bow always in the house, to say nothing of the extra people who always do turn up in the country, interrupting and interfering, and spoiling sport at every turn. I shan't even see as much of her as I've done in London," pursued the love-sick swain, for, on the subject of her, otherwise Mirabelle (whose other name doesn't matter, her first being so like her, frivolous, pretty and absurd), Roddie was rapidly becoming a bore. However, his companions was seldom bored by Roddie.

"And when I tell her it's not fair on a chap, she laughs and well — you've seen the ways her eyes sparkle like black diamonds set in that little ivory face of hers?"

"Well, it's sending me absolutely crazy. The holidays—in that ripping place of her people's—are going to be positive torture for me."

"Poor old Roddie. Poor boy! You know I'd help you if I could."

"I know you would, dear old pal."

Roddie's "dear old pal" gave a queer little smile. She—yes, by the way, it was a "she"—a girl with blue eyes and a blue cotton painting pinny. A blue-eyed woman should always wear some blue about her, but not in a smudge of ultramarine paint over her nose, as Madge had now.

But she was a hard-working little person, earning her living by designing the lids of expensive chocolate boxes that became presents for pretty ladies of leisure like Mirabelle. And her appearance had to stand aside for her work.

Consequently her thick fair hair was quickly "done," and worn in a pushed-back uncompromising style; Chinese white and charcoal spoiled her finger nails; and the painting pinny concealed a business-like tweed skirt, an unalluring flannel blouse, a polo collar and a man's tie.

There was "no nonsense" about Madge. But Mirabelle, who was practically all "Nonsense," they adored.

"She can't help being rather spoilt, Roddie, by all the attention she gets. From what you tell me, it seems a matter of course to her. One man's adoration is much the same to her as another's."

She's like the girls who work in candy factories, and who may eat as many sweets as they like. I believe they never want to touch one. Mirabelle knows she's only got to put her hand out and help herself to all the admiration that's going. She's never wanted anything she couldn't get. But—Madge spoke portentously—"there are other girls in the world, Roddie."

"Not for me, Madge."

"Oh, you silly old thing; I never thought so," retorted his companion quickly. "I meant, couldn't you let Mirabelle imagine there were? She'd think so much more of you if you—well, took a leaf out of her own book. Show her that two could play at that game. Flirt with someone else."

"With whom?" doubtfully.

"Oh, what does it matter? With anyone. Introduce a third person; it's an ancient ruse, but it still works wonders, I believe," Madge told him, beginning to put the leadless-glaze tea cups away in her typical little bachelor-girl cupboard. "I mean, if I can, to see you en-

They had been real "pals" for two years now. People didn't believe in platonic friendship; said it always ended in something warmer, but Roddie knew better. There were exceptions. Look at himself and Madge!

"You are a little ripper to suggest helping me," he added, half-doubtfully; "but I don't see that you are—"

"Not pretty enough?" put in his platonic pal, bluntly. "Looks don't matter. It would make her all the more furious to have her nose put out of joint by such a plain girl."

"Perhaps that might work," said Roddie, with apparent brutality. But as there was no "nonsense" about Madge, she knew she was jolly plain beside a girl like Mirabelle, and wouldn't expect to be contradicted. So they went on discussing the plan, and Roddie found himself becoming persuaded.

"But, then, you were going sketching in Brittany for your holiday?"

"I'll come sketching to Cowry Bay instead."

"You are a brick—you are really. You're most awfully good-natured Madge—"

"Not a bit. I'm interested in this affair. I mean, if I can, to see you en-

Chapter II.

"Plenty of things," Madge had said, "may happen in the country."

Pretty Mirabelle had begun to find out that this was true. She discovered that the country was not nearly so enjoyable this year. Something had gone wrong with the tennis lawn. Some other holiday makers — odious cockneys — had erected a bathing hut in her (Mirabelle's) own favorite and particular bay.

Her dressmaker — idiot — had disappointed her over her summer muslins; and her wet-day "things" were a disappointment also; that Burberry hat, which looked so fetching in the illustration, was not becoming after all — hid too much of her hair.

Mr. Sinclair — wretched creature — had written to say that Somerset House could not spare him for another fortnight, so that Mirabelle was balked of her favorite amusement, that of looking lovely as a "summer girl," while she played one admirer off against another.

Roddie Hastings — that nincompoop — would be positively the only man there to see what a charming picture Mirabelle's creamy skin and black hair made against the background of the pergola covered with crimson ramblers. Worst

of all, even Roddie, the infatuated, had prepared in unpleasant surprise for his enslaver.

"A friend of mine," he informed the family the second day at breakfast, "has taken rooms at the post office here, going to do a fortnight's sketching."

"Oh, do bring him in to see us," said Mirabelle's mother, hospitably.

"Do," added Mirabelle, demurely; "it will be so much more amusing — for you of course — with another man."

"It happens to be another girl," "Thanks, I'll bring her over this afternoon."

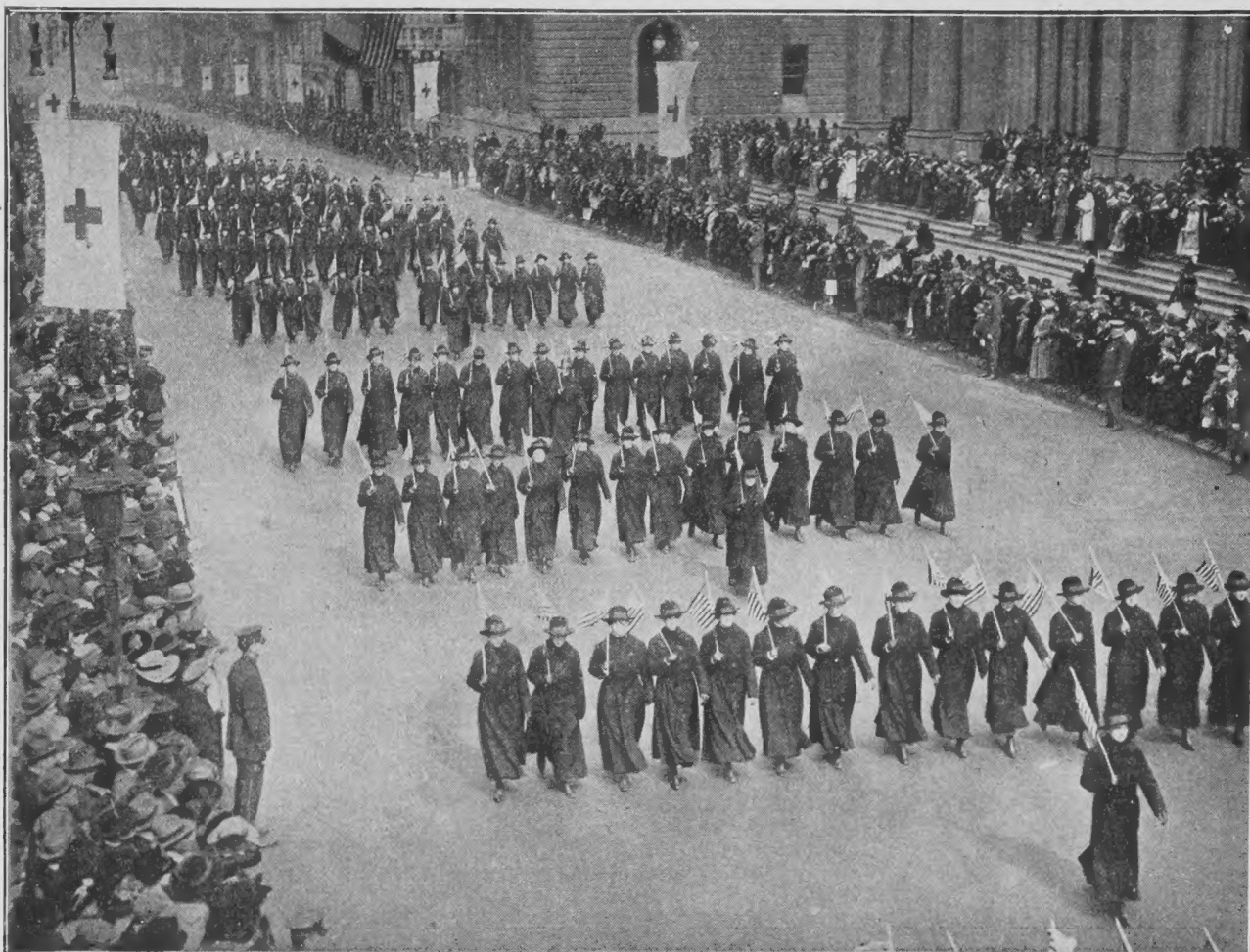
"Another girl!" Could anything be more tactless of Roddie? He might have known that Mirabelle was bored to tears by other girls. An artist into the bargain. Mirabelle knew what women artists were — dingy dowds and frowsy frumps with clothes past praying for; dabs of oil paint on the ends of their noses, and hair all anyhow. There would not even be the fun of competition with another pretty girl, concluded the disgusted Mirabelle.

Consequently, when she first beheld the friend whom Roddie brought in from the whitewashed, honeysuckle-grown post office, she was more than amazed.

So was Roddie. He had scarcely been able to believe his own eyes at the sight of Madge when she appeared in her holiday get-up. Was it Madge? Or was it the get-up that had so transfigured her?

Gone was the prosaic figure in the strictly utilitarian clothes, gone the screwed-back coiffure, vanished utterly the stains of the untidiest of professions.

And framed in the honeysuckle-wreathed doorway there stood a smiling, dainty maiden in a delightfully-cut, cool cotton gown of blue-and-white check; the blue just matching her mischievous eyes, the white to suit the cluster of flowers in her big straw hat. She wore preposterous but pretty suede shoes and stockings of saxe-blue; her nails were pink and polished, her cheeks pinker under a suspicion of scented powder. Another grub had become a butterfly! Actually she carried a sunshade with a



War nurses in training at U.S. General Hospital No. 1, marching past St. Patrick's Cathedral in America's greatest Red Cross parade. They are members of one of the U.S. base hospitals.

joy your holiday in the society of some other girl."

"There are not going to be any there."

"Well, confide in one you know up here, and get her to go down and help you, play up to you, pretend to be the other half of sudden attachment."

"My dear good Madge, how could I? I don't know any girls, well—except you, and you don't count. You're so—"

"Unfeminine."

"Oh, not in a horrid way, but—well, you've always fended for yourself like a man, haven't you? I often feel you're like another fellow. Besides, how could one possibly ask a girl to do that—to consent to be a sort of locum tenens in a love affair, eh?"

The little artist shook her table cloth out of the studio window, tied up a bulging portfolio of studies, and finally answered in her most matter-of-fact voice.

"You could ask me anything, Roddie."

"You? But—"

The young fellow gasped, gazing at the prosaic little figure of his confidante, sharer of so many studio teas and outings and concerts ever since they left the same village in the country to live, one in St. James' Street rooms, one in a Chelsea studio.

gaged before the end of the holidays."

Oh, Madge! I say, how you do cheer a chap up. I've never known anyone like you. I'll bless you for ever. I can't tell you how—how sickeningly grateful I am to you. If I could ever do anything in that line for you. But, then, you're not that sort of girl, are you? You don't care about anything but your work, do you? You're so unsentimental; you're—"

"A born bachelor-girl," concluded Madge, drily. "However, don't let Mirabelle suspect that fact, once we all get down into Arcadia. And buck up, Roddie. Plenty of things may happen in the country."

And she dismissed her fellow-conspirator with a gay little nod.

But when Roddie, much cheered, had departed to his rooms to look out flannels, fishing tackle, and other holiday kit, this born bachelor-girl sank down on her studio lounge, buried her little ultramarine-smudged nose in a shabby Liberty cushion, and smothered a sob.

"A locum tenens," she muttered bitterly to herself. "A girl that's to be made love to for a fortnight, pretending that she's occupying the place of a prettier, luckier girl. That's all I'm ever to know of love."

saxe-blue pom-pom dangling frivously from each spoke.

"Madge, Madge, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Merely dressing to suit the part, Roddie."

"But, by jove, I didn't know you. And I say, I thought the idea was for you to look—well, as plain as you could?"

"Well, these clothes are quite plain, quite simple," returned Madge, smiling inwardly over the thought that Roddie should never, never know what that simplicity had cost—namely, the rest of the savings intended for her Brittany holiday. "And I thought I'd wave my hair for a change."

"A change? It's a transformation."

"No; it's my own hair," laughed the girl, who, with her new clothes, seemed to have assumed a totally new manner.

A manner coquettish, assured; a manner of positive proprietorship in Roddie Hastings.

And it was not lost upon Miss Mirabelle, though she made herself sweetly hospitable towards the intruder. She was even sweeter, however, towards the intruder's introducer.

"Do you see? It's begun to work, old boy," declared Madge, reassuming her normal "platonic pal" manner as Roddie, though actually

pressed to remain by a glance from his lovely brunette, saw the transformed blonde back to her lodging. "She's astonished and piqued. A bird's wings never look so white as when it flies. And Mirabelle's beginning to fancy that there is a possibility of your flying."

"How can she?" murmured Roddie, quite dazed by the success of the ruse.

"You're surprised? Ah, well, I know girls better than you do, so mind you go on taking my advice. 'Keep the bone and the dog will follow you.' The bone of contention being in this case your attentions."

"I should never have believed that Mirabelle was—was like that."

"All girls are like that," declared the other conspirator. "A little wholesome neglect, and you'll see the result next time you propose to her. When's that to be, Roddie?"

"She told me just before we came down that I wasn't to bother her about it again for another fortnight."

"Right," returned Madge, holding out her unusually manicured hand as they reached the honeysuckle post office porch. "It's going to be horribly difficult for you, though."

"Shan't mind that if it really does come off all right. Besides, it seems to be more—more amusing than I thought it would. Isn't it funny?"

"Awfully funny. Quite a lark, in fact," agreed Madge, taking away the hand again. "Good-bye till to-morrow, partner-in-crime."

He beamed at her gratefully.

"Good night, locum."

Chapter III.

Quickly the lovely summer days went by, but they seemed slow enough this year to Mirabelle.

That spoilt beauty was having the dullest holiday of her life at Cowry Bay. There was nobody there—absolutely nobody, except a couple of Sandhurst cadets, callow youths in scarlet-and-white blazers, who fell victims at once.

But Mirabelle was, after all, not yet old enough, as she put it pettishly, to

take an interest in kidnapping. And as for her legitimate admirer—he who was to propose to her for the tenth time at the end of the month—what was he doing? Neglecting his charming hostess, and dancing attendance on that silly, straw-haired girl who had come down to sketch.

Very little sketching she'd done, indeed, except that one unfinished study of a field of blazing scarlet poppies in the emerald-green corn, which she had taken a whole morning to paint, while Roddie Hastings, if you please, had sprawled on the grass beside her easel, reading aloud to her, "Love in the Valley."

And almost every other morning he had likewise spent with this chit of a Madge.

There'd been walks on the beach—always under the indignant black eyes of Mirabelle—rows in the bay, climbs up the cliff. It was all very well for Roddie to give out that he and this girl were old friends from childhood, and that he was bound to make things as amusing as he could for her while she was away alone on her holiday.

Personally, Mirabelle disapproved of bachelor-girls who go about without any chaperons, and who pretend to believe in platonic friendships.

white thingummies—what are those flowers?"

"Syringa. The country name for it is 'mock-orange.' Mock-orange blossoms for a mock-love affair. Appropriate, isn't it?"

"I can't think why you've never had a real love affair of your own, Madge, instead of just going in for a make-believe one to oblige a friend."

"As you said yourself, I'm not that sort of girl."

"You've seemed quite a different sort of girl since we've been down here. I—why, even I haven't seemed to know you before," declared Roddie, examining his old chum with a new curiosity. "It may be your having had to pretend to be different, and to play up to me and all that, but this 'locum' business seems to have brought you out, Madge."

"Has it?" she said carelessly. "I'm glad I'm—I seem to be some sort of credit to your taste, Roddie. I'd never thought of wasting time and money on clothes before. What was the use? I mean—this is my first job as a 'locum,' you see. However, we won't waste time talking about me. What about Mirabelle? I think it would be almost safe to begin paying her a little attention

eye out? Were the sandhills to be made as dangerous as the beastly links?" and so on, thus dispersing his anger—against himself—and giving Madge time to collect her self-possession.

Neither quite knew what had occurred. But it seemed to Madge that for one whirling second something hot and soft had scorched her cheek; and to Roddie it seemed that his lips could never forget that one stolen kiss.

But he had forgotten himself. And he seemed to read his reproach in Madge's averted glance, when he left her at the post office.

"I have behaved like a fool and a cad," he said bitterly. Dashed if I know how it occurred. I must make an excuse not to see her for a couple of days. It's the end of the fortnight on Saturday, anyhow. I was a beast to do it."

Chapter IV.

Another person at Cowry Bay was calling herself names at that moment.

"Idiot! To give myself away like that. Why did I come? Why did I think I could bear it? Why was I ever born?" fumed Madge, the bachelor-girl, in the little latticed-windowed bedroom of her lodging. "Oh, I thought it would

be worth it, just one fortnight of looking nice and enjoying myself in the sunshine with him, even if it were only make-believe, even if I were only the 'locum' he looks upon me as. And now it's worse than ever; I can never see him again, never."

Indeed, she did not see Roddie Hastings for two whole days. Madge spent those miserable days in painting the lanes in the opposite direction from Mirabelle's house. Then came that Saturday which she felt she could hardly live through. The day which ended that fatal fortnight; the day when Roddie was to propose—for the goodness-knew-how-many-time—to Mirabelle, and to be accepted.

Oh, yes. She'd accept him this time. Madge had seen it in those "black diamonds" of eyes of hers.

The ruse of a locum tenens in Roddie's affections had been but too successful; and Madge, who'd only herself to thank, felt like the little boy that nobody loved, and who proposed to go out into the garden and eat worms.

Only Madge's form of it was to feel she ought to put on all her old studio clothes and to scrape her pretty hair back. She did not, however. Not yet would she go back to being the prosaic, hard-working girl. She was still wearing the blue-and-white cotton frock of her butterfly fortnight that afternoon, when she set up her easel near a splendid hedge tangle of purple and golden vetch, which she sat staring at when a well-known voice behind her made her start.

"Too difficult to paint, eh?" it said gaily. "Ah, the most beautiful things are the hardest to express properly."

And Madge, pulling herself together by an entirely feminine effort, met Roddie's smiling grey eyes with a smile in her own.

"Hallo!" Her voice was perfectly steady. "Where have you been?"

"I have just come," he told her blithely, "from having a most interesting talk with Mirabelle."

"Have you proposed to her?"

"Yes."



A View of Riga, the large Russian Sea Port, recently fallen to the Germans.

Mirabelle, who began making pointed remarks about two being company, and who had loftily refused to leave the lawn, glanced across from the garden of her house and again saw two figures—the tall, athletic one in white flannels, and the small, dainty one in saxe-blue—sitting close together in the shadow of the sandhills. Very "platonic" that looked.

Roddie was a humbug and a flirt. Never before had an admirer of Mirabelle's flirted with anyone else. The girl—well, the girl was a shameless poacher. Mirabelle was not used to having her preserves poached. Yet, what could she do? And what was going to happen at the end of the fortnight?

The couple on the sandhills were talking thus:

"Madge."

"Well? You needn't say it in that impressive tone, Roddie. Mirabelle can't hear us from the garden. You can talk as we usually do—as man to man."

"Speaking as man to man, then—why did you never do it before?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, get yourself up to look so awfully—well, different. Do your hair that jolly way, leave off those beastly collars and clumpy boots, wear a pretty frock, and take to picture hats with clumps of

again now, Roddie. It's nearly the end of the fortnight, and—ah!"

She stopped with a little cry. Something whistled by like a bullet, missing within a hair's breadth the smooth forehead under the mock-orange trimmed hat, before dropping with a little thud into the warm sand.

It was a trifling incident, one of these details that sometimes make or mar a destiny. Only a golf ball. But for a moment it seemed like a thunderbolt that had fallen between them.

Utterly startled, the girl shrank back against the man, whose arm went involuntarily round her; and for one second Madge clung to it, leant her soft cheek against it, and gasped "Roddie!"

"It's all right, darling," said Roddie Hastings, without pausing to think. And then sandhills and sky seemed to wheel about Madge's head in swirls of gold and blue. An angry, scarlet-coated figure blundered into the picture.

"So sorry," growled the golfer, in a serve-you-right tone of voice. "Not hurt, I hope? Didn't you hear me call 'fore'?"

Roddie, standing up very suddenly, told that golfer exactly what he thought of his criminal carelessness.

"What was the good of calling out 'fore' after you had knocked a lady's

"Ah, good," cried the other girl, desperately plucky. "I see I needn't ask you what she said, Roddie. It's success this time. I'm to congratulate you?"

"Yes, please. Mirabelle has just made me very happy."

"Hurrah!" she cried frantically, determined to keep it up. "I do congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart." And she held out her hand.

Roddie Hastings took the hand, took the other hand, took the blue-and-white armful of bravado straight to his breast.

"Madge, Madge! 'With all your heart?' It's your heart, I want dear."

Was she dreaming? She felt that heart beat against his own, felt his kisses rained down on her soft face.

"Roddie, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Mirabelle has made me very happy by telling me of her engagement to that chap Sinclair who has just come down, Madge. It seems that she 'always' cared for him. He's so constant, so true. She'd never be afraid of his flirting with any other woman, and so on. Our little plan, bless you, was not as clever as you thought it. But it's success if—if you can get me engaged by the end of these holidays, after all. They've shown you to me, Madge. It's not that platonic-pal nonsense I want from you any more, and it's not all this rubbish about being a locum tenens. I want you for a really-and-truly sweet-heart. I ought to have known it days ago. That afternoon on the sandhills taught me something, Madge. Did it teach you something, too?"

Madge, with her face against his, gave a little sobbing laugh.

"You silly boy. You darling, silly boy! As if I hadn't always known, without any teaching, that I never could care for anyone else."

And the lovers clasped and kissed under the flowery hedge. Madge's easel, overturned, lay neglected, and beside it her shady hat with its wreath of syringa flowers.

No more mock-orange now, for the happy bride would wear real orange blossoms in a month or so. Love's locum tenens had come into her kingdom at last.

American Donation to Canadian Red Cross

It is sometimes said that there is no sentiment in business, but it is time that, in these days particularly, sentiment plays a very large part in business. And when sentiment tends to draw allied nations still closer together it is, perhaps, the very best kind of business. An experience with this kind of sentiment came to the notice of the land department of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary a short time ago. Mr. W. G. Fraser, of the aerial training station at San Francisco, had a balance of fifty dollars coming to him on a land transaction with the company. As Mr. Fraser is now lined up with Uncle Sam's fighting forces, he desired that the money should go to some patriotic purpose, and wrote the C.P.R. asking them to turn it over to the Canadian Red Cross. He might, of course, have had it paid direct to him, or to some American patriotic society; but he elected that it should go to the Canadian Red Cross, which a few days ago received a cheque for the amount.

Hard on the Lions

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."—Tit-Bits.

Sine Qua Non

The Sunday school teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and as an aid to understanding she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing; he must sit down and wait. He must be patient. And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?"

The answer was quickly shouted with one voice: "Bait!"

With Best Wishes from Mary

By Edith G. Bayne

THE little Canadian nurse adjusted the night lights—two dim oil-lamps, one at either end of the long ward—and then taking up a medicine glass went into an adjoining room, technically the surgery but actually merely a screened-off section of the main apartment.

"Some more bromide, doctor," she said to the French surgeon, who, in shirt-sleeves and with a soiled white apron on, stood working over a table full of bottles, jars and instruments.

An orderly behind him was cleaning the operating table after the last surgical case. There was now a brief lull in

the stress of work, but the doctor's face was worn and haggard like that of the nurse.

"For yourself, Mees Ellen?" he asked, his eyes resting anxiously on the girl's face.

She smiled and shook her head.

"I'm all right. It's for the Canadian boy—the hip case, you know. That hypodermic doesn't do for him and if he doesn't get relief from the agony, I'm afraid that—"

"Ah, yes! I remember now. It's the boy from your own home city as you call it," and the doctor poured out the drug, scolding Miss Ellen gently, meanwhile.

"You work too hard and too long, Mees. Ma foi! You are very brave, yes. But you should call Madame Loissette now. It is time she was up."

"Let her sleep. Poor thing! She was exhausted, after seventy-two hours on her feet."

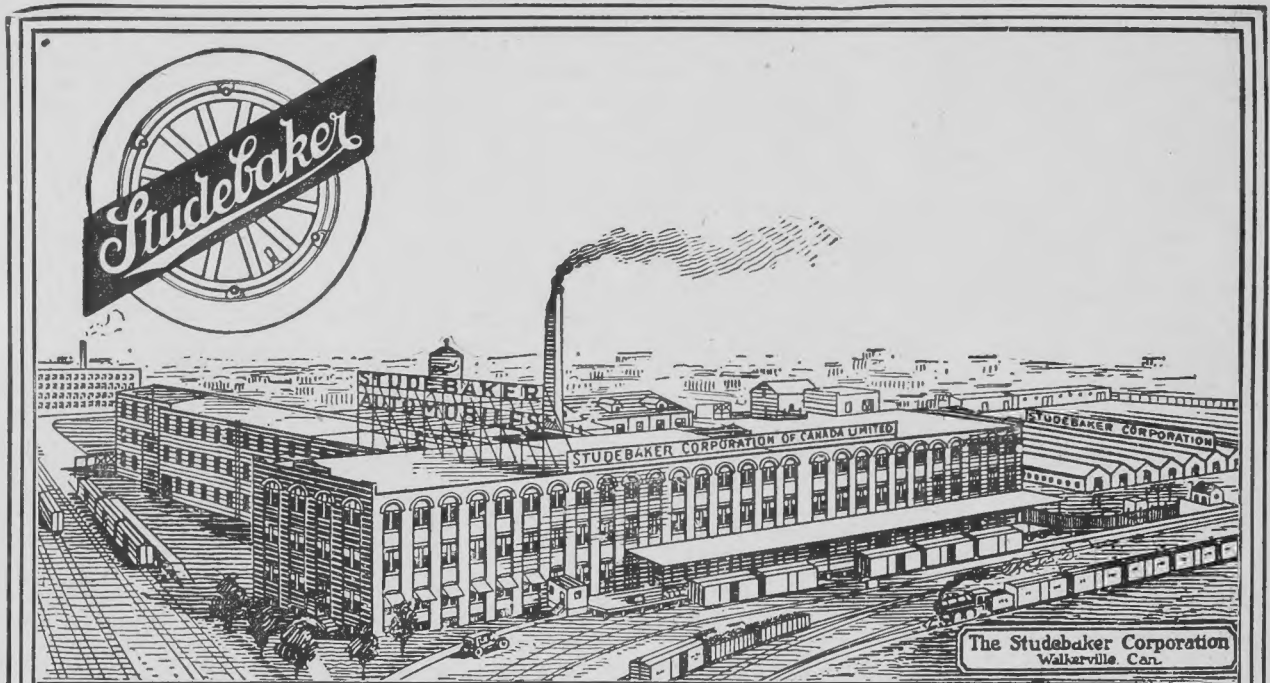
"But yourself, Mees! I am not satisfied. I like again to see you look what you call rosee, is it not?"

"I'll sleep soon. Just because I was silly enough to faint yesterday, you needn't imagine I'm a piker. I'll not show the white feather again."

The surgeon, if he did not understand the idioms, at least caught the gist. He shrugged his shoulders and sighed as Miss Ellen departed.

The Cockney orderly slipped after the nurse and touched her on the arm.

"Tyke 'is hadvice, Miss," he pleaded.



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The Simple Truth About Corns

A corn today is just as needless as a spot of dirt.

It can be ended almost as easily, as simply and completely as a spot of dirt.

The way is scientific. It was invented by a famous chemist. It is prepared by makers of surgical dressings, whom physicians respect.

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You apply it in a jiffy, and usually but once. There is no muss. The pain stops instantly and forever.

The action is

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Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
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The results are sure. The method is gentle, but no corn can resist it. Millions of corns are ended every month in this way. Don't use harsh methods

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Prove it on one corn to-night.

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Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

"You look done hup, rare ghost-iike, I call hit. I shall distribute the myle w'en hit comes."

"Oh no, Bob, thanks. That's my duty, you see. I'll wait up. It will be here at ten and it's nearly eight now. Besides—" and she smiled through a mist of rising tears, "besides, there will be the package for the Canadian boy and I don't want to miss his joy at the sight of it."

The orderly looked at her and then looked away. He shook his head.

"That bit o' fluff 'e keeps rairing abaht, she's a 'earless piece o' goods Miss, or she'd remember him. I should like to shyke 'er soundly!"

"So would I! For three weeks now he's been calling for mail that never comes and to-day was his birthday. He's been awfully restless all day, calling out for Mary, Mary, every few minutes. Oh, if there's nothing for him to-night, I don't know how he'll get over it!"

"You tyke it to'eart too much, Miss." "Perhaps. But you see—he's the first soldier from my own country, that we've had here."

And the little Canadian nurse, with a finger on her lip for silence left the orderly and tiptoed up the ward to the Canadian lad's bed. He was half-dozing, and moaning fitfully. At her approach he started up, but was arrested by a short stab of pain, fell back and in labored voice asked if the mail had come.

was the English captain who muttered constantly in delirium. The left side of his face had been blown away. There had never been any hopes for him either. In lucid intervals he had asked for mail but nothing had come for him excepting a box which he had been too ill to open. It was placed on a chair by his bedside at Madame Loiset's instigation, so that when next he came to he would see it directly.

Miss Ellen got up and crossed over to a window, the window facing north. It was from this direction that the mail van would come. She peered down the long stretch of muddy Flanders road, but could see nothing. They were behind the danger zone but every moment or so she could see the whitish glare on the horizon line to the east that told of star shells being sent up by enemy lines.

"The Canydian, Miss," spoke the voice of the orderly at her elbow. "E wishes to see you."

It was the same old query—"any mail yet?"

"Marcel is bringing it," she answered, gently. "Try and sleep, won't you?"

"Do you think—there'll be—anything for me?" he asked, a world of anxiety behind the halting words.

"Surely," returned Miss Ellen, brightly. "She couldn't forget your birthday. Your twentieth, isn't it?"

He nodded. For a moment his eyes rested on a framed print of the Virgin and Child that hung above the bed of



Two German airmen captured by the British, and put in a prison camp near Maidenhead, managed to escape; but their prison leave was short. England was not big enough to hold these two Teutons, and after the authorities tracked and recaptured them, they were returned to Maidenhead. The German airmen are Lieut. Joseph Flink and Lieut. Orban A. Von Schultz. This British official photograph shows them being returned to the prison under military escort. It is not known how these two airmen were captured, whether they were brought down in a raid over England or whether they were brought to earth in France.

"Pretty soon," she answered, smilingly. "Take this, please."

"Don't give me anything to put me asleep," he protested, weakly. "I don't want to miss the mail."

"If you do fall asleep, I'll call you," she promised, with a mental reservation.

He was young—scarcely twenty Miss Ellen judged. This Mary whoever she was, was probably his very first love. Miss Ellen smoothed the pillow under his dark curly head. Then she went down the ward again to her desk to make out the delayed reports.

There were nineteen patients in this rude little school-building, and they were all such stoics, so brave, so uncomplaining! There was the little poilu with seventeen wounds. He was in fever constantly, but no amount of suffering seemed to dampen his merry spirits. There was the Belgian boy who had been blinded. All day, if he were allowed, he would sing, and his clear tenor was one of the things for which Miss Ellen nightly gave thanks. It acted upon the others as no medicine possibly could. Then there was big Ivan who had lost an arm and a leg. Gangrene was setting in despite the best efforts of doctor and nurses, and nevermore would Ivan see the green forests of his little Russia. Yet his broad smile was the cheeriest sight in the ward.

There were others of varying nationalities, ages and dispositions. And there

big Ivan opposite. In the semi-darkness a kind of benediction seemed to descend upon him from those haloed heads. He closed his eyes and presently slept.

Madame Loiset had risen at ten and besought the other nurse to go to her rest but Miss Ellen maintained that she wasn't tired. The mail was late. It did not arrive until midnight and Marcel told, in voluble French, of bad roads, of hundreds of shell-holes, of an upset they had had, of a narrow escape from a collision with a transport going the opposite way.

"Never mind. Just so long as you got here!" Miss Ellen returned, cheerfully.

Feverishly she sorted the letters, papers and parcels. There was nothing for the Canadian! Then and only then did the little nurse's lips tremble. He was sleeping now, but when he awoke how could she break the news, how tell him that there had been nothing? Almost she wished he might never waken!

"Come—Mees! The Anglaise officer—he is—he dies, I think."

It was Madame Loiset in a hurried whisper at Miss Ellen's side.

Someone had drawn a screen about the young captain's bed. He looked up gravely into the kind faces bent over him. The calm light of reason reigned in his fast-dimming eyes. He even tried to smile under the heavy bandages.

"I shan't be needing—this," he said,

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feebly extending a hand to the box at his bedside. "Give it—to some other chap, nurse."

"Helas!" murmured Madame Loiset who had herself given five sons to France. "So young to die!"

When the English captain's pallid face had settled into the stony lines of death, when the long shuddering sigh told them that he had passed on to join those many other young knights 'clad in shining armor who have gone before,' the kindly Frenchwoman carried the package out to the surgery.

"From his wife. I think," she said softly, to Miss Ellen.

The doctor was taking a well-earned rest on a small cot near. They spoke in whispers, as they reverently undid the cord and removed the covering of the box.

"A woman's writing. It is postmarked 'Salt Cove, England,'" said Miss Ellen, examining the covering.

"Yes. That was his home, I remember."

Miss Ellen found a card inside on the very top, above the tissue-paper wrappings. She turned it about, read the single message it contained and set it down.

"These things," she said, sighing. "Ought we disturb them now? Let us wait till morning. He said to give them to the other boys, but they are all asleep."

"Even that restless one, yes. But he can't live. Not many days before he too, helas—"

Miss Ellen shook her head.

"Against the rules," she said. "But it's only a line. You can see it. Or shall I—"

"Yes. Read what it says."

Miss Ellen took the card and read aloud:

"With best wishes, from Mary."

The boy drew a long long sigh.

"Give it back," he pleaded, and she put the card into his hot hand. "It was for me, all right, wasn't it?"

"I can sleep now," he said. "We can open up the things in the morning. I—I'm tired now,—so tired." And so, smiling contentedly his eyes closed.

They never opened again. At dawn, still sleeping, he died, the remnant of that happy smile on his thin face, the card clasped in his hand. Looking at him Miss Ellen was repaid for her prickings of conscience.

They distributed the contents of the captain's box among the patients. There was candy. There were nuts and raisins, a cake, "smokes," a muffler and handkerchiefs. Apparently the captain had had a birthday recently too, for there were numbers of packages with birthday greetings inscribed thereon, gifts of friends in England. There was even a tiny silken Union Jack and this Miss Ellen kept herself.

She wondered if her white-lie was forgiven. She had always had a sort of George Washington reputation and now—being a person who possessed a deep sense of honor—now she had lost it! But something told her that the Mary in Salt



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There is no respite for the Germans in the trenches along the Flanders front from the steady pounding of the big British guns. By day and by night these heavy howitzers keep up their steady cannonade of the Teuton positions while the great British drive steadily moves forward in the great push that is squeezing the Hun out of Flanders. The work of the big guns is an important factor in the task that the British have set themselves, for they are making the trenches of the enemy untenable. This remarkable flashlight photograph shows a squad of gunners preparing one of the big howitzers for action during the night.

But Miss Ellen had picked up the card again. An idea had come to her. She whispered eagerly to the Frenchwoman who in turn smiled and nodded. Together the co-plotters in duplicity carried the box to the bedside of the Canadian boy.

"When he awakens—tell him—" began Miss Ellen.

But he had already awakened. His eager eyes saw the smiles with which the nurses regarded him, even though those eyes were half-closed. Now they opened wide.

"Has it come? A letter or a parcel— which?"

"A parcel, little one," replied Madame Loiset.

"Give it to me—oh nurse!"

"Only a moment" said Miss Ellen hastily. "We—we opened it in the surgery, to save time. We—"

"That's all right. Give it to me. Where—"

"Here. See? It weighs twelve pounds, I should say. It took the two of us to carry it."

He turned his head and gazed at the marvel, then sighed happily.

"You're sure it's for me?" and he put out one weak hand and laid it lovingly on the top. It came into contact with the square of pasteboard.

"Oh, here's a card! Bring the lamp up nurse."

Cove would approve. And she had seen a soul enter the mists of eternity with faith in his kind unshattered. After all what did it matter about her conscience? Things like this were being done each day. She must get over her squeamishness!

At noon Bob the orderly came in with a large mail package. He set it on Miss Ellen's table.

"Fahnd it on the road 'arf a mile dahn," he said.

"What is it? Not medicines I hope? The bottles will be smashed to bits—"

"Hit's haddressed to the Canydian wot went west. Hit must 'ave fallen from the myle van last night w'en they hupset. My word! The roads abaht 'ere, Miss, are enough to—"

Miss Ellen seized it, wondering.

"Yes, that's the one he expected! Its addressed in a woman's hand. And look! Up in this corner it says 'from M. M.' That would be his Mary!"

As Miss Ellen took the temperature of big Ivan she looked intently up at the face of the pictured Mary with her Babe and just then a ray of sunshine stole in and lay athwart those haloed heads. Down at the other end of the ward the blind Belgian boy was singing. His clear ringing tenor seemed somehow like the sound of angels voices.

A great peace crept into Miss Ellen's heart and wrapped her round about.

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The Triangle Ranch

By Charles Dorian

IN the shadow of Baker Mountain lies a city where life flows furiously gay. Not that we care how fast or how shady—our purpose is to use it only as a landmark pointing the location of a drama on the sky line. We do not even care about the name of the city—Baker will do very well.

Baker Mountain is timbered to its crest. The valley in its shadow is half a mile above the sea, narrow where the rapid river hisses through, but stretching out in flat lands here and there or rising steeply into hills that roll away into the clouds.

What are known as homesteads on the prairie rank resoundingly as ranches in British Columbia. Baker stood sentinel over a hundred of them. Prosperity came but slowly to most of them and to three it did not even bow.

There was XE ranch, where no man remained long enough to harvest his garden truck, though only six miles from Baker.

Adjoining were the AX and — (Bar Pick) ranches, notorious for the sudden deaths of their short term incumbents. Their dark fame spread throughout the valley until they lost all appeal to the prospective settler.

Then strangely they all became invested at once.

A young man, slenderly made, anaemic, black-haired and blue-eyed, drifted into Baker and made a splash. He had made similar splashes since coming to British Columbia but this was final. The source of his income, some baronial possession in Merrie England, played erratic and left the errant Reginald S. Furlow to his own poor resources.

Fortuneless, he might be driven to work for a living. His daintily gloved hands and bespatted feet did not hold much hope for that, however, and his delicate chin promised less.

It seemed a marvel that he should know his way about. Yet he had an unusual scent for the sporting palaces of the gaudy west and he no sooner found the one in Baker than he began to make the aforesaid splash and get in deep. He cast his last dollar to the roulette winds and emerged fumbling his loose change in one pocket and a pearl-handled pistol of mean calibre in the other.

When a thin-featured, pale and blue-eyed human man begins to feel dejected he looks it in every lineament. Our Reginald was done. It was just a matter of working himself down to the proper stratum of despondency to sink into hateful oblivion.

No use standing there in the open street; best to hie beyond the city limits and stroll a space into the country, he argued with himself. It was a dismal stroll. The darkness and the silence should have brought him to his senses. He had manipulated the toy in his pocket and rehearsed his last act so thoroughly that it became self-hypnosis.

It might have had a better result, a finish. As it was it left him only deeply unconscious with a tiny furrow up one side of his scalp.

Ravens coyotes cried out dolefully in response to the sharp report and in another moment the night was silent as before.

Daylight evolved from the mountain edges and rolled back into the valley, revealing the splendors of spring creation and that dull spot on the roadside.

This was the road which led to the triangle ranches of uncanny fame, a deserted road save for Indian scouts looking for wolf heads on which hung profitable bounties.

It was not an Indian who drove out in the early daylight hours that morning. Much of the Indian grace and poise had she but her face was as the snow-capped peaks with the sun glinting rosily upon them.

Much of the spring freshness was in the song she carolled which ceased when the horse shied and she glimpsed the object on the roadside. A long sigh escaped the man when she bent over him.

"You poor idiot!" exclaimed the girl, not without pity, as she picked up the pistol at his hand. The blood had congealed over the wound in his head but as he stirred it started oozing out in little bubbles. She took a handkerchief from his pocket and tied it round his head.

Knowing little what else to do she loosened his collar and rubbed his hands gently. Everything combined restored him.

"I've made a mess of it," he groaned. "You sure have," she agreed. "Get up and forget it."

His eyes opened wider and they seemed to contain a deeper blue. His face was terribly pale but his chin did not look so weak as he sat up and listened to the girl.

"You don't need to tell me anything—I'm a good guesser," she told him. "Now, if you go back to the city you'll be pulled in for a would-be suicide, so you'd better come on out with me to the Bar Pick ranch and let me fix that wound up so it won't look so conspicuous. Then if you like you may stay there until the wound has healed or return to the city this evening."

"You're a deuced good sort," he said, earnestly, as he stumbled into the buggy.

"Never mind the nice talk," she reminded him. "You've a serious job in sight."

"That's the trouble, Miss —"

"Dorna Waters, without the Miss, suits me."

"That's the trouble, Dorna Waters, I've no job of any sort in sight and I can't do much anyway."

"Bad bringing-up, Mr. —"

"Reginald Furlow, if you don't mind."

"I sure do mind. 'Reginald' is enough to kill any self-respecting creature. Your bound to look a Reggie with the name following you around. Haven't you a substitute?"

"Well, my middle name is Strong—Reginald Strong Furlow, to be exact," he explained.

"That's better; Strong Furlow should be your name. Why not discard the Reggie and live up to the Strong?"

"Oh, I say, would you advise that?" he asked.

"Try it," she recommended. "It will have a stimulating effect."

"By Jove, you're a brick, you know," he praised.

"Just about that hard," she laughed.

"It must be very early in the morning," was his next comment. "Would you mind telling me about your rawnch?"

"Don't say rawnch!" she chided. "Do try to talk straight Canadian. You're wondering, I suppose why I'm driving out so early. Well, the ranch isn't fixed up yet. My brother is running it. He is going to put up a log house for my sister and me, but meantime I live in town and come out to get the meals. When the log shanty is up I intend to take out a



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claim on the AX ranch and the three of us will work them both until we get our patent."

"Don't you have to clear away a lot of bush and grow things?" he asked.

"That is how one makes a living but it is not optional in acquiring a deed at the end of three years. It is only necessary that one live on the ranch all the time for the three years to earn a free ranch."

"By Jove, it's interesting. I believe I shall try it. Are they plentiful—the ranches, I mean?"

"There is only one available here. It has a small shack on it. If you decide to take it up, Dick (that's my brother) will plow up a couple of acres for a house garden and you could stump a large area and get it ready for feed. You'll want some stock and hens to start with, you know."

"Of course. It could be managed. I've a lot of bally trinkets in my trunks that would bring in a little sum. It's deuced new to me and I expect I shall be soft and all that sort of thing. Oh, I say—that must be your place yonder. You've several cattle and some horses."

"Oh, yes. We've made a fair start. We sold our house down east and brought a carload of stock out with us. That's the way most folks do in this country. Most of the land in the west is settled by down-easters who hanker for a change or see better opportunities. We've laid out a fair sum of money and if we can't make it go we're a poor combination. You will have worse odds to fight against but it's worth the try—and you can count on us to lend a hand."

"You've kept up your strength remarkably well because you've lost an awful lot of blood and it's still running. We'll have to let a doctor fix it up properly and trust him to keep his counsel. I'll drive you in this afternoon when you can make all arrangements about the ranch at the same time."

"You've been deuced kind. I'll probably fail to do as well as you expect, but I'm glad you took me in hand," he thanked her.

Dick was several years older than Dorna and naturally assumed a permissible proprietorship. He heard her story about the proposed neighbor and what he was expected to do for him with unaffected displeasure.

"If you know how to work, young man, you'll make it go, but if you don't, you'll go up in the air quicker than blue blazes," he informed the sickly stranger when he had a moment alone with him.

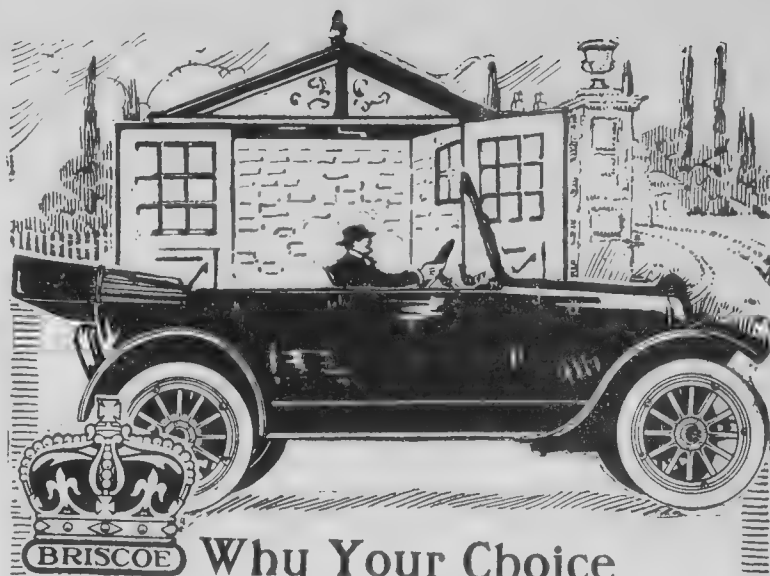
He seemed quite cheerful, therefore, when Dorna drove out next morning alone and showed him a note that Furlow had left for her.

"I'd never make it go on the ranch. Your inspiration would be a great aid but I am not physically able. I thought I was, but the doctor thinks otherwise and recommends rest. I want to thank you for the help you gave me. I hope that I may yet be a credit to the principles you avow even though I never see you again. I am going east on the night train."

"Just hold 'Ginger' while I go and eat a bun. I'm going into town."

"What's the hurry?" asked Dorna.

"I'm going to enter for that other



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After a hard day's work in the orchard gathering fruit, these girls are getting a well-earned rest asleep on beds of straw in a barn. They are British women who have taken the places left vacant by men going to war and are doing their bit to help increase Great Britain's food supply. Though they work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., they are a merry party of girls. The scene of their labors is a farm near Hounslow, and they are paid eight cents an hour.

They had been travelling through well-wooded undulating forest. Now they arrived at a flat, woodless plateau, the highest of several which stretched away in slopes, stair-like for several hundred yards. The flat lands below were sparsely wooded and here and there in the distance the river lored in view, while away beyond were vast curtains of bluish-grey mist rising into sky-piercing summits of white—the arctic paradise of Alpine cloud dwellers.

"We have a beautiful site," the girl acknowledged with an air of prideful discovery. "Our ranch goes down in flat lots right to the river's edge. Across the river there are more ranches, away back beyond the top of that awful hill."

In that direction the bank of the river shot up three hundred feet and rounded off into a respectably sized mountain on which a road wound and disappeared around a gigantic curve.

Dick Waters received the derelict with a bad grace. He had seen the type before and knew their maladroitness. He made no comment upon the man's wound merely taking Dorna's explanation, "struck on the head on the road from town and knocked out," as sufficiently plausible, and acting as sullenly as his morose nature allowed. He unhitched the horse while Dorna started preparations for breakfast and bathed the head of the visitor.

"You've lots of sand," she said to him.

ranch in Bertha's name before any other bloke gets a chance to come dyin' around this diggings."

Dorna laughed merrily. Bertha was the senior member and general home manager of the only remaining Waters' family and it looked as if things might hum on the triangle ranch.

Dick hired a few men to get the other log shanty ready and it was occupied in three days.

A barnyard was fenced off in course of time; a good stable erected and a boundary fence made around the three ranches—now one.

The land with the fewest stumps was put under cultivation and yielded sufficient hay, alfalfa and oats for feed.

It was a wise selection having the ranch buildings on the lowest slope close to the river. That was the secret of the failure of those who went before—they found it so difficult to get at the water.

Dick and Bertha were growing content with their slow but profitable progress while Dorna wished ranch life had more excitement and some refinements.

The regular milking of several cows, feeding pigs and hens, making huge quantities of butter and the seemingly useless romping over the lands gathering in small crops here and there and rounding up recalcitrant cattle, bored her immeasurably. Her nature demanded a change. The doctrine of work was sound enough for making hardy, healthy folks

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Deprived of your support and protection, your wife would be compelled to take up the burden as a breadwinner. And, lacking your skill and training, she would be forced to the added expense of hiring help to work the farm; or your children might be forced to leave school to help with the work, and thus lose their education.

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Dept. "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - - WINNIPEG

and keeping them out of mischief. But, somehow, Dorna wanted a little mischief thrown in.

In another year they would have performed the necessary duties to make the triangle ranch theirs. They would be land wealthy. They might sell and move to Baker or another city and taste of the easy life, thought Dorna. The secret of her unrest was that she wanted someone to love her.

Ranching in times of peace is difficult enough. When the war came and took away all the young men the work multiplied and new burdens piled up.

Even "Reggie" would be a help in these times, Dick confessed, and Dorna agreed with him. Indeed she had been thinking a great deal of young Furlow in those trying days. She wondered if he had found himself or just naturally drifted to the dogs. Perhaps he had enlisted. But no, he would be turned down as physically unfit.

She had not much time to dwell on those things. The most important thing was to get a threshing outfit for the grain they managed to stook by arduous overtime.

She was out looking for the cows early one morning and went as far as the highest plateau on the ranch in search of them. This was a flat piece of ground only about an acre in extent and five hundred feet above the river. It's sheer edge was thickly grown with giant timber and the view over the forested valley to the east superb.

"This is where the ranch house should be," she mused. "It should have a broad

staple viands that make harvest time the season of all seasons.

The boss of the outfit was a ferocious looking individual with bearded jaws and sharp eyes. He moved slowly, and seldom spoke, giving the impression that he was a bigger man than he was. He loaded his own wagon to nearly twice the height of the others and unloaded it in the same time as the other loads that were brought up to the separator. This marvelous feat proclaiming him the champion sheaf handler of the outfit placed him in a class by himself more than the fact that he owned the outfit.

On the last day of the threshing he remarked to Dick: "Why don't you let somebody run this ranch that knows how?"

"I'm satisfied with the way it's run," retorted Dick, acidly.

"It's not fair to the women," went on the thresherman.

"What do you know about the way this ranch is run?" asked Dick, evenly.

"Anybody can see that your women folks are drudging and getting no fun. You spend too much time drawing tanks of water for the stock—you'd save time by having a ram or a power pump. Then, you lose a third of a day chasing in cows, running all over the mountains for them instead of having a fenced-in pasture for them. You told me when you engaged my outfit that help was scarce. Machines are plentiful and more constant than hired help. You haven't enough up-to-date machinery on your ranch."

Dick could not afford to quarrel with



Canadian cooks, with their gas masks at the alert, taking tea up to the men in a village near the line.

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verandah here right to the edge of the hill where one could just sit and enjoy the gorgeous view. A tennis court and lawn there," she indicated. "Barns and gardens and everything else far away—this secluded for decent living. Oh, if we could only afford it! Wonder what smoke that is 'way down the valley, a threshing outfit, I sure believe."

She told Dick about it and he promised to go down next day and make arrangements if he could.

An Indian brought in the week's supply of papers, a catalog and a magazine. Letters were rare. Dorna took a notion to read the papers before the catalog and in the casualty lists there published she saw the name of Capt. Reginald S. Furlow among the "killed in action."

She put the paper down suddenly and without saying a word to her sister who was washing dishes she went to her room and gave up to a half hour of quiet sobbing.

Dick saw the list, too. But both he and Bertha took it with the impersonal grief that goes out to all who fall in battle. Dick grunted:

"Wonder how he ever managed to get into the army!"

The threshing outfit was engaged but would be several days getting round to the triangle after working all the ranches in the valley.

Meantime Bertha and Dorna busied themselves with special cookery for the occasion, dainty things to go with the

this man. He would want him another year. He therefore humored him.

"Of course anybody is free to criticize," he said.

Dorna was after cows next morning when she ran across the thresherman on the high plateau. The outfit was ready to move out.

"Come here a moment," he called to her.

"Just look at that view," he invited.

"The dream valley of the Rockies!"

"It's lovely—I've looked at it often," she responded.

"I'd love to build a home here," he went on, musingly. Then approaching Dorna more closely, he said, passionately: "Dorna, I'd love to have a home here with you as my wife. Will you have me?"

Dorna looked at him starkly. And staring thus she made a discovery. Through the wreath of whiskers she identified him as Reginald Strong Furlow—she wasn't sure, so well was the illusion of changed speech and changed appearance carried out.

"Come, Dorna, dear—I see you know me. A lot of changes can take place in two years but you have not changed. I left here determined to do something worthy of you. I took the doctor's advice and rested two months, taking mild exercise and special diet. Luckily my uncle kept up small remittances or I should have gone under. He was killed in action the other day, poor chap."

"I read of it," Dorna breathed. "I thought it was you."

He smiled. "You must have thought me a better specimen of man than I am to imagine that I could die a hero."

"But tell me what you've done since you left here," she urged.

"After the two month's rest I went to an agricultural college for the fall and winter term. I was more fat than strong. But we were there taught practical work and got no end of muscle-building exercise. Then, in the spring, I hired with a farmer and learned what it meant to work from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. I left him to go threshing and after that was over, back to the college. I hired with the same farmer in the spring and with the help of my uncle bought this threshing outfit this fall. That's the whole story. Does it not appeal to you a little? Your doctrine of hard work to make life worth living is quite sound, but why can't we compromise a little? I'm able to work for two."

Dorna thought with pity of the Furlow she had first seen and the instinct to mother him that had come to the surface. Now he was robust, muscular, handsome in spite of his grotesque beard, and her mother instinct haloed over gave birth to a sweeter emotion which lighted up her face resplendently. All nature sang in harmony of sound and color; the mountain air was sweet with the scent of pines; even as she released herself reluctantly from Strong Furlow's arms, the sound that disturbed her was not the raucous clatter of a cow bell, but a tinkling, musical sound.

"Here comes the cows," she said, happily. "Let's see who can milk the most!"

"It's a bet," he accepted. "And Dorna?"

"Yes, dear."

"Keep the secret from the rest until after supper. I'll shave then and maybe they'll guess."

Dick was at that moment saying to Bertha: "That bearded boss's face seems familiar to me, somehow, and, by the way, ain't that him comin' down the road with Dorna behind the cows?"

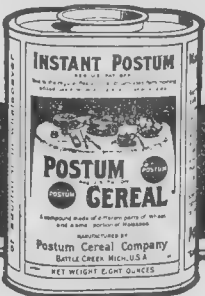
"It sure is," confirmed Bertha, "and it's about time."

"About time?" Dick asked, puzzled.

"Time the cows were in," explained Bertha.

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister in defense of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."



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Historic Hagwilget Indian Built Suspension Bridge Collapses After 20 Years

By Francis J. Dickie

One of the scientific engineering wonders of the world, the historic Hagwilget Indian built suspension bridge across the Buckley canyon in northwestern British Columbia, collapsed on August 30th after serving the natives of the district and travelling white men for thirty years. Designed and built entirely by members of the native tribe of Hagwilget Indians the bridge stood as a striking and uncommon evidence of perseverance on the part of the red man, not a usual thing, and also as one of the engineering wonders of the world, for it was entirely planned and, after two failures, was completed by these primitive men. Knowing absolutely nothing of the laws of stress, vibration, tensile strength, etc., relating to the construction of such a structure as a suspension bridge they yet succeeded in throwing across the almost perpendicular walls of the Buckley canyon at the height of a hundred feet a suspension bridge 146 feet in length and ten feet wide. In the entire structure there was not a nail, the joints being made by dovetailing, and burning of a hole with red hot coals through the logs, which were then secured by stout hand made wooden spikes. Particularly romantic interest attaches to the bridge in that the abandoned wire of the famous but not probably almost forgotten American Telegraph Company made it possible for the Indians to complete the structure. A little over two decades ago this then famous but unfortunate concern began a line to Europe through the wilderness of the extreme end of the North American continent, thence across the narrow waterway of Behring Strait to Siberia; from there to connect up with all the great capitals of Europe. The successful laying of the Atlantic cable, however, put an end to the project when but half completed. With its abandonment a great supply of wire was left in the Canadian wilderness near the Buckley canyon, the cost of returning it to civilization being prohibitive. Aided by this wire and plenty of growing timber handy, the Indians went ahead and spanned the canyon, a work unique in engineering annals.

When the wild rush to the Yukon and Klondyke took place, the bridge lay on the direct route taken by many gold seekers and proved a valuable aid in crossing a difficult canyon. At its one end stood a famous Hudson's Bay post where the ingoing men took on provisions for the last stage of the journey. For nearly twenty years this unusual bridge, which swayed and rocked like a ship in a stormy sea at every crossing, served well both native and white population of the region. Its collapse was due to neglect, several attempts to get appropriations for its preservation having failed; for though recently a modern bridge of latest suspension type was erected by the engineering firm of George Vradock & Company, Wakefield, England, making the Indian one no longer necessary, it was desired to preserve it as a relic of the constructive ability of a primitive people, and standing as it did unique in engineering annals.

The photo taken recently shows the work of the red and the white man. The latter skilled bridge builders, an interesting and unusual contrast. The new bridge is the highest of its kind on the North American continent, being 250 feet above bed of river. It is 451 feet long, 10 feet wide, with a moving load capacity of 18,000 lbs. It carries both foot and vehicular traffic. Old things pass and new ones come; but in this particular instance it is much regretted by many in British Columbia that the native bridge was lost.

Her Platform

At the Marshall home, there was much discussion of woman suffrage and other political questions, and little Vera had always been a very much interested listener.

"What will you do when you can vote?" a visitor asked her.

"Help to put candy on the free list," was the unexpected reply.

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There are Women and Women

By E. G. Bayne

IF there is one place in the world more than another which is popularly supposed to bear over its entrance-way the imaginary sign "Abandon sentiment all ye who enter here," that place is a bank. It is generally believed to be the least human of all human habitations. The beings in the cages are not men, but expert machines who, when they do give voice, utter only such platitudes as "Sign here please," or "Kindly endorse this, madam."

There were four of us in the cages of the Metropolitan. First there was Hemmingway, accountant, rather elderly with a bald patch and two wives (one dead). Then there was Charlie Bateson (aged about twenty-two), paying teller and lady's man. The latter part of Charlie's dual role, needless to say, was assumed principally out of business hours, as the chief was known to frown upon wicket flirtations. Next came yours truly, a married but otherwise nondescript individual labelled "Receiving teller," and then there was John Janes, ledger keeper. John wasn't fond of the janes at all. Sentiment had no place in his nature. He had no sympathy whatever with Charlie Bateson's numerous affaires des coeurs, and when love was mentioned, as it sometimes is even in a bank, Janes simply wasn't interested in the topic. We all had our opinion of love, all but Janes that is, and we

warmly human—something you are not."

"It's a mess of mush!" he retorted. "The style is rather punk," I admitted, "but the writer is in earnest. He has loved himself and he knows how to impart heart throbs to his readers. It would do you good to read that book. It might heat up your frozen blood a bit."

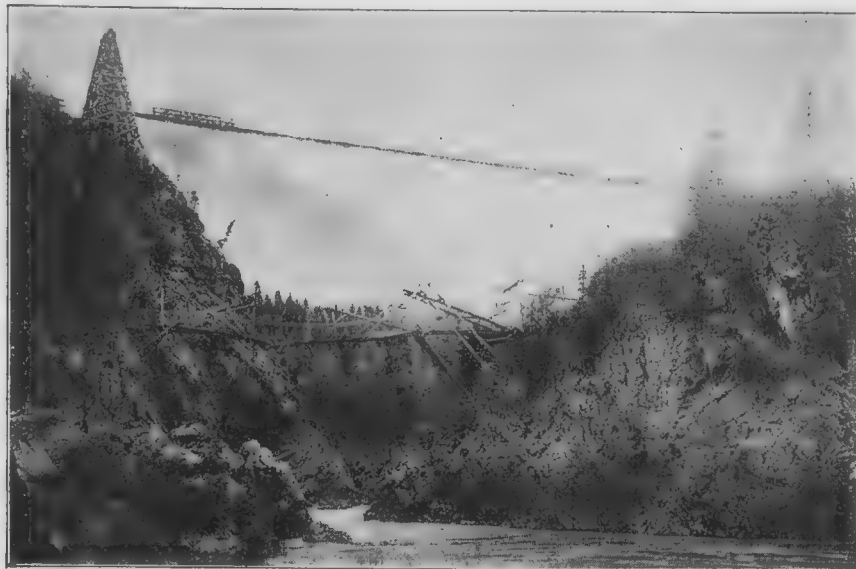
"Did you read that—that conglomeration of silly emotion?" he demanded, looking at me as though any lingering respect he may have entertained for me had died a sudden death.

"Sure thing!" I returned. "And it was as good as a spring tonic. It set my blood to racing."

"And you a benedict!" "Well, what of it? I've been one for several years, but the wife and I haven't started throwing crockery at each other yet. I don't know whether you're married or not, but —"

"I'm not," he interposed succinctly. "Well, instead of going home to a cheerless boarding house, wouldn't you like to have a little nest of your own, Janes, to return to each night? Wouldn't you like to have a loving wife meet you at the door with a k—"

"Yeah!" he interjected. "A wife to meet me at the door and turn my pockets out and grouse about the maid and talk me tired and then insist on hawking me off to a bridge party!"



Historic Hagwilget Indian built suspension bridge collapses after twenty years. (See previous page)

referred to it at various times in a jocular or melancholy way, according to our different natures, but always with an underlying tone of respect.

Charlie, being a youth with engaging manners, blue eyes and a rosy, cherubic countenance, was very popular with the girls. But his was a fluctuating and mercurial disposition. With Charlie 'twas always a case of "How happy I could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"

John Janes was a comparative newcomer. In the last bank shakeup he had been wished on us from a distant branch in the West and for quite a while we did not feel like taking any liberties with him, for his face was a rather stern and gloomy one. He was about thirty, dark, fairly well set up and almost handsome. He could talk about Aristotle, Plato and Epictetus; in fact, he fairly revelled in Greek poetry and philosophy, but he shied away from grand opera and the modern best seller. Once Bateson had left a novel lying about among the ledgers. It was one of those red hot love stories of the kind that depicts the tender passion so microscopically that very little is left to the reader's imagination. Janes glimpsed the title only, and with a scornful lip he picked the book up and dropped it into the waste paper basket.

Charlie was simply amused at this and recovered his property with the very best good nature. But I felt indignant. A warm thrill of resentment tingled through my veins.

"Janes, you're one of the greatest fools on this merry old earth," I said. "That book may not be a classic but it's

"There are women and women." I replied. "Look at old Hemmingway over there for instance. He's had two of them and he still looks as though life were worth living, doesn't he?"

"Women," asserted Janes, with a bored air, "are all alike. They haven't a thought above dress. They'd put their immortal souls in hock for a pretty bauble. Aristotle says —"

"Oh hire a hall!" "Don't waste breath on the old stick, Bert," called out Charlie Bateson, with a laugh. "He's a confirmed woman-hater."

"Well, we're halfway through leap-year," I observed, "but there are still six months of it to run. Be careful, Janes, that's all! Even you are not proof against the more subtle shafts of little cupid, and when lovely woman up and proposes, what is mere man to do but accept?"

Now when I said this I confess I had no particular or immediate meaning in mind. It was merely a sort of general warning. Janes resumed his work and turned an unsympathetic back upon us.

But as I glanced up at Charlie I caught a fixed and speculative and withal mischievous look in his eye. He looked as though an idea of some kind had hit him, and even as I gazed at him he slapped his knee, chuckled quietly and sent me a wink.

The chief came out of his office just then and passed out to his waiting automobile and, as though this had been the cue for the next actors (or actresses) to appear, scarcely three minutes now elapsed before our tessellated floor rang to the clicking of daintily-shod feet and I looked up to see three well-dressed

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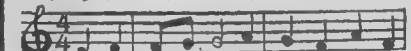
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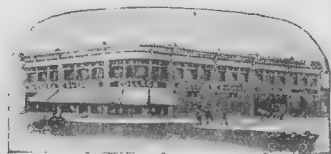
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nymphs approaching the paying teller's window.

The dear creatures brought into our subdued and unromantic atmosphere an air of frivolity and two or three different brands of perfume. They crowded about Charlie and buzzed and laughed and chaffed him and were chaffed in turn.

Charlie was deeply in love this week with the one in shell pink. Last week it had been the one with yellow hair, who invariably wore blue. Next week, I made no doubt, it would be the tall juno in apple green. But when he loved he loved with a vengeance. He bore all the earmarks of a sighing and despairing Romeo. Janes, turning about suddenly to locate a missing sheet of blotting paper, caught the glances Charlie bent upon Mabel and Pearl and Gladys—especially Gladys. Janes glared.

Love in its most acute stages, like a bad attack of the mumps, always seems highly humorous to the average unsympathetic onlooker. But in temperaments like that of Janes, it awakens nothing but savage gloom.

"Sour grapes," I murmured aloud to a handful of bank bills I was sorting.

"Is this a bank?" growled Janes, "or a clearing-house for debutantes?"

"Sorehead, sorehead," I chanted.

"I wish a mouse would happen along just about now," he said, as he refilled his pen.

"You're jealous," I returned, "why don't you go get a girl of your own?"

I told him that love was the greatest thing in the world and I pointed out to him the lovers of history, those beings of immortal fidelity with whom all fine literature makes us familiar—Dante and Beatrice, Orlando and Rosalind, Petrarch and Laura, Romeo and Juliet, Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, Gabriel and Evangeline.

But he retorted that Dante was a drivelling idiot, Orlando a lovesick jack-ass and that as for Gabriel it was a blessing he and Evangeline did not marry for who knows what sort of a life she might have led him and then Longfellow would have had to cook up a very different plot for his great poem!

It was just a few evenings later that Bateson and I happened to sprint for the same car going home, and as we bumped and jolted out to the suburbs, little did either of us foresee all that would transpire from this chance companionship. Although we both lived out north, we very seldom managed to travel together. As we crossed an intersecting car line, whom should we see standing upon the curb, waiting for his car going west, but old Janes, who had left the bank early.

"Look at the Herr Professor," remarked Charlie, with a sidelong nod. "See that tome under his arm? Gibbons, I bet anything. Or maybe it's Carlyle or George Borrow or the addresses of Daniel O'Connell. He's been to the Carnegie literature larder and now he's going to spend a profitable evening eating that strong mental fodder. Then sharp at ten-thirty he'll close the volume with a reluctant sigh, turn out the gas and retire."

"You seem to know his habits pretty well."

"Sure. And I'm only a guesser, too. His life is all systematized. He knows to a minute just what he is going to do."

"Some people work to live, others live to work," I mused aloud. "I wonder if he really gets any pleasure out of life!"

"I doubt it; mental pleasure perhaps, but no other kind."

"He only lives with one-half of his nature," I said, "and yet the other side of him, though somnolent now, might be capable of immense development."

"How do you mean?" asked Bateson, who was only half listening, his eyes being on the alert for pretty women entering or leaving.

"I mean he is one of those very intense people. He feels strongly. He must have a heart. With all his scoffing, he's the kind who, if he ever did fall in love would fall so hard that the concussion would jar all his ideas to fragments."

"A sort of mental earthquake," chuckled Charlie, "and wouldn't I like to witness it! May I be there, so help me, Mulligan!"

We spoke of other things, among them our approaching vacation. Two weeks each we were allowed but were obliged

to take our holidays as the Chinese walk—one after the other.

"Janes goes first—the second and third weeks in July," remarked Bateson, taking off his hat to a couple of girls passing along the street. "There go a pair of peaches, Bert. Pipe the one in the blue suit."

Following his glance, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a trim feminine form just rounding a corner. "Another of your numerous," I had begun. But he spread out his hands deprecatingly.

"No sir! She's refused me eleven times and I'm beginning to think she doesn't want me," he said, with unconscious humor, and a look of regret in his eyes. "To be frank, Bert, she's older than me by a couple of years."

"Who is she?"

"First cousin of mine—Margaret Alison by name, but usually gets 'Madge.' She's a teacher in the Vincent Street Collegiate."

"Ah, brainy, I suppose, and all that."

"Somewhat. But she's a bit of a cut-up too. We used to make mud pies to-

gether, and quarrel and make it up a dozen times a day. She's awfully quick-witted and she can read character as you and I read the printed page."

"A sort of Miss Sherlock Holmes," I murmured distastefully, "and of course plain—though what I saw of her figure was very fetching."

"Plain?" echoed Charlie. "Do some more thinking! She's a pippin I tell you."

I smothered a yawn and pulled out the evening paper. After a few moments Charlie spoke again.

"Where are you going for your holidays?"

"Don't know yet. Where are you going?"

"Oh, up at my usual haunt in Muskoka. I come at the tail-end but I'll get the September fishing. By the way, the place is kept by an aunt of Madge's—Mrs. Bradley. Guess you've heard me speak of it."

"Hemlock Cove?"

"That's it. It's a regular tourists' paradise. Swell spot."

"I heard you recommending it to the boys the other day. Janes in particular seemed greatly taken with the trawling."

"His specialty. He's going up there. Sent in his application yesterday."

"I suppose he'll trawl with the line in his teeth and a volume of Bacon's Essays propped up in front of him."

Charlie grinned.

"Bert, old chap," he said, after a moment, "did you see me wink at you the other day? I was thinking what a great wheeze it would be to get some girl to propose to old John, just to see how he'd act. Listen and get an earful. I think I'll put Madge wise to him—she spends most of the summer up there you know—and I know she'll be game. She'd enjoy a mild flirtation like that."

"He'd be about as responsive as a hitching post," I said, without enthusiasm. "Well, here's my corner. So long!"

It was some days after this that the foregoing conversation, which I had completely forgotten, was recalled to my

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TORONTO

FUR BARGAINS BY MAIL

mind by Bateson thrusting a picture postcard under my nose. In a neat woman's hand was written this somewhat cryptic message:

"Hemlock Cove, July 9th.

"Cousin Charlie—The person alluded to arrived yesterday and took aunt's first floor front. He doesn't even know of my existence yet, though we sit at the same table. Going to be difficult work I fear. Madge."

"She was game!" chuckled Bateson in explanation. "Thought it would be heaps of fun. She's going to send me a daily report."

And the next day there was another card. It said: "Very little progress. I dropped my handkerchief right in front of him and the brute pretended not to notice, so I had to retrieve it myself. I think he's horrid."

The next message was almost as discouraging. It read: "Went out boating in the bay alone last evening and dropped an oar—purposely. Then I called 'help, help!' at the top of my lungs, but that creature (who was sitting on a log on the shore) merely rose and walked on a few paces. I called again. He stopped, looked, listened, and 'passed by on the other side!' One of the boys towed me in. He has nice eyes—Mr. J. I

mean. Too bad he always wears such a gloomy expression."

A day or two intervened and then Charlie received another message:

"We have made a start! Mr. J. asked me to pass the butter this morning at breakfast."

"They're coming along like a house on fire," I remarked sarcastically.

"Oh, leave it to Madge," rejoined Bateson, cheerfully. "What that girl can't do isn't worth doing."

And, as if to reward and justify his faith, the next report ran thus:

"Mr. J. remarked to me—on his own initiative, mind you!—that this was going to be a beautiful day. I agreed. Then he went fishing with a copy of Plutarch's Lives and a can of fishworms. I took my sketching materials and wandered up to the bluffs. We met accidentally-on-purpose just at sunset and he told me that his luck had been poor. Nevertheless, he did not look greatly cast down. I wonder why!"

"Poor Janes!" sighed Charlie, in mock pity. "He's knee-deep already and doesn't know it."

Madge's next card said: "Rained today. Mr. J. read Browning's Ring and Book to me all morning on the piazza. In the afternoon he asked me to play chess with him in the living room by

the fire. He became so profoundly engrossed he forgot the tea hour. So did I. P.S.—He certainly has nice eyes."

"Look out, Bateson," I said, shaking my head. "This affair may get beyond you and your cousin. You'd better write and tell her not to let it go too far. The fire of love when once lighted —"

"Too far? With him? I'd like to see that salamander in so far he'd forget his own name! I owe it to him for the times he's sneered at me and my 'susceptibility,' as he calls it. No sir! Let the good work go on."

The next report did not serve to ease my mind either: "Mr. J. is writing to ask for another week or ten days. Says the air up here is doing him worlds of good. I tried to propose last night but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Somehow—well I don't think I'll ever be able to! Do put in a good word for him with the chief, Charlie dear."

The chief, who liked old workhorse Janes immensely, readily granted him extra leave, and then, most unaccountably, Madge's postcard messages abruptly ceased. Charlie bewailed her fickleness and lack of interest, while I felt relieved, and the days passed until my own holidays came due. I decided to

take a run up to Hemlock Cove myself. I am very fond of canoeing.

As we docked on a warm July afternoon, I cast a glance about among the assembled campers and tourists who had come down to the little wharf for the only real excitement the day provided—the steamer's arrival. I don't know just what I expected to see. Perhaps in the back of my mind there had been a notion that Janes and Madge would be there. But they were not.

I found Mrs. Bradley's luxurious little summer hotel and took a room. Then I strolled down to the beach and wandered along the fringe of pine woods for a distance of several hundred yards. I was in search of a good canoe and finally, after a short negotiation with the old man up at the 'Point,' I secured one and was about to push out into the bay when a girl in a white skirt and a red and black striped blazer rounded the cliff. One glance at her convinced me that it was none other than Miss Allison. Hadn't Charlie called her a pippin? And Charles was a connoisseur where feminine loveliness is concerned!

I sprang out of the canoe and proceeded across the strip of sand to meet her.

"Miss Allison?" I queried, doffing my panama.

She looked at me and smiled, but in a puzzled way. "I'm in the same bank as your cousin Charlie Bateson," I explained. "My name is Bert Livingstone."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've heard Charlie speak of you." We shook hands.

"Er—I say, you know, what have you done with poor old Janes? Has he gone the limit?" I enquired, as we pursued the path up the hill.

She stopped, looked sharply at me, and laughed in a way that was good to see.

"So you know? Charlie told you?"

"He did. He has shown me all those daily reports, and we've enjoyed the little farce immensely, though I confess I became somewhat uneasy after you had twice mentioned Janes' eyes. I thought—er—that is—"

"You thought I was in danger of —"

"Well you see," I hastened to explain, "the joke was to be on him, not you! And I was afraid perhaps it might turn out the other way. Pardon my bluntness."

"Oh I pardon everything. I'm feeling awfully like a guardian angel these days. My heart is brimming over with satisfaction and peace and pride. You see I've just consummated a great coup—and didn't know it!"

I looked at her, thoroughly mystified.

"You know," she resumed, "Mr. Janes and I were getting along together about as rapidly as a pair of lifelong enemies. Then one day I happened to mention—a name."

"A name?" I echoed, as she paused. "Whose name?"

"The name of my best girl friend, Isobel Emerson. I just happened to remark that she would be here in a day or two. It was at luncheon. Mr. Janes glanced sharply and eagerly at me. A dull red climbed up his cheeks and he looked as though he wanted to say something. But he closed his lips tightly and looked down at his plate."

"And who is this Miss Emerson?" I asked.

"She's a girl he met in the West five years ago. They loved and quarrelled and separated. She gave him back his ring and he went to another town and eventually came East. But don't imagine I learned all this at once. I contrived to mention her name again in his presence. It was the day he had gone fishing and caught nothing. You will recollect that it was just after this he wrote for an extension of holidays."

"I should have imagined he'd want to flee," I said. "He's such a woman-hater."

"I think these years must have taught him a few things. At any rate, he stayed right on, and stuck to me closer than a brother. Anyway the quarrel they had was such a silly one. Isobel told me something of it. You see I'm engaged to her brother Tom."

Miss Allison blushed charmingly, and stooped to pluck a daisy.

"Ah!" I observed. "And didn't you feel a prick of conscience?"

"Oh Tom won't care. I'm going to make him a full confession when I see him. He's coming next week."

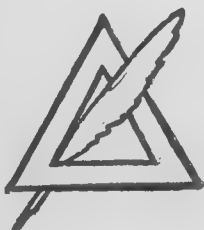


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"And so, when you saw how the land lay, you ceased operations? That accounts for the dropping off of your post-card messages. Good girl! Well where is this gay Lothario? I'd like to see him—also the girl."

Miss Allison shrugged and laughed.

"Search me! They met at the dock last Wednesday. It was very melodramatic indeed. He cried 'Isobel!' She stared a moment, turned pale and breathed 'John!' They didn't see me at all, so by-and-by I slipped away. They've acted in the most idiotic way ever since. I never saw a couple behave worse. They start away with lunch and books and a box of candy every morning and nobody ever sees them until evening. I guess they're making up for lost time. Why—there they are now! Look!"

She pointed across a little dip in the land to where on a fallen log a man and a girl sat. Their backs were toward us but I don't suppose they would have seen us anyway because—oh well, you've often seen the same thing in the movies. It is called, I believe, a 'slow dissolve.'"

"Sh!" I whispered. "Let's sneak up on 'em. I want to get that pose to send to Charlie."

I unsung my camera-strap and as we advanced on tiptoe I unfolded the kodak and, kneeling down, gave the picture a good long exposure, for the sun was pretty far down in the west.

Then we called out a view halloo. The couple turned. They started violently to find how close up we were. John spied me and his face took on the hue of an over-ripe tomato.

"Well, well, well," I said, "well, well, well!"

"Hello, Livingstone," articulated John at length, but not in a tone of overwhelming cordiality.

Love and a coat of tan had utterly transformed his face. As for the girl, she was positively bewitching! Had I not been married—well—

Introductions followed. Then Miss Allison pounced upon her friend and the pair went to search for ferns.

"How's this?" I demanded of Janes, digging a thumb into his ribs. "When is it coming off, eh?"

He did not resent the familiarity. Instead he smiled with a mixture of sheepishness and pride. Yet he had not altogether lost his old habit of business precision.

"The wedding," he said, "is to take place immediately."

I seized his hand and wrung it in silence. The girls were returning, each with a sheaf of ferns. Janes saw only Isobel. She sent him a this-is-for-you-alone smile and he looked very masculine and superior and happy.

"I—er—I thought you were the prince of woman-haters," I remarked, sotto voce.

"Oh—there are women and women," he replied.

The Flag Goes By

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and to save the state:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips:
Days of plenty and years of peace:
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Preliminary Bout

Madge—"Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?"

Dolly—"I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one."—Liverpool Mercury.

Station No. 7

By Carola S. Craig.

THE United States mail ship, the Arcadia, butted her nose gently into the warm, black swells, and cutting them, left in her wake long, white, curling fingers of foam, which were lost, fifty yards behind, in the velvet meeting of sky and sea. Not a sound was to be heard except for the whisper of water at the ship's bow, and the regular throbbing of the engines. It was a breathless night—warm with that smothering humidity, which one finds near the equator, when after the winter rains, the summer heat sets in.

Two middle-aged men, clad in white duck, sat smoking on the after-deck; a

third leaned silently over the rail, gazing into the night, apparently oblivious to the others.

"Harrington, I've been thinking of that empty command at Station No. 7," said the elder of the seated men to his companion, "I think I know just the man for the charge, young Hendrick—perhaps you remember him. You knew his father, anyway—the old captain. The boys like him, they say, but he's seen no active service, and has only just gotten his strips. He'll be glad of the chance to command this station, for it brings more pay and puts him in line for further advancement at the end of his two years there. Then, too, he's not likely to have any trouble, for the natives in that sec-

tion are peaceful and friendly, with the exception of the Igorrotes, and all the men under him are old, seasoned veterans. It is a quiet, safe enough place—not much to do, good pay, chance for advancement—just the place for a newly married officer."

The man at the railing turned: "Don't do it, Colonel," he said earnestly; "don't send a boy an' girl out to that God-forsaken place. It'll be the breaking o' their lives, sir."

"Why, Sergeant, you're crazy," replied the first speaker, laughing, "It's a chance for any young married man—fair pay and certain advancement."

"Don't do it, sir," repeated the other.

The seated officer smiled up into the brown, rugged face of the standing man. Though the one was an officer of high rank and the other only a rough ser-

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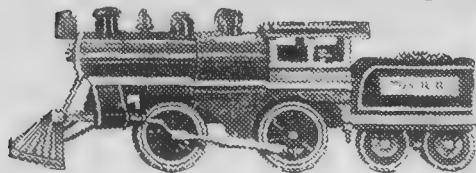
Please send me (without obligation, and prepaid), your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

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\$100 in Christmas Prizes

WHAT PRESENTS ARE IN THE CARS
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS \$100 IN CASH PRIZES FOR
THE BEST REPLIES



SO that we may become acquainted with more young people this Christmas, we are giving you this train loaded down with Christmas presents. Each car contains one kind of present and the name is on each car but the man who painted the name got the letters all jumbled. Worse still, the man who coupled the cars got them in the wrong order. Now, can you straighten things out and re-arrange the letters in the names of the presents in each car and put the cars in their right order behind the locomotive?

Car No. 6, DOES ILL, contains "Dollies." The other cars may contain gloves, candy, baseballs, animals, bicycles, building blocks, skipping ropes, nine pins, engines, skates, Noah's Ark, perfume, lanterns, tools, footballs, games, or something else. It is for you to find out.

Should you get the cars behind the locomotive in their right order, you will find that the first letter of the correct name of each Christmas present in each car when these first letters are all put together will spell out the name of a great Nation in Europe, one of the Allies—a Nation whose Navy controls the Oceans.

On Christmas Day, Uncle Peter, who edits the Bunny Page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, will judge the answers and award the following big cash prizes to young people under seventeen years of age complying with the conditions of the contest, whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas Season may be the happiest you have ever had.

The Big Cash Prizes

\$25.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl who sends us the best reply. \$15.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl sending the second best reply. \$10.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl sending the third best reply. DOLLAR BILLS. Fifty bright, new, crisp \$1.00 bills to the fifty next Boys and Girls with the 50 next best replies.

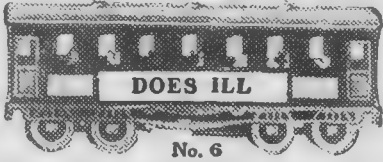
If you are bright and quick you will also have the opportunity of winning a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle and many other fine prizes in a pleasant contest even more interesting than this one.

Write your answers in pen and ink, using only one side of the paper. Put your name, address and age, in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

Send Your Answer This Very Evening!

THERE are 53 Cash Prizes and in addition other fine awards for every young person who qualifies his or her entry in this fascinating contest. Each boy or girl desiring his or her entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for Everywoman's World for which additional Reward or Cash Payment will be given. Wouldn't you like \$25.00 Cash? Wouldn't you like a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle? These fine prizes will go to our young friends and we would like you to get the best of them. Address your answers as follows:

Uncle Peter, c/o Everywoman's World, 33 Continental Building, Toronto.



geant, there was a strong friendship between the two, and each respected the judgment of the other, for they had fought together through the Philippine War, and had been brave, unflinching companions under fire and hardship.

"Sit down, old fellow, and tell me why I must not send a 'boy and girl out to that God-forsaken place,' as you term it. You know we can't afford to detail a seasoned fighter to rot from sheer disuse in that sleepy post—out with it! What are your reasons?"

The sergeant disregarded the proffered chair, and leaning over the rail, looked steadily into the enveloping darkness.

Then, slowly: "I'll tell you two a story, and perhaps you'll know how I feel. I ain't got th' gift o' words, but perhaps I can make you see."

"The last man they sent out to take charge o' the post was a boy of twenty-two or thereabouts. He was a fine, clean chap, with a frank, honest face and clear eyes that looked straight into your'n an' never wavered. With him he had his little girl-wife. She was only a slip of a girl, not strong like, nor hearty enough for th' rough life, but the way she'd look at him with them big eyes of hers showed that she didn't dread nuthin' but the thought of partin' from him. 'It won't be very long,' she'd say to me of an evenin' when I'd be off duty an' drop in to chat, 'It's only two years and then Jack will be promoted, and we can live in the States—home!' and then she'd smile, gentle and wistful like."

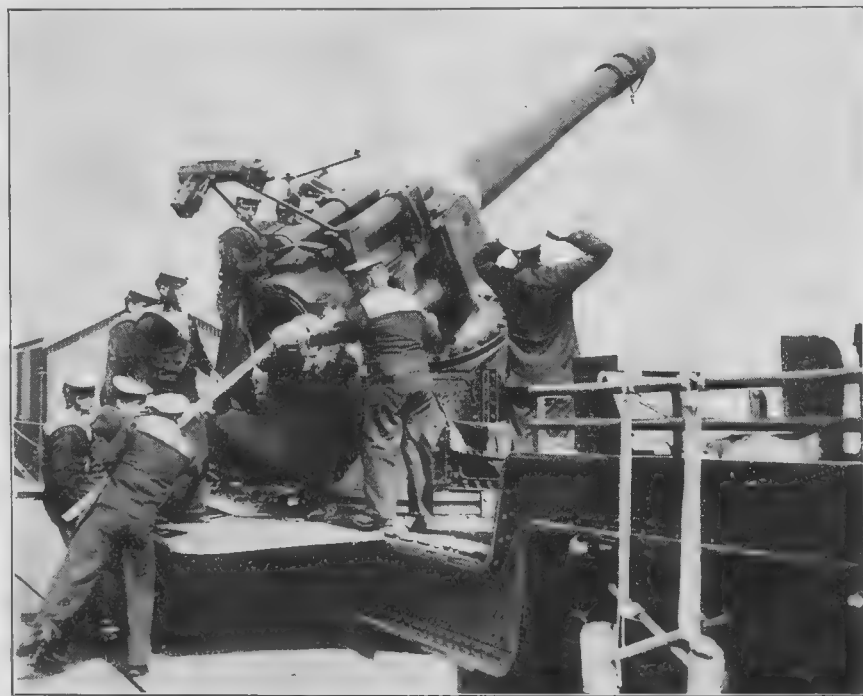
evenin' she'd sit in the porch with the Luck in her arms, watchin' the sun set in the sea an' the light would shine on her face an' hair, an' remind you of a pitcher of the Holy Mother.

"But the summer heat set in. Day after day the sun blazed like a red-hot coal in a sky of heated copper. The nights were worse than the days. The darkness set in an' smothered us like a heavy blanket o' black velvet. The Luck was too little an' delikit; it couldn't stand the heat. It died. It never had been strong, anyway. The men was heart-broken, an' the boy sobbed like a child when the post doctor said it was gone. We buried our Luck at the edge of the marsh in the jungle, in a little packin' box. It was the best we had, an' we painted it white an' lined it nice inside."

"From that time on, the girl seemed to fade. When the boy was away, she'd creep about so white an' sad-like that it was pitiful to see her, but when he was with her, she'd try to be cheerful an' bright. She'd count the months 'till they would go home, an' joke an' talk o' his promotion, an' what they'd do with the extra pay."

"After a while, the boy seemed to get over the loss o' the Luck, an' he tho't she had, too. But I'd see her sittin' with empty arms, lookin' out to sea, an' by her white face an' hungry eyes, I'd know she hadn't forgot."

"It's queer he couldn't see her fadin': all we others could. But we didn't say nothin'; we thought he'd be moved to the



There is waiting for the Hun aviator who comes within range of this big British gun, an exceedingly warm reception. The gun and its crew are stationed somewhere along the east coast of England, and they are on the lookout for manifestations of ruthlessness from the air. This anti-aircraft piece is evidently a naval gun, for it is manned by a gun crew of sailors. It is mounted on a railroad truck, and is mobile, so that it can be brought into action wherever danger from the air threatens. The photo shows the crew loading it for use against the German airmen.—British official photograph.

"They had a little bungalow frontin' on the sea, an' a little porch where she'd always sit an' watch for the mail ships. The back of the bungalow looked toward the jungle an' the marsh—you know what it's like, Colonel—the black, heavy jungle an' the marsh, hungry to swallow you up—the slitherin' snakes that twist around your ankles as you plow thro' the droppin' undergrowth, an' the spiders as big as saucers—and crawlin' things; oh, it's a nightmare! But the boy, he loved the jungle an' the marsh. 'They're human,' he'd say; 'if you love an' trust them, they'll give you their best, but if you hate them they'll sure get you.'"

"We men were most of us old-timers at the post, an' we'd had other commanders, but none like this boy. All the men loved him. An' the girl—well, they'd have gone thro' fire an' water for her. Towards the end of their first year at the post, a little baby came—a little girl, it was, tiny an' pink—like a rosebud. The boy was that proud of it—an' the men, well, they was tickled to death."

"They called it the 'Luck' of the post, an' on the next mail ship that came, ordered a big silver lovin' cup from the States, with 'Luck' on th' outside an' the date an' the name o' the station. The ship was to bring the cup on its next trip—that was in three months."

"The girl didn't say much, but in the

States, before she got real sick. When the time before they were to go got so short, we could count it in weeks, she took to her bed, an' the fever, loosed from the swamps by the winter rains, an' risin' in the thick white mists every night, got its grip on her."

"I think she knew she was goin', but even then the boy couldn't see it. He'd sit on the edge of her bed an' talk of how soon they'd be out of this God-forsaken hole, an' on their way to the States. She'd get better then, he said—the change would help her. An' she'd smile into his eyes, gentle an' wistful-like an' agree with all he said."

At last, one day about a week before the ship was to come to take them home, the doctor told us it was no use: she never had had any stamina, an' the fever had eat up all her vitality. 'She ain't dyin', he said, 'because she's too sick to live, but because she's just too weak.'"

"The boy took on awful when the doctor told him, grabbed him by the shoulder, an' shook him. 'Oh, Doc, you're jokin,' he cried, hoarse an' trembly, 'why she's not sick—she's goin' to get well an' go back home next week. Surely you don't mean it?'"

"The doctor laid his hands on the boy's shoulders, an' looked him in the eyes—'Brace up, old man,' he said gently, 'an' go in there to her, for she's passin'."

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UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

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quickly now. The last hours of her life are slippin' like grains of sand through your fingers, to return to the dust from whence they came.'

"Then, very quietly, the boy went into the room an' looked at her lyin' like a broken lily, on the white pillows. His eyes caressed her passionately—her lips, her eyes, her hair, but he only knelt by the bed an' bent his head over her little, pale hands.

"'Boy,' she said at last, gentle and weak-like, 'I'm goin' for a little while, but you mustn't miss me too much, dear. Our little baby needs me. She would be afraid out there in the jungle, all alone.'

"The boy didn't say nothin,' but his eyes, as he saw her slippin' away from him, were like those of a dog in pain. I hardly know when she did go—it was all so peaceful-like and still. Only the boy gave one chokin' sob, and gatherin' her into his arms, kissed the still, white face. Then, very gently, as tho' she still could feel, he laid her back on the pillows and crossed the slender hands. Without looking back he tip-toed to the door, as tho' afraid of wakin' her, an' on thro' the barracks into the jungle he went.

"He seemed so calm an' quiet-like, we never tho't much on his goin' out like that to the jungle. It always had been his friend, an' he'd taken his joys an' sorrows there afore. But he didn't come in that night, nor the next day, so we sent out a search-party.

"On the third day, we found him 'way in the jungle, his back full o' poisoned arrows, an' a look o' agony on his face. He must o' run amuck o' one o' them Igorrote hunters.

"We brought back what there was o' him an' buried him an' the girl together by the side o' the Luck, on the edge o' the jungle. The post doctor talked, for we hadn't any preacher, an' we men sang an' prayed. It seemed like th' life an' the heart an' the hope o' the post was buried in that rough board coffin. An' when we came back from the funeral, we saw th' smoke o' the Arcadia on the sky toward th' west—the ship that was to ha' taken them home."

There was a long silence. The officers drew quietly on their cigars; the sergeant leaned motionless on the rail. In the darkness a porpoise splashed into the night, wheezed and plunged beneath the oily surface. At last the senior officer spoke to his companion: "Harrington, I think I know just the man for that command at No. 7—old Johnson, fine old fellow, Spanish War veteran, seasoned, old bachelor, too—just the man for the place."

Sealed

(By John Drinkwater, in the "Nation," London.)

The doves call down the long arcades
of pine,
The screaming swifts are tiring towards
their caves,
And you are very quiet, O lover of mine.

No foot is on your ploughlands now, the
song
Fails and is no more heard among your
leaves
That wearied not in praise the whole
day long.

I have watched with you till this twi-
light fall,
The proud companion of your loveliness;
Have you no word for me, no word at all?

The passion of my thought I have given
you,
Striving towards your passion, never-
theless
The clover leaves are deepening to the
dew,

And I am still unsatisfied, untaught.
You lie guarded in mystery, you go
Into your night and leave your lover
nought.

Would I were Titan with immeasurable
thews
To hold you trembling, lover of mine, and
know
To the full the secret savor that you use.

Half the ill's flesh is heir to
Wouldn't really be so bad,
If we did not always thereto
Add the ill's it never had.

A Young Canadian Hero

Captain V. G. Tupper's Last Letter to His Father

As an illustration of the lofty sentiments possessed by Canadians who die on the European battlefield in the war for democracy, a notable instance is the following letter received by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, from his youngest son, who made the supreme sacrifice at Vimy Ridge, a few hours after the letter was written. Captain Tupper joined the Vancouver Highlanders at the outbreak of the war as a private, and all the honors that came to him were won on the field of action.

Held Acting Rank of Major

His promotion to captain was gazetted October, 1916, while he held acting rank of major and, during the long winter of 1916-17, he was with his company in France through all the unrecorded fighting of trench life. He several times refused to accept a staff appointment, preferring to remain with his men.

When he fell in action on Easter Monday, at the age of 21, it was after 31 months in the service, two years being spent in France, and it was during his sixth great battle and at the head of his company, to the command of which his long and faithful service, his ability and his courage had brought him.



The late Captain V. G. Tupper, M.C.

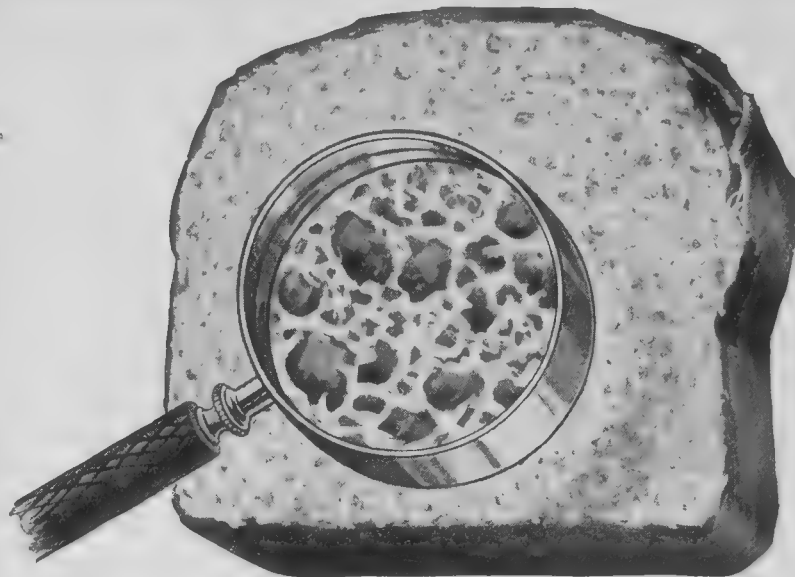
"My Dear Father,—I am writing one of these 'in case' letters for the third time, and, of course, I hope you will never have to read it. If you are reading it now, you will know that your youngest son 'went under' as proud as Punch on the most glorious day of his life. I am taking my company 'over the top' for a mile in the biggest push that has ever been launched in the world, and I trust that it is going to be the greatest factor towards peace.

"Dad, you can't imagine the wonderful feeling; a man thinks something like this: Well, if I am going to die, this is worth it a thousand times. I have 'been over' two or three times before, but never with a company of my own. Think of it—a hundred and fifty officers and men who will follow you to Hell, if need be.

"I don't want any of you dear people to be sorry for me, although, of course, you will, in a way. You will miss me, but you will be proud of me. Mind you, I know what I am up against, and that the odds are against me. I am not going in the way I did the first time, just for sheer devilment and curiosity. I have seen this game for two years, and I still like it and feel that my place is here.

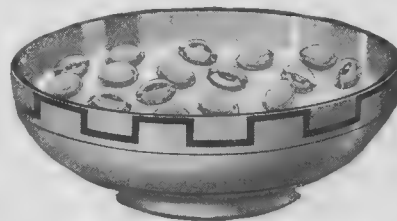
"So much for that. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your loving kindness to me. This war has done wonders to me and makes me realize lots of things I would not have done otherwise. I could write a book about it, but you know what I mean.

"Good-bye, dear father and mother, and all of you. Again I say that I am proud to be where I am now."



Why Those Holes In Bread?

To separate the food cells into thin walls, so digestion can easily act. Without that, any grain food, as you know, is almost indigestible



4 Times as Many In Puffed Wheat

Puffed Wheat is four times as porous as bread.

It is also whole wheat, not the mere inner flour.

The food cells are not merely separated. Each food cell is blasted by internal steam explosion. In making Puffed Wheat a hundred million explosions occur in every kernel.

These bubbles of grain, thin, flaky and flavory, seem like intentional confections. But their enticements are all accidental.

Prof. Anderson created Puffed Grains to supply scientific grain food. Few cooking methods break even half the food cells. This method breaks them all.

These are the ideal foods for easy, complete digestion. And every atom feeds.

**Puffed
Wheat**

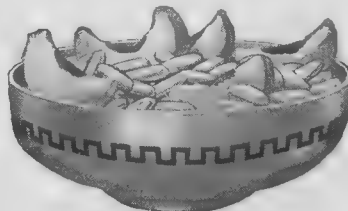
**Puffed
Rice**

Both 15c Except in Far West

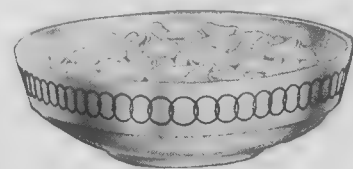
These Puffed Grains are more than breakfast dainties. They should be served in every bowl of milk. Their ease of di-

gestion makes them ideal between meals or at bedtime.

Salt or douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use like nut-meats in home can'ty making. Scatter in your soups.



Thin, Flavory Tidbits to Mix with Fruit



Serve a Different Grain Each Morning

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

(1721)

Saskatoon, Canada

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Let Bygones be Bygones

One of the grand secrets of success is concentration. So many of us let the past weigh on us with a heavy hand. Yesterday is always wanting to take its toll from to-day. It will inevitably take a certain toll. There is no use of our consciously aiding it in the process. If we have succeeded, we like to gloat over the fact, and over the details of the fact. If we have failed it is hard to resist the temptation to mourn and whine and analyze. We should put the whole of ourselves into the present task. We should live all the time with the sum total of our force. A man needs a certain recklessness to make things go. A certain abandon is the secret of vitality. A man like Roosevelt is what he is because he is so amazingly vital. I once stood in a narrow corridor in the Waldorf Hotel through which he passed. The air tingled as he swept along. The reason was that he is so full of zest. He is still a boy and pitches himself into the job of the moment with a boy's keenness. Let us remain boys in this respect. Don't be worrying all the time as to whether what you are about to do or say is precisely consistent with what you have said or done before. Emerson says that "Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds." The key is be true to yourself, and the past and the future will take care of themselves. Polonius, giving advice to Laertes his son, says: "To thine own self be true." A life lived in fidelity to oneself will draw into a consistency and uniformity superior to that which can be attained by prim, anxious nursing of ourselves.

People in Glass Houses

We often blame the peoples of Europe for acquiescing in militarism. The Germans, in particular, we blame for putting up so tamely with the brutal domination of a military class. We carry this so far that, when we see them practically united in support of the war, we conclude that they are hand in glove with their rulers, and in effect as guilty as they. We feel in the same way about the peoples of countries like Roumania and Greece. The popular feeling was supposed to be all our way. Why did they not give effect to their desire? Why did Roumania not join the Allies long before she did? In the days when Venizelos was out of power, but tremendously popular, and general Greek sentiment was preponderantly pro-British and pro-French, we wondered why the people did not do what everybody said most of them wanted to do.

But let us try on ourselves this cap that we adjust so cavalierly to the heads of others. Does the Canadian people easily manage to have its will carried out? The country is overwhelmingly in favor of a national government which shall put an end to partizanship, at least for the duration of the war. That has been the preponderant desire of the people since a very early period in the war. And yet, at the time these words are written, we have after a long effort just now achieved our purpose. Suppose a foreign observer has been studying carefully during these months our Canadian newspapers. Would he not rightly conclude that there was an overwhelming demand for the formation of a government representing all the major interests of the nation without regard to party? And, seeing that we were not getting it, might he not easily conclude that, as a people, we are marked by some strange incapacity? In other words, he might, not very unreasonably, mete out to us just about the same sort of judgment that we at one time and another have passed on European peoples.

Then another thing comes to my mind as I write this, which I think tends in the same direction, or bears on the same point. On certain subjects public opinion tends strongly in certain directions. Under these circumstances this same public opinion is apt to become extremely repressive. I am struck by the fact that, in private conversation, strong and able men are constantly expressing opinions that run directly counter to the views that are publicly in the ascendant. These views are virtually never voiced in public. Why? The men that hold them are afraid—that's all. I meet men in Winnipeg who hold extremely decisive opinions. This very week I have met different men who have said things so violently counter to general opinion as these, for example: That there cannot be any permanent organization of the world on a peace basis until a world court is set up that will pass in review the title by which all the nations hold possessions outside their own boundaries; that the policy of Protestant Canada with regard to the education of Catholic citizens has been a complete failure, and that we should have been farther ahead if we had let Catholics have public money freely for the maintenance of schools conducted in accordance with their special views; that even Great Britain has not stated with sufficient clearness the objects for which she is fighting in this war. These views, of course, have nothing to do

with each other. They deal with different subjects, and I am giving them simply as illustrations. There is not one of them which, openly avowed, would not send to Coventry the man who would make himself responsible for it. The result is, they are never heard in public.

When we think of these things we should not be disposed to charge with quiet docility the people of militaristic countries. All that a man has to fear here, for the most part, is the penalization of opinion. There if an individual protested he would be imprisoned. And if large numbers protested, there would probably be a proclamation of martial law, and the ones responsible for the protest would be shot. That realization, and the knowledge of the way we ourselves act, should make us chary about the judgments we pass on other peoples.

Wrongly Directed Criticism

Father Drummond, a brilliant and accomplished Jesuit preacher, long resident in Saint Boniface, now at Edmonton, some time ago spoke almost sneeringly of the Russian revolution. Father Drummond in doing this was aiming his darts at the wrong people. For one thing, I should like to know how authentic his information is that nearly forty thousand persons lost their lives in the first few days of the revolution. Those figures have certainly not become general property.

But suppose they were true. Suppose even worse excesses are yet committed. Who are to blame, primarily? Not the gigantic and childlike people of Russia, just emerging, and violently, from their swaddling clothes; but rather the czarism and bureaucracy—the former hopelessly reactionary, and the latter hopelessly corrupt—that for so long repressed and defrauded and brutalized the people. I read the other day a significant sentence, written by a Frenchman, Albert Lorel. He says, in effect, that the fires of revolution are not chargeable to the unfortunate people who commit them so much as the excesses of the bad old systems, that these same people have to rise to destroy. Read Young's Travels in France, see the conditions obtaining among the French peasantry prior to the revolution; and then ask yourself whether it is any wonder there was a reign of terror. Think of the obscurantism, the venality, the treachery of the old regime in Russia, and ask yourself whether it is much wonder that blood had to flow. The excesses of popular revolutions are the penalty of vicious and tyrannical governments. There is no rose water way of getting rid of a hoary octopus like the former government of Russia. The system that persists in repressing one hundred and sixty million people has itself to blame if, in the long run, it is removed with violence. The real friends of society are those who, in advance of catastrophe, try to mediate between classes in the effort to achieve by evolutionary process what, denied that method, will ultimately express itself in revolution.

Results of German Education

I have recently read as a whole a book of which I had read parts before. I refer to the famous book on Germany written by Madame de Staël and published in England in 1813. She tried to publish it in France in 1810, but the myrmidons of Napoleon suppressed it, and she had to flee from the country.

One certainly has difficulty in recognizing in the Germans of 1917 the successors of the Germans of a century ago. Then they were disunited, subjective, timid, lacking in executive capacity—dreamers, poets, philosophers. To-day they are welded into a compact machine, aggressive, masterful, ruthless. The change that has been wrought in this people in a century and less, should teach us how mighty a force nationally conceived education is. The German people has been transformed because a persistent national propaganda has been carried on among them.

Let us ask ourselves in Canada to what extent our education is making us as a nation what we want to be. Have we a goal? What is it? Have we a conception of national character? What, in turn, is it? Are we proceeding, or simply drifting? The signs are, indeed, that we have not even had before us a program of national unity. We are to-day a divided people. English Canada has never bestirred itself to interpret itself to French Canada. We have left Quebec lying by itself. We have left the whole field of ideas in that province to men like Bourassa. The result is that when a testing time of the first magnitude, like this war, comes, the reactions on the situation of the two large elements of Canada are totally dissimilar. English Canada leaps to the side of Britain and France; Quebec hangs back sullenly. English Canada says Canada must be defended where the foe is; French Canada says all that we are responsible for is the soil of this country, as such. English Canada recognizes that the whole in-

terest of democracy is at stake; French Canada says: Nonsense, this war is the natural outcome of the imbroglia of European ambitions, and, anyway, we are not much interested in democracy. These differences point to a profound schism. They indicate that we must do some thinking before even unity will be achieved. And after that is accomplished, the whole superstructure of national achievement has yet to be reared. But, at any rate, the German example proves that where there is a will there is a way. That is, where there is a national will there is a national way.

A concrete reference comes to my mind here. There was a discussion in the house at Ottawa during the recent session with respect to the allocation of about \$40,000 for the purposes of scientific research. If I remember rightly, it had to do with the establishment of fellowships to maintain students who had shown special aptitude in practical scientific investigation. The need is obvious. Canada abounds in vast natural resources. Our own young men should be utilized by the nation to disclose to us the extent and character of these resources. A man who has been a federal minister sharply challenged this vote. Virtually he saw no utility in it. The time is surely past for conditions of this sort in the Canadian parliament. Education should be conceived and utilized in a national sense; it should be regarded as the chief instrumentality for conducting us along a clearly marked, because deeply considered, pathway.

Possibilities of Conversation

Conversation is an art from which not many of us extract the potentialities of which it is capable. The French, indeed, are almost the only people who regularly regard conversation as an art at all. Conversation might be made one of the great instruments for the development of the minds, tastes and interests of children. How much the table talk of families might be improved! I could imagine the table conversation of a household so conducted that, for one thing, the management of children at meal time would cease to be a problem, and, for another, that the results for the children in question in information and general culture would be most considerable. You can easily pick out a young man who has been reared in a family where the reading of standard books has been the rule. Similarly it is not hard to recognize the man or woman bred in an atmosphere where conversation has been made to turn on things worth while.

A large part of ordinary conversation deals with persons. There are certain men who can scarcely talk about anything but such-and-such people. This sort of thing is dangerous. For one thing it is a sign of sterility and poverty. For another it almost inevitably degenerates into gossip or scandal. I think it would not be a bad rule virtually to eliminate the personal element from conversation. I know this could not be done completely.

Thomas DeQuincey, the opium-eater, has a couple of interesting essays on the Art of Conversation. One very interesting thing, in particular, he points out, viz., that conversation may become an engine for the origination of totally new material. Two men meet and talk. The ordinary view would be that the result must simply be the addition of the resources of one to the resources of the other. So that the total stock of ideas is not at all changed by the encounter. But DeQuincey points out that something else may happen. When two minds come in contact, a sort of chemical fusion and interfusion occurs. The two together may produce a result, in the form of ideas, of which neither had before dreamed, and of which neither, alone, was capable.

Conversation, conducted as an art, has sometimes achieved very considerable things. It was practically the spring and basis of the brilliant literature of France in the seventeenth century. A certain noble lady, the Marchioness of Rambouillet, was dissatisfied with the atmosphere surrounding her daughters in the rough court of Henry IV. For the sake of her daughters she embarked on an ambitious plan. She rebuilt her town house in Paris with a view to entertaining on a large scale. She instituted regular receptions by which she invited all the accomplished men and women of the time. Conversation was staged on a grand scale. French society became a society of conversationalists. Wits were sharpened, grossness was abolished, books were read in manuscript, plays were rehearsed, intellectual competitions were instituted, talent was evoked; and an ineffaceable mark was placed on French society and French literature. This is merely an illustration on a grand scale of what uses may be made of conversation. The most characteristic product of the French genius is the classical literature of the seventeenth century; and it is not too much to say that that literature had its point of departure and its standards fixed in the conversations of the society that foregathered in those and similar receptions.



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How Three Persons Live Well on \$1,500 a Year

By Mrs. A. G. West

OUR income is \$1,500. My allowance for housekeeping and dress, \$800 a year; or \$66.66 paid to me regularly on the first of each month.

Our household consists of my husband, our little daughter, ten years old, myself, one maid and a woman twice a week. We live in a fishing town where wages, fish and ice are very cheap. We own our house, have a flower and vegetable garden and pasture for a fine Jersey cow; therefore, we have no rent to pay, get flowers, vegetables and some small fruits, strawberries, raspberries, currants, etc., from our own garden, and have plenty of milk and cream for ourselves and always have some milk to give away to those who have large families of little ones and need it. We quite often make fresh butter.

My husband pays for fuel, life insurance, taxes, his clothes, books and papers, travel and incidentals out of the remaining \$700 a year. My part is to run the house, pay maid's wages, butcher and grocer, and dress myself and little girl on \$66.66 a month.

This is how I divide it each month:

One-tenth for religious work.....	\$ 6.66
Maid's wages.....	10.00
Woman twice a week.....	8.00
Savings Bank.....	5.00
Clothes for self and child.....	15.00
Groceries, fish and ice.....	15.00
Butcher.....	7.00

\$66.66

I give my average grocery and butcher bills—some months they are more and some months, the butcher's, for instance, is much less. I buy chickens and fowls in the summer and autumn, when I can get them from 70 to 80 cents a pair. These I put in cold storage and have enough to last us through the winter and early spring. Then again, we quite often go away for two or three weeks at a time. My husband pays the travelling expenses, and what I save in my grocery and butcher bills I put by for the months when I need to buy a barrel of flour or sugar or a tub of butter, or something large like this.

We make our own bread, rolls, cakes, pies and ice cream. In the summer when eggs are plentiful and cheap, I buy three or four extra dozen every week and put

these in water glass to be used in the late autumn and winter when eggs double in price. I plan to have enough eggs packed to last us for cooking until May, when they become plentiful again. I buy flour, sugar and apples by the barrel and butter by the tub, as they are considerably cheaper bought in large quantities. I need a good deal of sugar in the summer and autumn for preserving. We use fresh fruit as much as possible then, instead of puddings and pies. As I have already said, fish is very cheap here, and, moreover, we prefer it to meat in the summer. Throughout the year we get lobsters, halibut, salmon, mackerel, trout, herring, etc., and always haddock and cod, so that one can have some kind of fish, just out of the water, nearly every day in the year.

Our meals are as follows:

Breakfast—Fruit, porridge with cream, eggs or bacon or fish, toast and marmalade, tea or coffee.

Dinner—Soup, fish or meat or poultry, vegetables, often salad, pudding or pie, or fresh fruit with cream.

Supper—Cold meat or scallop or salad, or some kind of relish, bread and butter, rolls or biscuit, fresh fruit or jam, cake, tea or cocoa.

Some think I spend too much for wages out of \$66.66 per month, but it is worth \$18.00 a month to have the house run smoothly and nobody tired out and irritable; besides, I walk and read with my husband and little girl every day and superintend her lessons, and I should not have much time for these and my social duties had I the housework to do.

I have had my maid ever since we were married, that is twelve years, although it is difficult to keep maids any length of time, as they prefer to work in the factories here or to go away to the cities. She is not strong, so prefers to take less wages and have a woman in twice a week to do rough work; namely, the washing, some of the ironing, the weekly sweeping, polishing of floors, scrubbing and washing of the windows. My maid does all the cooking, waits on the table and answers the door, washes dishes, does the daily brushing up, cleans the silver and brass and helps with the ironing and chamber work. When we have friends visiting us (which we do very often) the maid makes up their beds and tidies rooms

while we are finishing breakfast. I might say here that an unmarried sister of my husband's often spends the winter with us. My little daughter and I make our own beds and, also, do the daily dusting.

My maid always changes her cotton morning gown before dinner (which we have at one o'clock) and puts on a black dress, white apron, collar, cuffs and cap, so as to be ready to wait on the table and answer door bell in the afternoon, and bring in tea when callers come. She has long-sleeved, dark aprons to put on when washing up the dinner dishes. She has two hours for resting every afternoon, except on my receiving day.

When we go away for two or three weeks, and sometimes longer (the average about two months during the year, as we have so many relatives and friends who insist upon a yearly visit) we close our house. The maid, who lives in the same town, goes home for a holiday, but has the key of the house and comes in about twice a week to see that everything is in order. I always pay her full wages during the time we are away. I allow her two afternoons out every week, Thursday and Sunday, and three evenings, besides Sunday evening. I also provide all her white aprons, collars, cuffs and caps, and give her one good black alpaca dress every year and often a cotton morning dress. These I buy out of my dress allowance.

As to my savings, I have something over \$1,000 laid by toward the college education of our little daughter. I am a college woman and know the benefits of such a training. I am confident, for one thing, that my college training, in mapping out my studies by schedules, has been of the greatest help to me in running my house on a business basis.

When I first started housekeeping, I tacked up in the kitchen a schedule of the work to be done each day and each hour of the day. It saved a lot of time and bother in having the maid coming to ask, "What shall I do now?" She had only to look at her schedule and see for herself what she was to do. Now, however, she knows what to do without referring to it.

I try to keep my accounts correctly and to know how much I spend for each thing each month. I have saved \$5.00 every month for twelve years out of my house allowance, that amounts to \$720, the rest of my savings have come out of my dress allowance, about \$25.00 a year. My husband and I make up our accounts

together the first of every year. We each keep an itemized account of our expenditures; I for the house and clothes for myself and little girl; my husband for his clothes, the fuel, insurance, travel, etc. The total amount is \$1,500 a year, viz.:

Housekeeping allowance.....	\$600.00
Dress allowance for wife and child	200.00
Husband's tenth for religious work	70.00
Life insurance.....	200.00
Husband's clothes.....	100.00
Fuel.....	100.00
Travel.....	100.00
Books and papers.....	25.00
Incidentals, including taxes, light, doctor, dentist, house furnishings, repairs, presents, etc.....	105.00

\$1,500.00

Our doctor and dentist bills are usually small, as we try to attend to our ailments at the very first symptom, and not wait until they become aggravated. We visit the dentist every three months and in that way there is often nothing to be done or something very trivial.

My husband has over \$1,000 in his savings bank account which he has saved out of his dress allowance, incidentals and in various ways.

I have a good library of standard works, which I collected before I was married. This collection, added to my husband's, forms a library that no one need feel ashamed of. We add a few good books every year.

I never allow my stock of household linen or underwear to get so low that I need to buy a large supply at one time. "Replenish a little every year and thus keep the supply up" is the rule my mother taught me.

I find one of the best ways to economize is in the daily inspection of the bread box and refrigerator. Most maids are wasteful of bread and cut into several loaves at once, leaving the crusts. It took several years for me to impress upon my maid that one loaf must be used up before another is cut into, and also that all the "left overs" can be used in some way. We usually put a loaf of bread on the table at breakfast and supper, on the round bread board, and cut it as we need it. In this way there are no slices left to get stale. Whenever we have the bread cut for supper we have it cut thin and spread with butter, and, as we all like it that way, there is very rarely any of it left when the meal is over.



This is a remarkable view of an open air mass held by the Italian forces operating on the Isonzo front before going into battle. Along this front these troops have made a glorious record of achievement in steadily driving back the Austrian armies. They have fought so well, indeed, that it is expected they will soon capture Trieste, Austria's window on the Adriatic. But even on the front where the fighting is hardest these soldiers have not neglected their religion and are employing this short respite from fighting in attending this solemn service in the open.

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Pay 175 cash and the price is.....	350
Pay all cash and the price is.....	330

The Gerhard Heintzman

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Our Toads in the Grass

By Mr. J. D. Whitmore

For quite a period of time, in a half sub-conscious condition I had been aware of an unusual, peculiar chattering among my turkeys in the yard. I gathered together my faculties in time however to realize that there was something quite out of the ordinary going on. I rose and went quickly to the window. The oldest of the young turkeys seemed to be closely observing an object hidden in the grass. It was evident by the gradually protruding movements of the bird that whatever it was, it must be some living and moving creature. My curiosity increased every minute, and the more so as the turkey continued to utter shriller notes of alarm and fitful excitement.

Then another turkey came and together they gazed with elongated neck and bodies, gradually stepping forward at intervals as the mysterious thing in the grass advanced. After a time the second one left, but the first one faithfully continued his self-appointed task. My inquisitiveness knew no bounds however when a smaller turkey was enticed to the spot, got one look at the silent unknown and literally "put."

I never really attached any significance to that use of the word "put" till last year when I was devoting a period to a drawing lesson with a young friend of mine. She had been working for some time reproducing a study by Landseer where one deer on the far-off bank of a stream was calling to his mate on the opposite shore.

The study had been rescued by Florence from the play-house of her little brothers and sisters and was much finger-marked, while across the stream of water was scrawled in a childish hand the letters crudely formed which spelled the word "put". Though we had worked together for several days on this picture, no comment had been made upon the childish scribble, till one day my friend suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Just look," she said to me, and I realized then that the children have a much keener perception of a

situation than we give them credit for. "See!" she cried, pointing from the male on the opposite shore to the one in the act of starting across, "He is calling for his mate to 'put'". It fitted the case exactly. The childish mind had expressed in one short but extremely significant word what it would have taken me sentences to say. The word has come to me many times since and it was now the only expression that really concisely described the action of Little Turkey—it "put".

"I must see what this means," I ejaculated to myself, and in suppressed excitement I reached the spot. Master Turkey reluctantly stepped off guard, with a deal of chattering and warning to me for so boldly venturing into the situation. I peered quietly and cautiously at first, and then more carefully inspected the spot, and there quite the color of his surroundings sat a snug-looking spotted toad. I laughed aloud. I felt that I wanted so badly to explain to young turkey, but as yet man has not discovered a kindred language between himself and his fellow creatures who inhabit the earth. So I left them, but I noticed that Master Turkey was soon engrossed in further research and had apparently quite forgotten the mysterious intruder in the grass.

There are big warty distorted looking toads, gruesome, uncanny toads, fat, sleek, comfortable little toads, lying in wait in the grass in most of our lives,



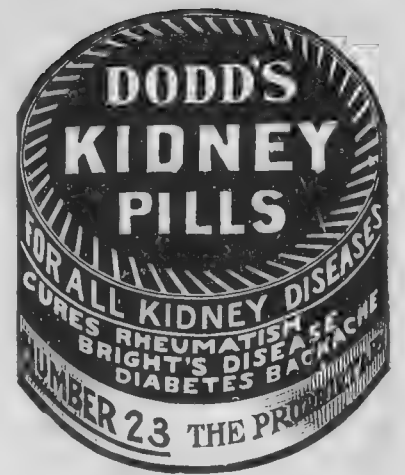
The above is a photograph of Mr. B. E. Underwood, president of Underwood & Underwood, photographers, New York. He has just been commissioned a major in the United States army, and appointed to a high post on the Photographic War Board in Washington.

The Western Home Monthly readers are familiar with the very fine war photographs of Underwood & Underwood, as they have appeared in each issue of the magazine since the outbreak of war.

The firm of which the Major is the head is one of the most enterprising of its kind in the world. The readers of this magazine will continue to have the benefit of their finest war photographs.

and I have observed with increasing contempt the fellow, who in the words of the child literally "put" when he met his. This kind of a man assumes no responsibility to investigate the situation, enough that somebody else is pondering over it in perplexed doubt and gravity considering which is the wisest course to pursue. The slacker and shirker belongs to this type, "I should worry," he says, and stands back with folded arms. Imagine if you can the splendid spirit of manhood exhibited behind the words, "Time to go boys when they take me; then three men will go, myself and the other two fellows it needs to take me there!" If this is the spirit of our race then surely the war is justified in its being.

I know how some young ladies of my acquaintance meet their toad in the grass. Some one made the remark, "Many a girl earns only salary enough to keep herself in board and clothes



these days!" to which one of a trio replied, "Oh well, if I can't earn more than enough to keep myself, I'll let someone else do the keeping." It was a true expression of her philosophy of life. In other words: "Go through life as easy as you can, have a good time and let the other fellow pay for it!" For three successive years she "visited around," throwing out invitations and stopping their full duration, affecting a delicate constitution to eliminate any responsibility of work, always dressed up and ready for any occasion, a veritable sponger. You never knew when you invited her how long she was going to stay.

Here, too, I see the organizer. He can organize anything from a pea-party to a campaign for church union. He takes but one look at the toad that he finds and exclaims impatiently, "Oh, I cannot eradicate this thing; I will however organize a committee to attend to this immediately." So Mr. Committee, duly elected, rise from the half finished warp of their own loom and sally forth with superior dignity to meet Mr. So-and-So's toad in the grass. They discuss details, they sit in council to evolve means and plans and finally, the involved labor accomplished, return with a vast deal of complacency and self-satisfaction to hand the report of success to their overlord, who with infinite condescension accepts it and goes on his way his usual unexpended conservation of energy and equanimity of disposition. When he meets another toad exactly the same thing occurs. But we are ever ambitious worldly mortals, a little power, a little prestige, and we might be inveigled into any scheme paraded for our country's good. 'Tis thus the huge contractor under the cry of "Patriotism," wrings out of his underpaid and underfed army of workers the surplus toil for diminutive pay, and fill his pockets with excessive gain.

There are those however, and all honor to them, who meet their toads with startling surprise, no doubt, but with brave smiling faces stoop to investigate and with the same brave smile conquer. 'Tis this wonderful spirit has enabled mothers and sweethearts to give up their dear ones to the country's call for sacrifice. And even when the little cross marks a resting-place "Somewhere in France," I fancy I see their dear faces smile and look up to heaven bravely through their tears.

The Reason Why

A certain minister used to supply occasionally for a congregation which had no regular pastor. He found a ready welcome, for he was genial and full of jokes. But somehow he usually seemed to leave the joke on someone else rather than on himself. Because of this, one hostess once approached with this question: "Doctor G—, can you tell me why it is that minister's children are nearly always so bad?"

"Well," the doctor replied meditatively, "I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. McA—, unless it comes through association with the congregation."

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The Winter Ceremonial of the Kwakiutls

By Bonnycastle Dale Photographs by the author

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Peel seven pounds of tart apples and put into the preserving kettle with a pint of cold water; peel the yellow rind of four lemons and add the apples. Boil to a pulp, then squeeze in the juice of the lemons and add four pounds of sugar. Boil the marmalade from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, stirring constantly to prevent burning.

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LADDIE Jr. came close to me and whispered, "Why does L'askit save the down off the eiders' breasts?"

"He is going in for the Winter Ceremonial, I guess." There was no doubt of this; for days we had seen the young man of the tribe, and a well set up little Coast Indian he was, too, shredding cedar bark and hunting the eider and roaming listlessly in the woods—all symptoms of the natural tribal desires of the young man to fit himself by starvation and by hiding in the forest, and also by the making up and committing to memory a rude, fantastic, barbaric tale, a sort of woods melody.

We watched him push the soft down into an old seal bladder, then we saw him carry it into the big empty Potlatch House of the tribe, the rude axe-split door closed, and we sat patiently watching it while the sun sank over the great mountains behind us, and the loud booming of the Pacific surf saluted the departing day god.

"Look! Look!" shrilly whispered the excited lad. The door was open now and in the dusky frame stood L'askit, naked as the day he was born. Out he stepped on to the shore sand. Off he walked over the sand dunes, his body black in the shadows, glowed into copper as he mounted the high crest of the last

suffering under self inflicted tortures mutely borne, aye! of semi-cannibistic rites.

I feared they would not let us in, but no one barred our way, and we entered the great gloomy building clad simply in our hunting shirts and trousers, so that there was no place about us to conceal the "ghost box," as L'askit had told us the old people of the tribe called our camera. Through the open door we could see the black gloom of the trail entrance into the forest. Soon we heard a deep voice singing, it was in the tribal tongue, and later I found it translated somewhat like this: "Orca, the killer, that is stronger than the Thunder bird, Orca that lives on the bottom of the sea"—then the runner went on to tell how he had met the Thunder Bird, and how it had seized him and carried him far out over the sea, and how it had dived down with him trying to drown him, then Orca attacked the great Thunder Bird and took L'askit on his broad back and brought him ashore—see! was not his head wet and his body all covered with sea weed?" Truly enough it was, and a strangely rude and savage object the half starved, self intoxicated, enthusiast was, all about him fluttered the fluted ribbons of the fuca, in his wet hair were great patches of eiderdown, in his hands were long streamers of cedar



Totem drawing—eagle, deer, killer whales; the latter L'Askit's totem.

hill and entered the fir forest; once or twice more we saw him as he pressed on upwards, in the first stage of his pilgrimage.

What a strange idea, here are tribes of men, natives of this coast of North America, whose forefathers no doubt, came from the Orient—storm driven or by way of the then Isthmus of Behring—that have no god. No Manitou of any kind, yet here was our daily companion, a good fisherman and seal and whale hunter, going off into the woods for a three day ritual, during which time his nude body would be exposed to all the rains and winds of this cool November time, that he might rub himself with hemlock boughs, and thus purified he might meet the animal that would be to him his totem or phatry or crest, call it what you will.

All Saturday, Sunday and Monday we trapped and fished and hunted over the hills behind the little coast village, keeping a bright corner of our eye for a squat brown Indian, but never a glance did we get of him. On the Sunday we did not hunt, but we tramped pretty well all over the range and up and down the valleys, but L'askit was nowhere to be seen. On Monday night we saw a dull red gleaming out of the rude openings in the Potlatch House, so we knew the novice was coming in to undergo the ordeal by fire that would make him forever a chief among his father's and mother's relations. We had heard ghastly tales of the strange orgies said to be enacted at this critical time in the young man's life, tales of mutilation, of savage

bark and whale bones and more blotches of white down; seen in the outside gloom, where a vagrant beam from the great fire of fir logs that blazed on the earth floor played over him, he was grotesque, weird, savagely picturesque.

With a bound he reached the eave of the building and climbed the cedar shack roof and soon appeared in the smoke hole above us. Down a swaying rope he slid and swung like a great copper and bronze pendulum in the smoke and glare of the fire. The heat must have been intense where he swayed to the centre of his orbit, the smoke was thick enough to choke even a native accustomed to the vile air of the Indian houses; with a loud screech and a mighty bound he leaped from his dangling rope and alighted just beside the fire; above this, in swift circling runs he sped, right in the very fire glare, so close that the down that now puffed off his body like snow instantly took afire as it fell. This exhibition of power to stand heat only ended when Nature bade him cease. Some half hour later, and out into the gloom he darted and off into the sea, where he was supposed to embark upon the body of his attendant, Killer-whale.

"I bet he just cracked when he struck the cold water," said the boy. He was right for, later, we found out that almost every hair, and these tribes have none too many, was singed off his body.

Now, just look at the ingenuity of this rude fishing Indian. The next night, just at dusk, when it was hard to see exactly how he had arranged with his

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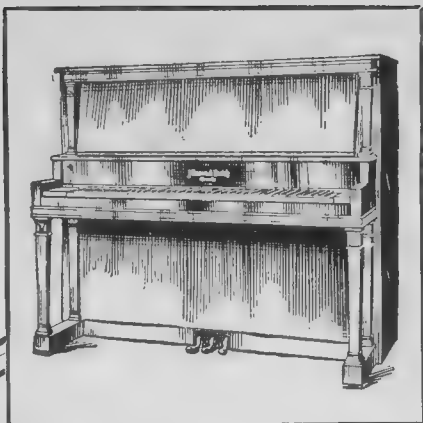
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totem, the Killer-whale, for the return trip, L'askit arrived.

We all stood on the beach beside a great outcropping of granite that divided this from the next bay, around the corner of the surf beaten granite peninsula came L'askit, with the tide, mind you, standing on some cedar logs, logs so slight that they floated submerged with his weight. As he came along, upborne on the sea in the gloom of early night, singing his rude song, Laddie and I involuntarily clapped our hands; his stagecraft was certainly good, he looked as if he might be upborne by some huge sea mammal. There was much grave "clicking" (as these people have an odd way of clipping their word, pronounce Kwakiu-t-l, making both the t and the l separate syllables and you may get a



The Winter Ceremonial House.

glimpse of this odd speech). Some weird songs were sung on that dark strand, a strange procession formed and wound about the newly made—what shall I call him? for "chief" does not quite suit—he was really a man now, fully grown, having undergone the wood mystery and having created for himself a totem or phatry or crest or sign, call it what you will. Now while I delight to give good reasons for good actions I cannot see in this barbaric novitiate any sign of the seeking after a Manitou or god. They seem to think that there are numerous fabled monsters inhabiting some distant unseen peaks of some unknown range, Thunder Birds, Great Bears, Mighty Eagles, and in the seas huge mammals that act as their personal defenders. All! all of this the young man concocts while wandering for the three days, then he weaves it into a rude chant and undergoes the trial by heat, all childish mumbling and posturing.

Now the old men are crowded about L'askit who is again singing his song of the Killer-whale. We crowd closer and watch him back slowly into the sea (the tide is running out now, crafty L'askit) up he steps on his sea weed covered cedar log raft and off the silent current bears him; a very well staged act for an uncultured Coast Indian.

The fishing boy L'askit was a boy no longer, so he took unto himself a woman and put her in his newly built shack, with her he inherited many blankets and a small tribal "brass-a," curiously graven copper shield or token that descends on the maternal side, as these tribes inherit through the females. He now started to form his totem. With only his fishing knife and a rude bit of sharpened steel, some estray from the British navy, and a small hunting axe he started to carve out of a dry standing dead cedar his idea of the phatry that he found or saw in the forest that later bore him to the Winter Ceremonial. In a week's steady work he had withdrawn from the dry trees the rude creature we present you in the illustration. Laddie says the nose is neither beautiful nor sanitary, as it will catch every wind on earth as well as the rain, and give L'askit's Killer-whale a damper time than it would have had in the sea.

The lad and I wandered down to the beach the next morning to watch the thundering "white horses" come plunging in. A heavy surf was running, it pounded the beach like a myriad giant hammers. At times there was a smother of creamy water full half a mile out.

"Is that rock moving?" screamed the lad in the uproar. I unslung my glasses. "Pretty much alive that rock," I howled back. "It's two people in a canoe." For a few minutes we stood spellbound watching the skill with which the craft was guided. Up great roaring crests, sinking into silent hollows, plunging down watery hills, on, on, it came. We opened the camera and tried for a picture, but, later, we found that it was only a smudge, as the sandstorm was too great and the

spume of the surf was in the air. Back we darted before a beach covering roller. Out we ran and helped the natives pull the log canoe above the beaching of the sea. What a crew. Ye gods! to brave a surf so heavy that it flung it spume a half a mile inland, a wind so great that it carried heaps of sand right up on to the roof of the Potlatch House. One little very old man. One short stout woman. He is the patriarch of the tribe, nameless save for the modern word "Hyas," this means big or great in the coast intertribal modern language—the Chinook. He looked more of a monkey than a human as he rested in the hollow of an old shore fish box. Neither had the usual dread of the "ghost box" or they were too tired by their surf work to object, so I pictured them, rewarded them, and here they are.

Late that afternoon, as our canoe scurried with the tide, dipping and dancing like a saucy duck on its current river surface, we rounded the corner of a little burial island far up the sheltered fiord. We landed and walked over the sun scorched rocks. Little clumps of sallow and fern grew in the crevices of the syenite formation. In every cleft and hollow, in each little rocky valley that ran down the sides of the rocks towards the water, were piles of axe split cedar boards. Some lay in orderly piles, others were windswept aside and disclosing the element whitened bones of the ancestors of L'askit and "Hyas" and many a generation before him. Here, in a scene the "old folks" loved, facing the waters on which they so often fished and hunted, the remains of the dead are laid. As these were very ancient resting places of the Kwakiutl hardly a bead or a tool was to be seen. In later years, after Vancouver came, and barter was established, such tawdry things as Birmingham beads and brass jewelry were to be seen in the rude rocky hollows among the bones. These tribal burying places are much revered, and it was only the well known fact that we were in the unvarying habit of reburial any disturbed bones and covering any displaced burying place, that gave us unquestioned liberty here.

It has often caused our day to be a disappointment when we came to one of these rude burying islands, "Islands of the Dead," as the translation would bear out, only to find that some rude white visitor had torn the graves open and stolen the few pots or beads or tools. I know of one man that broke the skeleton apart so that he might rob the grave of its sole relic, a few paltry blue Birmingham beads.



Ancient Burial of the Kwak.

A Lazy Company

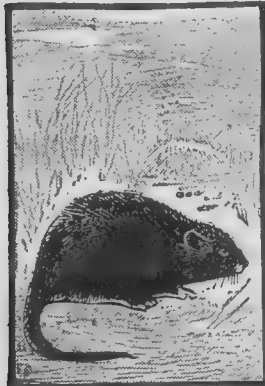
During the Civil War a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought they should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure their habits of laziness. One morning, after roll-call, the captain, addressing his command, said:

"I have a nice easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men took a step forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come.

"I was too lazy," replied the soldier.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



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Music in the Home

The Agile West

It is admitted by many observers that some of the universities in the western states have been able to come in closer touch with the general public than the older and perhaps nobler institutions of the east. The State University of Kansas, for example, has conducted a form of University Extension work in music which has had most interesting and satisfactory results. Prof. H. L. Butler, Dean of the School of Fine Arts, and Prof. Arthur Nevin have travelled all through the state giving concerts, lectures, and phonograph recitals, and rousing the people to the formation of choral societies large or small. This past season two of the choruses formed in this way gave choral arrangements of Tannhauser and Carmen and there were several performances at Easter time of Dubois's Seven Last Words.

The fact that the university has been behind the movement has done much to clear away the difficulties that too frequently abound when any effort is made for musical co-operation in a small community. Other states are inquiring of Kansas about the organization of its Fine Arts Faculty. Whether or not any Canadian provinces are beginning to inquire is not stated. Certainly there is room, after the war, for a wider co-ordination between the universities and the public, particularly in the extension of musical knowledge.

Music History Ignored

It is an extraordinary thing that the only people who know anything about the History of Music are musicians. Yet most people know something about the history of medicine, law and theology. Even in the field of art there are many well-read persons, not architects, who have a sound knowledge of the several periods and classes of architecture. The history of painting is not a closed book, and the history of literature is co-ordinated with every political history of England for every schoolboy.

Yet there is more romantic and interesting material in the history of music than in any other study dealing with the past. Take one instance. In any piece of music written in four-pulse measure the letter "C" indicates the rhythm. The music-teacher tells us that the "C" means "Common Time." It does—nowadays. Some centuries ago it meant "Imperfect time," and the sign was not a "C," but a half-circle.

The old monks discovered that there were two main divisions of time, two pulse (or four-pulse) and three-pulse. They were fascinated with the inherent beauty of three-pulse or waltz rhythm, so fascinated that it reminded them of the Trinity, three Persons in one God. Therefore they called this form of rhythm "Perfect," and put a circle at the beginning of the music as an arbitrary sign to signalize that rhythm. The two-pulse or four-pulse rhythm they called imperfect, and being logical in their day and generation, expressed the idea by a half-circle. It remained for some genius to put a tick on the upper part of it and assume that the sign was a "C."

There is not a sign of any kind, not a note, a line, in a few bars of modern printed music which is without its interesting story. Most of us, unfortunately, seem to imagine that the one international and universal language sprang full armed into being. On the contrary, it was the production of long and arduous study, sometimes for hundreds of years.

The Church Music of Serbia

It has been said that the Austrian steam-roller has crushed everything in Serbia excepting Serbia's spirit, the spirit which made her a nation of rebels during more than four centuries of Turkish rule. This splendid spirit has left its impress on the Serbian music, about which on this continent we hear very little.

The Serbian church knows nothing of instrumental music, for in common with the rest of Eastern Christendom, it regards the use of any machine in church

as savoring of irreverence; so there are no organs. Their vocal music has for its basis the eight Byzantine Tones and sixteen variations laid down by St. John Damascene. They never have sung, never will sing, German chorales, Genevan psalm-tunes, French ecclesiastical melodies, or Western Plainchant. But neither do they sing Russian or Greek church music. This is not because they have a unique system of worship which is just their own. They are loyal children of Eastern-Orthodox Christendom as are the Russians and Greeks, and their liturgy, like the Russian, is recited in Old Slavonic. Thus there is no "Serbian Use," and no vernacular Liturgy, yet their services are permeated with the Serbian spirit. For Serbian nationality in religious matters does not consist in their being self-consciously unlike certain other nations. It consists in their being like themselves. The authority for the following facts regarding the nature and development of the Serbian church music is Francis Burgess who has written considerably on this subject in Musical Opinion. Mr. Burgess says: From the time of the Turkish occupation in 1839 to the Crusade of Liberation in 1804 the church music tradition was guarded and even developed in the Serbian monasteries. These monastic establishments were centres of national culture. In them the clergy were trained and one of the essential qualifications for the priesthood was that a man should sing well. But right up to the end of the eighteenth century there was a persistent effort made by the Greeks to overthrow the Serbian musical tradition and to substitute the Greek "nasal-music" in its place. The Greeks were encouraged in this by the Turks, who also tried to introduce into Serbia the Greek liturgical language without success. The Serbs would have none of it and the attempt came to an end in 1794 when the Patriarch of Carlovei, Stratimirovic set up the Serbian theological seminary of Carlovei, and appointed a Serbian, the Archimandrite Krstich, to be the official teacher of church music.

About the middle of the nineteenth century Kornelius Stankovic made an attempt to transcribe Serbian music into modern musical notation. He succeeded only partially. It was Stephen Mokranjac, who died only during the present war, who reduced the Krstich traditions to writing in a manner that makes them understandable to the western mind. Mokranjac was really a great creative musician and some of the music sung in the larger churches is of his own composing. But he wrote out and harmonized the traditional church melodies of his nation, mostly in four parts, and almost always with the melody in the treble part. The more involved compositions by Mokranjac himself, it is understood, are being set to English words, as independent anthems.

It will interest those who follow the development of ecclesiastical music to observe that the present Serbian plan of singing traditional (and originally unisonous) melodies in parts without instrumental accompaniment is exactly analogous to what has happened in Russia. I am informed that Russian church law still technically forbids harmonized singing, yet in practice it exists extensively. And much of the Russian music in actual use there consists of traditional melodies which formerly were unisonous but since have been harmonized. At this analogy, however, the similarity between Russia and Serbia ceases. Those who are competent to judge such matters are of the opinion that the art of Serbia is more closely allied with that of Western Europe than with that of Russia. This is certainly true of architecture and possibly it may be equally true of music. In any case it is of the utmost importance that we should realize that Serbia is by no means a country of barbarians. It has ideals other than those expressed by warlike deeds, and in the gentler arts of peace it excels in a measure which hitherto has been entirely unrealized by most of us. It affords a supreme example of a little nation tenaciously clinging to its native culture against enormous odds.



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The Plunger

By Francis J. Dickie

(This inside story of the life of a man who turned the Province of British Columbia upside down was obtained by the writer in an exclusive interview with Alvo von Alvensleben's former confidential secretary, a man who for four years was most intimately associated with the Prussian financier, and was one of the few men who knew in detail the facts of the life of this remarkable buccaneer who wrecked the finances of one of Canada's richest provinces).

GUSTAV Constantin Alvo von Alvensleben, protege of the Kaiser, and former lieutenant in the Prussian army, arrested and interned at Portland, Ore., on August 9, may lay claim to one of the most remarkable careers in the realms of international high finance.

The son of Count Werner Alvo von Alvensleben, former German Ambassador to the court of the Czar and a leading Junker, Alvo was practically kicked out by his father and told to shift for himself after gambling away his allowance in a wild career at college.

Determined to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his parents and of the Kaiser, an intimate friend of the family, who expressed strong disapproval of his youthful conduct, Alvo struck out for America and recommenced life as a hobo in Puget Sound country. In 1904 he drifted to British Columbia and within seven years was reputed to be a millionaire, having financed a dozen large companies with upwards of \$10,000,000 supplied by wealthy friends of his family and the Kaiser. Before the war broke out he became bankrupt, his last visit to Germany made just previous to the European outburst, having failed to stave off the climax of his business career, owing to all his investments being made in enemy countries, or countries that Germany was soon to be at war with. This being one of the most striking evidences that Germany had planned this war in advance.

Nearly all of his companies collapsed. These included The Alvensleben Canadian Finance & General Investment Company, Standard Fish & Fertilizer Co., Vancouver Timber and Trading Co., Pierceite Powder Co., Indian River Park Company, German-Canadian Trust Company. Also with these went several other of the Pacific Coast's largest financial and industrial concerns, which he had involved, including the Bank of Vancouver, The Issaquah and Superior Coal Mining Company of Seattle and the Dominion Trust Company, whose failure, following the alleged suicide of its managing director, W. R. Arnold, was one of the greatest scandals in the history of the Dominion of Canada.

Only a few months ago two private banks of Seattle closed their doors as a result of their connection with the Issaquah and Superior Coal Company, another of the projects of the gambler-financier. The final liquidation of his original real estate and financial company in Vancouver disclosed liabilities of over one and a half millions, with assets of about \$3,000, insufficient to satisfy even salary claims or liquidator's fees.

At the height of his career, 1912-13 his clients included such well-known Germans as the ex-chancellor Dr. von Bethman-Hollweg, who at one time owned the north-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Bayswater Street, in Vancouver; von Mackensen, conqueror of Roumania; von Roon, descendant of the famous Prussian statesman who helped to wrest Alsace-Lorraine from France; Emma v. Mumm, the champagne queen; Ledebur, von Brockhausen-Mittelfelde; Bertha Krupp and many others of equal prominence in Germany.

His greatest client of all however, was Kaiser Wilhelm, for whom he made investments in British Columbia timber totalling two and a half million dollars.

Alvensleben is a perfect type of super-man. He is six feet two in height, 38 years of age, lean and muscular with slightly stooping shoulders, and a typical fire-eating Prussian. An autocrat one moment, a democrat the next, but only assuming the latter attitude when it best suited his purposes. Possessed of unlimited imagination, fluent tongue,

ambitious, tireless, impulsively generous, yet withal stubborn and unreasonable, violent tempered and a slave to the gambler's instinct, remarkably clever at figures—but never a business man!

When he first landed in Seattle he was practically dead broke. An employment office extracted from him the usual \$2 fee—all he had—and sent him to a job in a lumber mill some distance from the city. Alvo tramped many miles to the mill only to be refused employment upon his ticket. He could scarcely speak any English, but he knew how to use his fists. Walking all the way back to Seattle he on arrival proceeded to beat up the employment agent in thorough and picturesque fashion. Afterward he secured temporary rough work at various mills along Puget Sound.

His first job in British Columbia was the white washing of a salmon cannery at the little village of Ladner, near the mouth of the Fraser River. His wardrobe included overalls and a dozen dress shirts, the latter relics of his grander days—but he had no socks. From wielding the white wash brush to hauling the nets was the next step, and it was not long before the Prussian Junker's son was engaged in partnership with a rough-neck sockeye fisherman, making nightly trips out into the Gulf of Georgia, and doing his share in one of the hardest and most dangerous callings in the world, that of a deep sea salmon fisher.

In two months with the money obtained from his salmon fishing, he was enabled to purchase an ancient mare and a light wagon. Over night he blossomed out as a produce dealer, buying poultry and dairy products from the farmers in the vicinity of Ladner. These he brought to the city of Vancouver and sold them from house to house in opposition to the Chinamen. Business increased and the staid old Vancouver Club, a hoary and most exclusive institution to which only the most elect held membership became his best customer.

But Alvo did not stay long in the business; but went up by leaps and bounds. Real estate clerk, then curb broker, then large independent dealer were some of the upward steps, until two years after he had sold his last load of produce to the Vancouver Club, he was himself a member. One of his first acts there was to entertain a visiting German Baron to dinner. Noticing the waiter

yeing him in an unusual manner, Alvensleben, with a wink at his guest, suddenly startled the waiter by remarking: "Yes, by jingo, I'm the man who used to deliver chickens at the back door. Now go on serving dinner, and stop staring so damn impolite!" The Baron was dumbfounded, but laughed heartily upon Alvensleben giving the story of his early struggles. Thus does royal blood graciously accept success!

When the real estate boom struck Vancouver in 1905, Alvensleben was quick to see the opportunities in land. The old wild gambling spirit of his youthful days was still strong upon him. He was the man for the moment, reckless, willing to take chances, and a born mixer. He cabled relatives in Berlin, who had heard of his early successes, and induced them to invest large sums of money. His first investment yielded enormous and quick profit, and thus established his prestige in Germany, for he promptly repaid the investors with a thousand per cent of their money.

In 1908, after a very romantic courtship, he married Edith Mary Westcott, a popular Vancouver girl, daughter of one of the leading society matrons. Following the marriage, the financier purchased the largest private estate in Vancouver's most select residential district, Point Grey, where he erected a magnificent home. His name, high foreign connections, and expenditure on entertainment that set a hitherto unknown high mark in the very British city of Vancouver, quickly brought him valuable social connections.

His business ventures broadened with astounding rapidity, but most of his purchases for himself and clients were made on "agreements", with the expectations of making big margins in the prevalent boom. A good salesman himself, he was also the easiest mark for wild cat schemes who ever came out of Europe, owing to his gambling mania. Soon his companies became loaded up with timber lands bought at inflated prices, wild lands, doubtful mining leases, Alberta oil shares and other unproductive assets. Some of his wealthy clients wished their useless sons upon him, whom he was forced to maintain in his office at high salaries.

In 1912 the first trouble arose over dividends not being forthcoming from his investments. He was still strong in Berlin, and went there and raised fresh capital with which he succeeded in placating some of his investors. Then he was attacked in a Vancouver German paper which charged him with unscrupu-

lous methods in handling foreign capital. Copies of this were mailed to Berlin to members of the Reichstag by the Vancouver editors, and the matter was brought up for discussion by that body. Alvo was game. He sued the local paper and secured judgment in a criminal action against the editors. But the fat was in the fire as far as his German clients were concerned.

In the early part of 1914, the financier's creditors both in Europe and Canada were pressing him. He was tied up in such a mass of deals, counter deals and trades of property with Arnold and the Dominion Trust Company, that an army of auditors has never as yet succeeded in unentangling them. He owed over \$10,000 to one of Vancouver's chartered banks on some Victoria Island timber deals, which he had anticipated selling to the British Columbia Government for a park reserve. The Vancouver manager and a dozen of the staff were dismissed through their connection with this loan. The breaking out of war was the final straw, though it is doubtless that Alvensleben was notified in advance, as he was out of Canada on August 4th, 1914. Leaving Berlin two days before war broke out he went to New York. In an interview then given to a New York paper, he stated he could best serve his country and his clients by returning to the Pacific coast. Perhaps the words were humorous irony on his part, as his arrest on August 9th, suspected of being implicated in a plot to steal the naval plans of the Puget Sound Navy Yard of Bremerton, would lead one to suspect.

Since the outbreak of the war and until his arrest on August 9th, Alvensleben has remained in Seattle and other American Pacific coast cities, though wild rumours were afloat several times that he had visited Vancouver in disguise. After one of these reports appearing in the local papers Alvensleben wrote a friend in Vancouver, saying: "You can tell the good people of Vancouver I have something better to do than visit their city in the disguise of a hindoo or any other of their numerous Allies."

In the years of his glory in British Columbia, Alvo von Alvensleben handled upwards of twenty million dollars, some of it the property of the most terrible crowned head of Europe and his ministers. This daring, gambler-financier, once salmon fisherman and poultry pedler, over turner of great corporations and wrecker of banks, has doubtless come to the end of his career; but of a man who has done so much, it is hard to say.



A group of happy German prisoners captured by the British in the record drive in Flanders. It will have interest if each reader will study these faces. British official photo.

The Philosopher

THE NEW ERA

What are to be the foundations upon which the new era in this Canada of ours, which is to come after the war is ended, is to be built? Surely this is a question that should receive the most earnest thought of every true Canadian man and woman, even now in the midst of the agony of sacrifice in this greatest struggle that the world has ever known. Surely this contact with the grim realities of existence will exert a deep and enduring influence upon Canadian national development, an influence at work even now, to make a better Canada after the war. That the extension of the franchise to women will be a potent factor in this betterment is confidently to be anticipated. That the heaven of betterment is at work is evident in many ways. The manner in which the liquor evil, that fruitful mother of moral and physical degeneration, is being dealt with is one of them. The indications are multiplying that there is arising in our country a public opinion that will continue in the years to come as a force which will secure a Canadian political life in closer accord with the life and the true needs of the Canadian people than our country has ever yet known.

TRUE CANADIANISM

One of the most distinguished living representatives of the British Empire said, in conversation not many months ago, that in his opinion the time will come when the British Empire will centre in Canada. Whether this be so or not, certain it is that in the new era, on the threshold of which our country now stands, Canada will be called upon to occupy a much more prominent place among the nations of the world. And the fundamental national essential in that new era for Canada will be—or, to speak more truly, is now—an enlightened, alert, patriotic public opinion, burning with the determination to have the right thing done. Thus only can Canada achieve the greatness that may be hers, and become a land in which human life will be at its best. And it is the duty of every true Canadian to give his life for his country if need be in peace time as in war time—to give his life in peace time by making his life help to the full measure of his ability towards the achievement of that ideal.

MOTHERHOOD AND THE WAR

It is a notable fact that among the women, on this side of the Atlantic as well as in the Old World, who have made themselves most conspicuous by their activity in the pacifist propaganda, those who are not mothers have had most to say about motherhood giving the women of the world a juster claim than any that the men of the world have, to demand the ending of the war. One such woman, speaking at a pacifist meeting in Chicago, declared that she "invoked the agony of childbirth to end at once the agony of war." And when objection was made by a woman in the audience that the speaker was not herself a mother, the chairman said: "While it is true she is not a mother in the flesh, she is a mother to all humanity, and so she may speak for all maternity." But, as a Chicago woman who is an actual mother, Mrs. Brande, points out, that is precisely what that pacifist orator cannot do. Says Mrs. Brande:

"Perhaps there is a unique virtue which comes only with being a mother in the flesh, a fortitude and hardness that grow slowly through long months of waiting. And if her men must fight she can face it with more courage, perhaps, than the childless, because she has learned that it is possible to endure great discomfort, to look forward to certain agony, and, it may be, death, and look steadily, since the end is good. She has learned that suffering and pain are not insupportable or degrading, and that after great suffering comes the greatest peace. And so, however great her influence may be—this talk of 'giving up' her son is, of course, absurd, since one of the first lessons a mother learns is that her child, however close to her, is a person apart, and not hers to give or to withhold—she will hardly dare to rob him of his right to face pain, discouragement, even possible death in his turn, if in his turn he is convinced of the justice of the cause."

If women love peace better than men do, they love righteousness better, too. And the high courage of the mothers beyond number, whose deepest feelings are voiced by the woman who utters the foregoing words is bred of suffering and endurance and faith which is part of motherhood, and of which men know nothing. They realize that they must share the burden of the war's work and the responsibility for its outcome, and they are not holding the memory of their own pain so sentimentally dear as to make them false to their highest obligations.

A NOTABLE COME-DOWN

Of the Kaiser's declarations to his troops, the most recent to come to this side of the Atlantic is his address to the German army divisions in Roumania a couple of weeks ago, in which he said: "What the Lord of Hosts may still have in store we do not know, but, come what may, we are still able to

look confidently the world in the face." There is something of a change of tone in this from the confident announcements at the beginning of the war, such as that message to the Crown Prince in August, 1914: "With the splendid aid of God we have won a glorious victory." The Kaiser kept repeating "God is with us," reaching the climax in his message to the Crown Princess, in which he said: "How splendidly God is co-operating with Willie!" In the midst of the Somme drive, on July 16 of last year, he had come down to saying: "I rely on God." Truly a remarkable concession. But still no hint that the reliance resembled the blind trust of an ordinary human being. Now the Kaiser admits that God knows what is to befall Germany, but that he, the Kaiser, does not. Is not this an extraordinary come-down for the would-be Ruler of the World!

IN REGARD TO LORD KITCHENER

At Lloyds, in London, you can, upon paying the price which they will figure out for you, secure an insurance policy which you will be able to convert into cash upon the occurrence (or, if you so desire it) the non-occurrence of practically anything which the future holds concealed. It is well known, for example, that before the coronation of King Edward VII many London merchants who had invested very heavily in goods which would be left on their hands if that ceremonial were not to occur, took out policies at Lloyds on the King's continuing in health. You may say that every insurance policy involves a bet. And, in fact, many of the transactions are spoken of as bets. Thus, as The Philosopher has just been reading in a London paper, a man bet Lloyds on August 31 last £25 to £10,000 that within three months from the signing of the peace at the end of the war he will prove that Lord Kitchener was alive on that day, namely, August 31, 1917. The Glasgow Herald, commenting on this transaction, says: "It is found money for Lloyds." An opinion in which The Philosopher agrees. But there are many, including Lord Kitchener's devoted sister, who persist in believing that he is still a living man. The most curious belief about Lord Kitchener which The Philosopher has heard of is that of a person who holds (according to a Toronto correspondent of The Philosopher) that Lord Kitchener was offered by the Kaiser untold millions and the crown of Great Britain as a subordinate kingdom in the German Empire and was about to accept the offer when Lloyd George discovered the scheme; whereupon Lord Kitchener was lodged in the Tower of London, where he still is, the story of his death by shipwreck being given out as a blind. There are people who will believe anything; the more wildly improbable a thing the more eager their desire to believe that it is an actual fact.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OF CULTURE

At first, when the disclosures from Washington and from Buenos Ayres of the treachery, unscrupulousness and ruthlessness of Germany's representatives in the United States and in Argentina, were causing renewed horror and indignation in the whole world outside Teutondom, they provoked expressions of indignation from the leading journals of Germany too—indignation at the "outrageous conduct" of the governments of the United States and of Argentina in "prying into German affairs" and "meddling with matters that concern only the Imperial German Government." Worse yet, both those governments, solemnly declared the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "stand convicted of the theft of sacredly inviolable neutral property—communications for the Imperial German Government in despatch bags of the Swedish Ambassadors to the Swedish Government." Which reminded a friend of The Philosopher's of the spectacle that would be presented by a burglar who should go bawling to the police that after he had burglarized a house (incidentally committing several murders as "a matter of necessity") and was carrying away the loot in a bag, he had stopped to light his pipe, when some unprincipled scoundrel had made off with the bag of loot.

GERMAN EDUCATIONAL METHODS

It was truly said by Napoleon that an average French or English baby, if brought up in Turkey by Turks, among Turks, would probably become an average Turk, and if abandoned in China would most likely become, to all intents and purposes, a Chinese. That is to say, such an infant, growing up to adult age, would not only learn the Turkish or Chinese language, but would adopt Turkish or Chinese habits, tastes, views and standards of life and behavior. Such a child could not learn its parents' language and their ways of thought and action, because it would know only those of the country of its upbringing. Only in very rare and exceptional cases would a child placed in such a position have strength of character and independence of mind great enough

to condemn the views held by all the people around, even by the most respected and exalted, and formulate views and principles of its own totally opposed to its surroundings. It is when we consider such an imaginary case that we realize the immense and all-powerful influence of education, using that word in its fullest sense—the sense in which education has been in operation in Germany for generations. No other land has had, like Germany, a carefully planned and carried out system of public education, by no means confined to the schools, but constantly at work, from the cradle to the grave, forming the opinions, beliefs, tastes and habits of the German people. The church, the press, the army, and many other agencies have been constantly at work as parts of the system. Every teacher in every school, from the primary schools up to the universities, is, like every other factor in the shaping of the education of the people directly or indirectly, under the control of the autocratic military system. Opinion and belief in Germany has thus been directed from the cradle to the grave by the despotic government's system. Thus did Kultur build itself up to be so terrible a menace to human freedom. A lesson of this war which should never be forgotten is this lesson of the importance of right methods of education.

TEXTS FOR THE KAISER

It has been often said that the Kaiser is a person of deep, though perverted, religious sentiment. But when such arrogant declarations as his saying, when he began the war: "I will wield the sword and show the nations what it means to provoke Germany!" are considered in connection with even the most pious-sounding of his utterances, it is difficult to see how he can have regarded the Omnipotent Presence at the beginning of the war as anything but a frescoed palace ceiling, or a stage decoration of his fancy, to enhance the supreme greatness of his own All-Highest Hohenzollernism. He has in his time quoted rather extensively from the Bible. Here are some texts that might well claim his attention:

"Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush; therefore shall they fall among them that fall."

"For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them every one is given unto covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely . . . saying, Peace, Peace; when there is no peace."

"Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none."

"Mischief shall come upon mischief, and rumor shall be upon rumor; then shall they seek a vision of the prophet; but the law shall perish from the priest, and counsel from the ancients."

"The King shall mourn, and the Prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people of the land shall be troubled; I will do unto them after their way, and according to their deserts will I judge them; and they shall know that I am the Lord."

"WILLY" AND "NICKY"

The past month has seen damning disclosures of German methods made on both sides of the Atlantic. The extraordinary series of private letters and telegrams between the Kaiser and the Czar, signed "Willy" and "Nicky," respectively, which were seized in the Winter Palace at Petrograd after the Czar was deposed, and made public by order of Premier Kerensky, show how ready "Nicky" was to fall into "Willy's" trap thirteen years ago, and would have danced this year to "Willy's" bidding, if the revolution in Russia had not ended his career as autocratic ruler. Fortunately, the plot of thirteen years ago, by which "Nicky," the dupe, was to become the cat's-paw for "Willy" in his designs against Great Britain and France, came to nothing, thanks to Japan and to the revolutionists in Russia, whose activity in causing uprisings and assassination of the Ministers of State terrified the Czar into granting the establishment of the Duma and made him draw back from the schemings of the Kaiser. In these amazing intimate messages, "Willy" never fails, even in his briefest telegrams, to send "best love to Alix," that is, the Czarina. German wives of European kings, including the Czarina, have served Hohenzollernism well in this war, but not their adopted countries, or their husbands. The spectacle of "Willy" and "Nicky" using two great Empires as pawns in their own game will not be repeated "Nicky" has gone, and "Willy" must go, too. These intimate messages fit startlingly into the disclosures made at Washington, and confirm President Wilson's declaration that the character of the present rulers of Germany is such that no nation can rely on their pledges. And this man, the Kaiser, thus exposed in his counsels of treachery to the Czar and in his unscrupulous plottings for placing the German heel upon the neck of the world, poses as being desirous of being the main pillar of (to use his own words) "a peace based on the moral force of right, rather than on might!" Every fresh disclosure of the German methods makes it plainer that a settlement which would leave Hohenzollernism strong would be one that would leave peace weak.



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Politics and the Woman

By Hannah D. Eby



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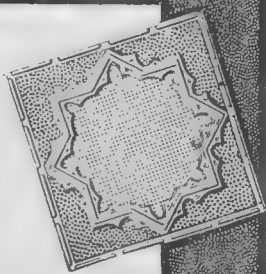
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POLITICS has been defined as "Group-action devoted to the furtherance of well being through the forms and activities of organized government."

We have in Canada to-day a highly organized form of government, but, instead of one group-action, we can boast of two groups acting. The one group is in power because it holds the majority of votes, the other is paralyzed by its own minority.

There have been times when the government and the opposition voting in unison have carried through some legislation which has acted toward the furtherance of the well-being of the state, but we believe that at these times the legislature, one and all, have recognized that behind the measure stood the will of the people, and in Canada, as yet, the government must bow to the will of an aroused national conscience. But these times, when the will of an awakened people has strengthened the hands of the men at the wheel, have been few and far between. As a rule one group in the legislature proposes some measures, which may or may not be for the good of the community, and the other group consistently opposes it regardless of the issue. Debate follows debate, until the voter looking through the medium of the press at the machine he has created sees only graft, unfair dealing, and blackened character. He reads between the lines and finds a balancing of temporary excuses for an existing evil; a solid upholding of party rather than principle; and too often every atom of integrity sacrificed to promote personal gain or ambition. The smaller and the larger interests are pitted against each other until we search in vain for that true conception of government which is "Faithful trusteeship for the community." The administration of affairs at times have been such that we are led to exclaim with Lord Beaconsfield, "It is doubtful whether good men should be entrusted with the conduct of public affairs," for partyism cripples the power of our best men, and turns many trusted statesmen into moral cowards.

For years the men of vision in our nation have looked on powerless to change or improve party politics. Our thinking women have called loudly, "Give us the vote and let us help to clean things up," but steadily our governments have declined the proffered aid. History making epochs, however, are times of change, and our women's fearless and intelligent response to the industrial needs of the empire, along with her patient bearing of the cross she carries to-day, has impressed the minds of our public men as nothing else could have done, and the full enfranchisement of Canada's women is coming and is coming quickly. Then there will be an infusion of new blood into politics, which, we hope, will so strengthen what is good and pure in political life, that the machine which has crippled our manhood, and is fast plunging our young nation into social revolution, will lose its terrible power to paralyze the moral character of our political representatives.

Representative government on party lines is at present the only workable form of responsible government, and must be sustained until we have something better to put in its place. But woman wielding the vote can, if she is so minded, retain the balance of power and force each party to bring out the very best material it can control.

Before she can do this she must shoulder the responsibility of the franchise. The right to vote places upon our women a responsibility which they must not evade, for the enfranchised non-voter is responsible to a far greater degree for things that go wrong, than is the one who facing the issue votes in accordance with his or her own idea of what he believes to be right, even although that idea in itself may be wrong. The only way to escape political responsibility is to accept it, as a duty to ourselves, our nation, and our God.

Then when we accept a responsibility we must do the best we can to fit ourselves to carry it. Woman becomes a citizen when she receives the franchise, and a noted writer on political economy has stated that, "The first duty of citizens is to make themselves thoroughly

acquainted with the nature and operation of the system of government under which they live," and we believe that woman's first political duty is to procure some good book on Canadian civics, and study it until she has a clear idea of the organizations and laws in connection with the government. Every public library contains a good selection of these books, and in outlying rural districts there is always access to the books on Canadian civics used in grades IX, X, XI of our school courses. No one can vote intelligently until they know something of the duties of each department, for this knowledge helps to a correct judgment in regard to what characteristics of manhood are necessary to the man who fills each parliamentary position. For instance the duties of the attorney-general are given in the following words, "The attorney-general is responsible for the enforcement of the criminal law within the province, superintends all matters connected with the administration of justice, and is the official legal adviser of the lieutenant-governor." What a responsibility and what a task for any man! Look at the duties. We find that it requires a man of spotless integrity, one whose strength of character and clear judgment a province can rely upon, and one who realizes that the height of power is found in faithful conscientious service.

Is the attorney-general in your province big enough for his task?

If not it is the duty of the women of the province to find one who is, and not only in regard to the attorney-general, but in regard to every other bearer of office in the legislature, is he the best man the province has for the job? If not the women must study, watch, vote until every seat is held by men who cannot be bought, men who are strong enough to shoulder the responsibilities and conquer the temptations of party politics. If we, the people do not seek to secure administrative wisdom, efficiency, and straightforward honesty in our government we must pay the price.

It is impossible for the women to help to clean things up through the use of the ballot, if they line themselves up with the political clubs of either party. The political club is the machine that is constantly bringing out and placing in power men who fail and disappoint their electors at every turn. The reason for the failure is in the fact that the political club has one idea—party first, party second, party all the time—and the man who will not conform to this idea is a menace to the party, and seldom if ever receives the nomination, while the man who loses himself for the good of the party he represents can never be other than a second rate man. The insidious influence of the political club has created the political quicksand into which our men have stumbled, and even in the borders of this treacherous quagmire there is danger for the woman.

It may take years of patient study before we become fully qualified to give an intelligent judgment upon the many important questions of social, economic and national interest which unite to constitute the thing we call politics. But there are many questions in the political life of our nation, which we, here and now, do understand, and upon which we can speak and vote intelligently and decisively. These questions deal with the many much needed social reforms which appeal to the mind of the woman, much more quickly than to that of the man. In these things we must not only work, speak, vote, but we must enlist the men, enthuse the men, work through the men. For in political life as in all other issues, it is quite true that

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

In government of the people, for the people, by the people, character and efficiency are the things that count. We must place these worth while things first, and not only encourage every man to stand up to his own level, but offer him inspiration to attain to the highest good, and place his perfected life upon the altar of national service.

Why Canada Must Give Credit to Great Britain

Great Britain is the Canadian farmer's best market to-day. Not only must the people of Britain be fed, but also the millions of fighting men, among whom are our own boys.

¶ But Great Britain must buy all her supplies on credit. She can no longer send her money out of Great Britain. She must use her credit abroad, and buy where she can get credit.

¶ Canada, in her own interest, must give credit to Great Britain in order that Great Britain may be enabled to continue to purchase Canada's agricultural and other products.

¶ In other words Canada must lend Great Britain the Cash with which to pay Canadian farmers and other producers.

¶ Then where does Canada get the cash? Outside finan-

cial markets are closed. Canada will get this cash by selling Canada's Victory Bonds.

¶ So the Canadian farmer has a three-fold reason for buying Canada's Victory Bonds.

¶ It is good business for him, because it keeps open his market.

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¶ And lastly, because the investment is absolutely safe, and the interest rate is most attractive.

**Get ready to buy in November,
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The Mother Who Would Be a Girl

By Lilian Bell

Nothing makes me feel so old as to see the children of my girl friends growing up. It was only yesterday that I was thinking of little Rachel Herrick as a baby. To-day she informed me that she has been elected captain of the basketball team of her school, and I cannot help thinking that that charming boy Jock Hallock and she are in love with each other.

In love! Those babies!

Yet it is no worse than the case of Larry Gartrell and Leonora Halliday, or Iris Chester and Schuyler Mayo. Ah, me! It seems so short a while ago that the parents of these girls and boys and I were young together.

Now I dress in mauves and grays almost entirely. Such colors speak for themselves, especially on an unmarried woman.

It is all very interesting, but a little sad, to find one's life like a figure in a kaleidoscope, made up of broken bits from other people's lives. Still I must comfort myself by the thought that one always picks up a kaleidoscope with interest, no matter what one's age, and that those tiny bits of broken glass would be of no use and no interest if taken separately. The fascination I find in observing the lives of my loved ones is what forms these fragments into pictures of warmth and color and which have the charm of constant change.

People whose lives are full of varying pursuits seem to have so little time to study their own families. In the case of Kittie and Tom Long, Kittie has her music, her golf, her bicycle, her adoration of her athletic husband and her hatred of her sister-in-law to fill her days, so that when a new phase develops in her two children, Christine who is about twelve, and Mason who is two years older, Kittie sits down in frank surprise and wonders over it for a few minutes, then either laughs it off or jokes about it with Tom, or comes and tells me.

This hurts their poor, dear feelings, for they have just reached that self-conscious age when every act of their parents which does not accord with their code of etiquette and ethics is an acute anguish.

Yet Kittie is a good mother, generous, loving and devoted, after her fashion, and this state of things will be a great surprise to her when she discovers it and she will be filled with quick remorse, and doubtless will be quite injudicious in the ways she atones to them for her slow understanding.

In this instance, however, Fate seems to have taken the adjusting of the affair under her sable wing.

One Sunday I came out of my gate just as the Longs were passing. We were all on our way to church, Kittie and Tom ahead and Christine and Mason behind.

"Come along!" cried Kittie with her charming, youthful gaiety of manner, "and walk with us."

"No, let her walk with us!" cried the children. "You have her all the time and we never have her at all to ourselves!"

I blushed so from this flattery that my eyes smarted.

Kit and Tom glanced at us with amused tolerance and gave way at once, as modern, well-trained parents do these days, I have observed.

"Come on," whispered Mason, taking me by the arm on one side while Christine did the same on the other, "and let's get ahead of them. We can't bear to walk behind Mother. She's so pigeon-toed!"

"What!" I cried, looking down at my own feet.

"Hush! You needn't be afraid you are! Nobody but mothers are pigeon-toed. We've watched!" whispered Mason. "Nobody but mothers?" I repeated stupidly, holding back and refusing to walk ahead.

"Yes, don't you know how Mrs. Herrick hops along beside Mr. Herrick with her toes always turned in, for all the world like a pigeon?"

I remembered now! Flossy is pigeon-toed! But she was so as a young girl—so her being a mother had nothing to do with it.

"And," added Mason, giving my arm an impatient jerk as I continued to look dazed at this new psychology forced upon me by these modern philosophers, "is Mrs. Osborne or Mrs. Percival pigeon-toed? The difference is that they have no children!"

This last evidence was announced in so triumphant a tone that I laughed. Yet there was an absurd grain of truth in what these babies had discovered. I could not imagine Sallie in anything but the most silk-stockinged, high-heeled, dainty footwear, nor Rachel's slim, beautiful, arched feet anything but most artistically shod, and the walk of each was typical of its owner's personality—high bred and self-respecting.

I covered my eyes to keep from looking at Kittie's feet, for I knew just how her boots always looked.

"Mother says you always take such kindly views of people's faults," said Mason, with a trace of irritation in his tone; "but we think it is downright stupid not to see things as they are!"

"Oh, Mason!" cried Christine in a shocked voice. "Don't mind him, Amie! Boys are so rude!"

"Let him speak his mind," I said. "He is only using a good, honest word. And to tell you the truth, I think I am stupid."

"It's better than being too critical,"



Harry Lauder, the noted Scottish comedian, together with Miss Anna Wheaton, a leading actress of New York, and Col. Knowlton, of the Quartermaster's Corps, U.S. Army, are shown in the above picture. They have been entertaining the soldier boys somewhere in New York state. The war has been a very real thing to Mr. Lauder, over a year ago his only son, Captain John Lauder, was killed in action. He has been enthusiastic in patriotic work, and has visited the British troops in the trenches, several times entertaining them in his own inimitable manner, also preaching to them in turn, for this wonderful Scot is not only a king of entertainers, but a forceful lay preacher, reformer and philanthropist.

said the little woman at my side, in her feminine endeavor to soothe the vanity which the rude male had evidently wounded. How early the children show the social graces which distinguish the sexes!

"Isn't it almost a sin to go to church on such a beautiful day!" called Kittie loudly, turning to address us.

I felt both children shrink into themselves as several people turned at the sound of their mother's voice.

"Oh, mother!" murmured Christine, reddening.

"Mother yells so!" muttered Mason resentfully.

Kittie turned a whimsical glance upon all three of us.

"I mortify my own children so by my street manners!" she said gaily. "Isn't it a fearful thing to be ashamed of your mother, Chicks? How is this for a church-going countenance?"

And with that she puffed out her cheeks and crossed her eyes, making so ridiculous

a contortion that I involuntarily burst out laughing. Instantly I saw my mistake.

"How can you laugh at a thing that you wouldn't be found dead doing yourself?" demanded Mason.

"Well, I certainly would hate to be found dead looking like that!" I said, biting my lips hard as the thought of Kittie's awful face forced itself upon my memory.

"Her friends all encourage her to be silly!" said Christine. "They have no idea how we suffer. Just think of having the other girls call your mother 'jolly' and 'funny.' One doesn't want a funny mother. It would be all right in an uncle or a brother, or even an aunt. I could stand a funny aunt. But a mother!"

"One wants dignity in a mother!" pursued Mason. "And when Mother goes on her bicycle, with that short hair of hers and in those clothes—" He paused and looked at me. "How would you like it in your mother?" he demanded.

Instantly the portrait of my mother, with her snow-white hair and graciously folded hands, flashed across my mental vision.

"I understand!" I said. "I really do!"

"We knew you would!" they cried in

know I felt it, and I've tried to be just as merry as ever with them, so they would see no change in my manner, but—children are cruel, sometimes, Ruth! And for a child to be cruel to a mother, who suffers and bears and sacrifices for him from the hour of his birth—it's hard!"

"How the most devoted families can misunderstand each other!" I cried, working up a false irritation to keep from crying on the street. "Here you are alienating the love of your children by your very endeavors to keep their affection!"

"How do you mean?" she said quickly. "You are sure you won't be offended?" I asked.

"Offended! At you? As if you hadn't pulled every one of us out of domestic messes ever since you gave up having messes of your own! Dear old Ruth! You could slap me in the face and I wouldn't care!"

Ah! So it had come to be "dear old Ruth," has it? I smothered a sigh and tried to be grateful for her affection.

"I don't want to slap you. I only want to tell you that the children, instead of inheriting the power to sing or create music, as you have, possess that sensitive temperament which will make them intelligent appreciators of the gentle, the refined and the beautiful all through life. Think how eagerly the creators in art will welcome them!"

She gave me a quick look.

"Sensitiveness, yes! But is there any love back of it? All the sensitiveness in the world is of no use unless one has a loving heart."

"Their hearts are full of love. They care so much for you that you must live up to their absurd ideals of you. They want you to let your hair grow long and do it up. They want you to be particular about your appearance."

"They want me not to talk so loud or laugh so much!"

"They want an excuse to worship you!" I said slowly.

Kittie thought a moment.

"They shall have it! I'll reform. Oh, the agony I used to endure because my mother was pigeon-toed!"

I blushed guiltily. Kittie saw it. She looked down at her rusty shoes.

"The Lord bless my soul!" she screamed.

"I am pigeon-toed! and I never knew it!" And she shrieked with laughter. The children and their father turned around. Kittie hastily put her hand over her mouth, and we smothered the rest of it.

At parting she squeezed my arm. I hurried away to avoid the stern questioning in the children's eyes.

It was a perfect afternoon and I sat on my porch watching the throngs of people pass. Those who didn't walk, rode or drove. Those who did none of these bicycled. Kittie and Tom were among these, and Kittie waved her hand to me as they whizzed by.

I think it must have been about nine o'clock that night when I heard stumbling steps and a sharp ring at my door-bell. Something told me to answer it myself. The light fell on the ashen face of Mason Long. He broke into a sob as I took his hand and drew him in.

"Oh, what is it, Mason?"

"It's mother!" he gasped. "She wore a long skirt on her wheel-to-day and it caught coming down a hill and—"

He broke into violent weeping.

"She was thrown on to a stone-heap and nearly killed! The doctor says she won't walk for months, and it's all our fault. She wore the long skirt to please us! Brutes that we are!"

The boy's nervous frame shook with his sobs.

"Come, dear!" I said. "I will go to her at once."

I threw a scarf over my head and we ran.

When we got to the house Tom met me at the door and took me to Kittie's room. Her short, curly hair lay tumbled on the pillow, and her little, thin face looked smaller than a child's.

"Come in, dear Ruth!" she said in a weak voice.

"They have tried to scare me to death, but I'm not much hurt. I—"

A head of tangled bronze lifted from beneath her head and the flushed face of Christine appeared.

"She was nearly killed, poor little lamb mother!" she cried shrilly. "It's just like her dear courage and loving heartedness to pretend that it's nothing because Mason and I feel like murderers, but she wore that long skirt because we were so mean as to complain of her—she

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did it to please two ungrateful beasts of children, whose whole bodies aren't worth her little finger—the dear little brave precious! Oh, Mummy, if you'll only get well, you—you can wear bloomers and we won't say a word!"

Kittie's eyes filled with tears, but her quick, eager smile broke through.

"Aren't they darlings? My chicks! Oh, Ruth, dear! That blessed long skirt and that twice-blessed stone-pile, that gave me back my children just as they were floating beyond my reach because I didn't understand! Oh, we poor mothers whose hearts ache and break because we don't understand our very own, until a stranger shows us the way—God send us all stone-piles, if we can be made to see by an easier way!"

"Kittie," I said, "ought you to talk? What did the doctor say?"

I looked at Tom, who stood nervously gripping the foot of the bed. He nodded reassuringly.

"The doctor! What's a doctor? How can joy kill?" said Kittie. "Why, this has simply put me in bed for a few weeks so that I can rest and learn to know my children. I am going to find out what they like and do it. I'll never make faces at them again nor whistle on the street. And I'll do up my hair so that a halo will become me, for if I am to live with two such angels as my blessed have proved to be during this dreadful afternoon, I must try to be one too!"

The children smuggled closer to her, smiling, each holding a hand.

"Isn't she dear and funny?" said Mason eagerly.

I turned away with tears in my eyes, but singing in my heart.

"I'll be over again in the morning," I said.

Tom brought me home.

"She told me not to worry," he said. "She suffers very little, but it was a bad fall. But, Ruth, her happiness in the way her children have behaved! Why, she told me not to grudge this illness to her! Think of that! She felt their coldness so! Poor children—all three—she's nothing but a child herself. And so merry always. She said as I came out, 'Tell Ruth not to fret. I owe all this glory to her and the stone-pile!'"

We both tried to smile, but the remembrance of her eager happiness was almost too pathetic. Tom left me at my gate. As I came into my house I looked at myself in the glass.

"Ruth," I said to my image, "into your kaleidoscope to-night may go a stone-pile and a memory of three of the happiest faces you ever saw in your life. Be satisfied."

I am more than satisfied. I cannot help being happy.

Anthrax, the Strange Malady of Man and Beast

By Dr. Leonard Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Anthrax, now a familiar name to almost all who run and read, has always had more of romance and interest to the scientist, bacteriologist and well-trained doctor than almost any other malady which affects human beings or brutes. The bacilli that are always associated with malignant pustule or anthrax, were the first germs discovered as possible causative agents of disease. Anthrax bacilli, too, were the microbes, which gave Louis Pasteur the clue to vaccination and immunity. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Jenner's practical method of discovering how to prevent smallpox by immunizing the exposed individuals with the weaker virus of cowpox, was made intelligible and clear to thinking minds, when Pasteur found that aged and attenuated growths of anthrax bacteria had the dramatic power of warding off fatal anthrax.

There seems little doubt from translations of ancient Babylonian inscriptions by Professor Paul Haupt and others, that the epidemic and contagious disease which at times infected the sacrificial and holy bulls of the Egyptians, Babylonians, Persians and other ancient nations, was anthrax. It went, to be sure, unrecognized by the modern name. Indeed, the curious fact which stands out in the history of most medical matters also holds good for anthrax. That is, the one definite malady was for years

called by many different names as to-day many different distempers are lightly dismissed as "catarrh," "rheumatism," or "eczema."

Even nowadays anthrax goes by various designations such as charbon, splenic fever, malignant pustule, virulent carbuncle, leather-worker's blood poisoning, and wool-sorter's disease. Truly it is a vicious, blood-thirsty ailment when it infects men or in its element the blood of cattle, sheep and other four-footed friends of man.

Nearly sixty-seven years ago, in 1849, an observant zoologist, Professor Pollender, a Russian, sought to call the attention of doctors and veterinarians to numerous little checker-shaped links of something or other which he insisted caused the malady—in the blood of cattle, sick, or dead of anthrax. Since many of the most important discoveries of medicine have always been made by men trained in the sciences outside of medicine such as major chemistry, zoology, experimental psychology, animal behavior, animal physiology, mechanics, electricity and the like—witness Pasteur, Metchnikoff, Ehrlich, Roentgen, Curries and others, none of whom were medical men—it is most surprising that doctors are so snifflish and obstinate in their lack of hospitality to discoveries made by others than physicians. As it was with Pollender's discovery of the anthrax bacilli in the cows' blood, so it is to-day and so, perhaps, it will ever be.

Be all this as it may, in 1863 another non-medical investigator, Dr. Davaine, a Frenchman, insisted that the square cornered links and chains in the blood of animals ill with anthrax, were microscopic plants or moulds. Both Pollender and Davaine were scoffed at and hooted by the medical profession. Their results were denied and disputed, and the name "bacilli anthracis," now accepted by all, was rejected then.

Then came a hard-headed doctor to Berlin, one Robert Koch, who, because he was a physician, captured the honor, the credit and the ear of the medical profession by confirming Davaine's discoveries that the square and oblong objects found in the blood were vegetable bacteria and the cause of the disease. This was in 1876: Koch went a step further than Davaine, for he noted that the anthrax bacilli divided and multiplied in the blood and also saw them do this on pieces of warm glass outside the body and under the microscope.

Moreover, he obtained them in beef tea and cultivated them on broth, potatoes or gelatin as a pure culture. His next step clinched these bacteria as a cause of anthrax. The pure culture was inoculated into sound, healthy animals and thus for the first time in history, a disease was produced artificially by man. Of interest in the proof is the fact that Koch with these first of pathogenic or disease-producing bacteria, failed to cause fatal infections by feeding susceptible animals with the bacilli, themselves, or their resistant forms called spores.

Meanwhile, Pasteur had really anticipated and preceded Koch in this work with anthrax bacilli. There is no question now that in the controversy, which raged between them, Pasteur deserves the honor and the credit for the most thorough and most painstaking work. All of Koch's work was the same as Pasteur's, whereas Pasteur made other extraordinary discoveries, which Koch was incapable of doing. Whenever Pasteur kept his work secret until it was publicly and widely announced, such as his method of vaccination, and immunization of cattle, Koch was left high and dry. This in no way distracts from Koch's painstaking investigations and his subsequent discoveries of the bacillus of tuberculosis and other bacteria.

In his rounds through his laboratory, Pasteur one day collected some of his cultivated anthrax bacilli that had remained there for some months, barely alive. These aged cultures were used to inoculate some cattle and the animals, odd to observe, remained hale and hearty. Pasteur's mind, unlike a mediocre one, immediately intuited the possibility that these anthrax bacilli were so weakened that they might, perhaps, be playing the role, which Jenner's cowpox vaccination plays against smallpox.

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What the North is Worth

By Aubrey Fullerton



SHORT time ago there was displayed in one of the business offices in Vancouver an exhibit of copper ore specimens that had been brought down from the upper shores of Great Bear lake, beyond the Arctic Circle. They had been secured by an explorer who went north last year on a mineral hunting expedition, and had been taken from the surface along the shore line of the lake. The vein of ore as he found it, was thought to be a continuance of the ore belt that runs up from Lake Superior through northern Manitoba, and thence to the sub-Arctics.

This convincing proof of mineral wealth in the far north is but one of many indications that the top of Canada has a value. It is commonly thought of, perhaps, as a waste and unprofitable region that serves to make the map of the Dominion look larger but does not otherwise contribute to its greatness. That such an opinion is quite incorrect there is now abundant evidence, for the upper parts have been found to possess riches of one kind and another that some day will doubtless be gladly utilized.

Just where the north begins has never been definitely stated. Edmonton and Prince Albert once seemed very far north, but these are now comparatively near points, and the real top-country is away beyond. A convenient and fairly correct boundary would perhaps be latitude 55, above which lies the larger part of the Canadian north, a block of land equal to one-half of Europe. Most of it is even yet a wilderness region, and quite naturally one is led to ask what it is worth.

There is, first of all, a farming value to the north. The wheat belt has already been pushed up past the old frontier, till it has reached to the Peace river prairies, and this summer for the first time wheat from Fort Vermillion, one thousand miles north of the International boundary, was sold in the Winnipeg market. But even beyond this there is land that could be farmed. For hundreds of miles along the Mackenzie river lies a stretch of country the soil of which is fertile and very similar to the black loam of Alberta and Saskatchewan. It is reasonably certain that this far-north strip could be made to produce food crops to support a population of its own, if the time should come for such a necessity.

Barley is grown as far toward the Arctic as Fort Norman, latitude 65. At Fort Good Hope, close to the Arctic Circle, potatoes, cabbages, and hardy root crops are raised successfully every year. Over in the Yukon, thrifty gardens are kept up by the townspeople at Dawson, and the farm belt continues through the Tanana valley in Alaska. At the other side of the northern block, toward Hudson Bay, are two rivers bordered by stretches of timber and potential farming land, and experts have said that these possible garden belts along the Thelon and Hanbury rivers will be turned to account some day when the adjacent timber is needed. Beyond lie the great Barren Lands, where no farm lands are or can be.

The north has a value, too, as a source of meat supply for the rest of Western Canada. Its great sub-Arctic plains are covered with rich pasturage for millions of caribou, which roam at will between the last tree line and the northern coast. There are no trees on these so-called barren lands, but the thickest of grass and gayest of flowers are spread over them, and any stock-raisers in the south country would envy such grazing grounds if they were within his reach. It has been declared altogether possible that the time may soon come when the increasing demand for meat supplies will make it desirable to turn these immense pasture lands to account by bringing some of the caribou meat down to the city markets of Canada and the United States. Experiments along that line have already been made.

Still farther north are other food resources in the way of fish, great shoals of which are found in the waters of the Arctic ocean. The best of salmon and codling are caught off the Arctic islands by the Eskimos, and over to the east, in the northern Atlantic and in Hudson Bay, there are fisheries that would be well worth developing if nearer and easier supplies were not to be had. As to the whale fisheries of the north, it is a matter

of history that fortunes have been made, sometimes unscrupulously enough, by traders and hunters who have frequented the upper country for many years, entering by way both of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

So, too, the fur-trade wealth of the north is well known. The same natural conditions that make the Mackenzie river district a great meat-producing country, make it a fur country, and a vast population of wild-folk, large and small, is at home in the woods and on the plains of the sub-Arctics. Ever since the first traders went into the wilderness for the Hudson's Bay Company, there has been a profitable trade in raw furs from year to year, and it still continues unlesened, though now it is in the hands of many different interests and markets. The Indians are as dependent upon this source of livelihood as ever they were, and as yet there is no serious indication of the industry dying out.

Farming lands, meat supplies, fisheries and fur catches are not all the wealth of the north, however. There is still to be accounted for a great underground wealth, which has as yet been hardly more than touched at a few scattered points. The Yukon has been producing gold for twenty years past, and although the Klondike mining camps are no longer the scene of such stampedes as took place in '98 and thereabouts, the gold-miners are still taking out from three to five million dollars a year. Copper and silver are also mined in the Yukon.

The copper specimens shown in Vancouver, as the results of an exploration in the Great Bear Lake country, were proof of a much wider distribution of mineral wealth than even the bounds of the Yukon territory can contain. At several other points along the Arctic coast and on some of the Arctic islands copper deposits of considerable size have been found, and when the top-country Eskimos were first visited by white men they were using dishes and weapons which they had crudely fashioned out of native copper, in some manner now unknown.

There is iron, too, on several of the Arctic islands. Baffin, the largest of these far-north islands, has copper, coal and mica, and until the war broke out a company in Scotland sent over a vessel-load of miners every year to operate a

mica mine on the east coast. As to coal, it has been suggested that the steamers on the proposed Hudson Bay route across the Atlantic might coal with lignite brought down from Baffin island.

Immense stores of coal lie underground in the Athabasca and Mackenzie districts. The whole Mackenzie river basin, in fact, seems to be a natural storehouse of combustibles of one kind and another, for besides coal there are tar, oil and gas. Enough asphalt to pave all the cities in Canada is said to be in the tar-sand belt along the Athabasca, and near by is one of the greatest oil and gas areas in the world, where at one point a natural gas jet has been burning almost constantly for sixteen years. Only railway connection is needed to make these stores of raw petroleum and illuminating gas of commercial value.

The list is not even yet complete. Mineral wealth around Hudson Bay, and within comparatively easy reach, must be added, and great beds of salt on Slave lake are to be counted in as well, with plans already making for putting them to industrial use. There is also a not inconsiderable supply of merchantable timber in some of the far north river valleys, and in some cases the saw-mills are already at work. On the Thelon river, which neighbors the heart of the Barren Lands, there is a tract of 170 miles of wooded banks, with spruce and tamarack running to twelve and fifteen inches in diameter. Timber areas like this are not the least of the surprises of the north.

And so the Top Country has a value. It is not by any means the dead, desolate and worthless region that it has sometimes been thought, but instead has many and substantial natural resources. They are widely scattered, it is true, but it is practically certain that in years to come the industrial life of Canada will find ways and means of turning to account at least the more important and more readily accessible of these northern riches.

Despite his illiteracy, Mose Belt, a leading citizen of an Alabama town, has gathered quite a competency from his whitewashing and kalsomining trade. Recently, during the course of some business with a notary, the latter produced a document, saying, "Sign your name here, Mose." "Look heah," said Mose, with offended dignity. "I doesn't sign mah name, suh. I'se a business man, suh, an' has no time for dem trifling details. I always dictates mah name, suh."

Modern Heroism

Mr. Robert Cheviot was a hero-worshipper. He read everything he could find about the great hunters, explorers and adventurers of the world.

He was fond of talking about heroism and commending it to others. He was often heard to say, "There are no heroes nowadays to compare with those of the older times. The dying out of war is a calamity. We need a war every now and then to revive the courage of the race."

Mr. Cheviot's pastor used to argue good-naturedly with him on this matter, and finally challenged him to do a certain number of things that would call for as much real courage as any soldier or adventurer had ever shown.

Mr. Cheviot accepted the challenge somewhat scornfully, and the minister, who knew him well, sent him the following list of tasks to perform, and left it to his parishioner to be the judge of the heroism required to do any one of them:

1. Adopt the Biblical tithing system, and give one-tenth of your income to religious work. That will be about ten times what you are giving now.
2. Give up tobacco. It is a habit that does you no good, and is a bad example to your own boy.
3. Never lose your temper when discussing matters of dress with your wife, or talking politics with your neighbor.
4. Share the morning paper with your wife, or let her read it first.
5. Begin and maintain regular family worship.
6. Pay the men you employ living wages—a thing you are not doing at present.

When Mr. Robert Cheviot read this list, his first impulse was to write his pastor an angry letter, but on reflection, his anger vanished.

"Your list," he finally wrote, "convicted me of cowardice. I have been worshipping the wrong kind of heroism. If I did the six things you mentioned, I should be braver than Peary or Amundsen. I begin to see that Christian virtues call for the very greatest heroism."

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me, and I went to find it."

"Did ye find it?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in a hole."

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Recent Appointments to the Union Government

It is almost universally admitted that the addition of three new western members will appreciably strengthen the Union Government. The men selected have the advantage of being long residents of the west and thoroughly familiar with western conditions.

The Honorable A. L. Sifton leaves the



Hon. A. L. Sifton, Minister of Customs.

premiership of Alberta, a province over whose government he presided for many years, to become Minister of Customs in the National Government. His long experience and practical knowledge of affairs should prove most valuable in the solution of the great problems that are to-day facing our legislators.

The Honorable A. J. Calder, a leading factor in the Saskatchewan Government, relinquishes his post in that legislature to become Minister of Colonization and Immigration. The office that he assumes is a new one, but at this stage of our history a most important one. Those who have followed Mr. Calder's career believe that he brings very high qualifications to his office, and that under his administration the department will be managed with vigor and determination.



Hon. A. J. Calder, Minister of Colonization and Immigration.

Perhaps no appointment to the new government will give more satisfaction to the western provinces than that of T. A. Crearer to the Department of Agriculture. It is believed that his selection has been solely due to his knowledge of agriculture and his close association with the economic problems of farmers as a class. As president of the Grain Growers' Association, Mr.

Crearer acquired an experience of which the entire Dominion will now have the benefit. Mr. Crearer's friends throughout the west are many, and they are quite sure that he will make his department of the greatest service to the farmers of Canada, and that any legislation that he may originate will be, as far as he can foresee, in the best interests, not alone of agriculture, but of all classes of our people.



Hon. T. A. Crearer, Minister of Agriculture.

The Sun Dance

By Max. McD.

The passion for dancing is most strongly manifested in savage nations, and their dances are mostly associated with religion and war. The North American Indian is very religious, and we are not surprised to find him engaging in a number of dances of a religious nature. Chief among these is the Sun-dance, which, as far as is known, was indulged in by every Indian tribe on the continent.

This performance or religious orgy, is under the supervision of the Medicine-man. Those who participate in it are victims to his wiles. An Indian, let us say, sees a vision of himself doing some great deed. He relates his dream to the Medicine-man, and that functionary promises him that if he goes through the Sun-dance he will be able to do the great deed he dreamed of.

The Sun-dance was a most barbarous celebration. The ceremony is too horrible for words. It was the ordeal through which the Indian lad must pass before he could qualify as a brave, and attain the status of a warrior. It was a shockingly cruel series of tortures, self administered by the neophyte, in which he must show no sign of pain. The whole tribe gathered for the celebration and to fail was considered one of the greatest of disgraces that could come to the young Indian.

The dance was usually held during the spring of the year, after the snow had left the hills, and a high butte was the favored place of meeting. For several weeks preparations were made. A lodge had to be erected. This was done by placing a large pole upright in the ground and fastening as long poles as could be obtained to the top. The butts of these poles were then made to rest on a circle of shorter poles set in the ground thus making a pole roof. This roof was afterward covered with brush wood carried from the river bottoms by the squaws. While the dance itself was held in the open beside the sun-lodge, the enclosure was used as a part of the ceremony.

There was a time when all sorts of cruel tortures were the main features at these gatherings, the would-be braves submitting to having their fingers cut off, and ugly gashes cut in their chests and backs. Old squaws used the knives. Slits were cut in the breast of the Indian boy, sometimes by his own mother. It was the duty of the Medicine-man to lift the strips of flesh with pinchers and insert rope or buffalo thongs beneath the muscles, knotting them securely.

Sometimes the victim thrust two huge skewers through the flesh-loops of his own chest to the ends of which thongs were attached. The end of the rope or thong was then fastened high up on a pole set in the ground, and with the members of the tribe sitting in a large circle about the pole, the cruelty began.

The candidate, if he would perform the great deed he had dreamed of, must dance and whirl and tug at this rope or thong until he has torn the flesh and liberated himself. Often this has taken hours and the suffering endured must have been very great.

There were several other methods of torturing the flesh-loops till they broke and loosed the brave. Instead of cutting the slits in the breast they are made in the back. With this method the thongs are fastened as in front but the thong is not fastened to the pole. Heavy buffalo heads, instead, are tied to the ropes just clearing the ground. The Indian youth must then dance about till the weight of the heads pull the muscles and flesh and the weights drop away. This method of becoming a brave is not as popular as the other, because the back of the brave is seldom bared while the breast is always open showing the scars of the well-fought ordeal. Chiefs point to the marks from the armpits to throat as the proudest decoration they can wear. Sometimes instead of tying the end of the rope to the pole or attaching the buffalo horns, a lariat is tied to the thong and the victim dragged about the dance ground till he is freed by the tearing of the flesh. This too is unpopular because it requires no effort on the part of the brave.

Before the ordeal begins many back out. The relatives of others bribe the Medicine-man to get them off. Sometimes after the skewers or thongs are put under the flesh-loops the candidate backs out. If so the instrument of torture, skewer or thong, must be cut out. It is against all law to draw it out endwise.

If the aspirant passes through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of fear or pain, he is declared a brave and is eligible to sit in the councils of his nation. Youths of 17 and 18 years of age often graduated with honors, but woe to the man who failed. Old Many Bears, a Blackfoot, was not able to endure the strain of the ordeal when he was a young buck, and as a result of his failure he was destined to carry wood and water, and do other work usually allotted to squaws, during all the remainder of his days.

Indian mothers, we are told, were as anxious for their sons to qualify as the sons themselves. One writer on Indian customs tells that a young lad who was being put through the buffalo head torture danced with commendable vigor, but his strength was not sufficient to enable him to last until the heads had pulled through. Finally, tottering, swaying, his face set grim and fixed, he shook one dangling skull loose but could not free the other. He bent, pitched, and sank to his knees while the watching tribe stirred and rustled. The lad was going to fail and already glances of scorn were being directed toward him. Perspiration poured down his face; he struggled manfully to reach his feet and pitched forward just as his mother dashed into the circle on a horse, and seizing a buffalo horn, urged the pony away dragging her son by the thong. Not a whimper passed his lips, not a sign of pain was visible to the critical audience, and eventually the flesh gave out and the lad was a brave.

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Music and its Charms

The subject opens up such a wide field that one feels, after considering it for a time, that we are able to touch the fringe only of what might be said in regard to the important bearing music has in the home and in fact in every walk in life. We shall try to show its great benefit to the human race from the earliest years to the ripened experience of later life.

Music is the Child's Heritage

Music is the one language every living thing understands—man and beast are soothed by it, even flowers are said to be susceptible to its strains. Infants are readily quieted by it.

Music is a child's proper heritage, for it is all embracing, all revealing. And whatever be the spiritual hunger of your child, music will give him food.

Bear in mind that your child is musical. He may not be talented in that direction, but talent is not essential to the keenest enjoyment and appreciation of music. All toddlers love tunes. Why not nourish that instinctive baby delight in music? Do you want your children to grow up in a home empty of music?

Give a child an instrument to play upon if possible. It is nowhere written that that instrument must be a piano. Perhaps a harp or a violin or any one of a dozen other instruments at your disposal would be better adapted to the nature and temperament of your child. Let him choose the instrument. But don't in heaven's name force a soulful violin or 'cello upon a snub-nosed little boy with a banjo temperament.

Music has ever been influential in shaping character, frequently in remaking it. Children naturally love music, and if it is presented to them properly, they adore it. It opens to the child a new realm, a world and wealth of untold beauty. Music is the one sure way to the soul of a child. Start the future men and women of this nation on their journey with music which will be an uplift all the way.

Music appreciation for children is gradually gaining headway in our public schools. The realization of this project will mean inestimable benefit to the world. Music is uplifting, inspiring. It helps establish the ideals and ambitions of a child. It becomes an element in the life of anyone who is kept in close touch with it, and what a difference there is between a person with music in his soul and one who lacks it.

"As the things that are unseen are greater than the things that are seen, children, even when very young, should be taught to find the beautiful within," said a well-known woman recently. And music will teach children to seek and find the beautiful within. It will beautify them and bring color to their lives. It will impart grace and refinement and the kindred virtues so closely associated with good music to the child who learns to love and appreciate it. Give our children all the music they can drink in and we shall soon have a new race of people in the country. We should all know and love good music, and the way to reach this is to begin with the child.

A good word must be said for the phonograph—not your neighbor's phonograph, perhaps that specializes almost solely on "Tipperary" and "Love's Hesitation Waltz," but your phonograph, the best instrument you can afford, and the best records you can afford. It is really wonderful to be able to hear, in your own home, the famous arias, the greatest symphonies. Do you fancy that your children will enjoy only the comic records and popular airs? Try and see. When your 5-year-old goes about humming bits from "Valkyrie" or an air from Mozart's symphony in G, you will realize that good records pay. There does not exist the child whose spirit will not respond to good music.

And when he is old enough to go to the opera and to symphony concerts his pleasure will be trebled by his familiarity with the music he hears there.

Music as a Medicine

Esquirol, the celebrated French alienist, said: "Music acts most powerfully on the physical and moral nature, and I use it constantly in mental disease. It soothes and calms the patient's mind and, though it may not cure, it is a most precious agent and ought not to be neglected."

Gladstone, attacked by his occasional periods of nervous exhaustion, would have his favorite hymns sung to him.

Herbert Spencer, when neuralgia laid him low, would lie down and order soft music played, and invariably obtained relief.

Music is a mental and spiritual massage, or a bracing cold shower bath, according to what you select.

Music as an Incentive to a Higher Life

There is merit in all religions. At a few points they diverge, but all religions are agreed on one subject: Music is good for man. Music is the food of the imagination, and imagination is the foundation of all human achievement. No titanic bridge was ever constructed that was not formed first, span by span, across six inches of human intellect.

What has music to do with this? Music is the exercise of the imagination by which the tiny threads connecting the nerve-centers of the brain are developed. All concentrated thought has this effect on mental stimulation, and what could induce concentrated thought better than the subtle rhythmic pulsation of music, gently tapping at the mind's door?

What is the secret of the wide application and the mighty influence of music? Where is its home? Why does it wrap us about so completely? What is its connection with the vast scheme of the universe?

No nation has been discovered that has not its music. At this shrine the east and the west are met, and the north and the south. Our earliest records tell us of music and our farthest-going predictions are still busy with it. The earliest literature is poetry, musical language, and the highest development of this moment is poetry. When we are glad only music suffices to interpret our joy, and when we are sad we again resort to music. Youth is a period deeply responsive to music, but not more so than age. We celebrate peace with music, but music is the very language of war.

Sin invokes music to inflame her votaries, but again religion has long since anointed music as high priestess in all her temples. Thus are our lives bound about with music. It begins in the cradle, continues through youthful games, persists in courtship and at marriage, ministers to pleasure, worship, war, work and grief, and makes its final contribution at the grave.

Music is so restful that it is used to still rioting and cure lunacy. It is so stirring that battle is not attempted without it, and armies become "wrought to an edge of steel" under its strange call. It is so refining that all schools teach it.

Music seems to be the breath that God breathes upon the universe. God is love and love is harmony. Here are gardens for us to wander through in another life and in the company of Him who has built this vibrant ether and these swaying, singing worlds.

The Thrill of Martial Music

What a mighty and stirring appeal music makes to the emotions. The strains of martial music make our hearts beat faster and harder, drive the blood thrilling through its channels and set our feet treading to stirring time.

The "Marseillaise" has throbbed in the blood of France for more than a century. To-day the "Marseillaise" is driving the sons of France resistlessly against the walls of steel and fire Germany has flung across her beloved fields. What magic there is in the tune and not a little madness. Rouget de Lisle wrote the "Marseillaise" one night at Strasbourg, when he was intoxicated, says the legend. But it was not the drunkenness of wine which inspired his soul, but the desire for liberty that made Frenchmen mad. The men of Marseilles came singing it into Paris. The Parisians heard and caught up the strains and liberty was assured.

Again and again in the orders of the day in the French army that is battling with Germany one reads "Company X went into action singing 'La Marseillaise'" or "Lieutenant X was singing 'La Marseillaise' when a bullet cut him down." "We fought one against ten," wrote a French General recently, "but 'La Marseillaise' was on our side."

All England has been put on her mettle by the flare of martial music in her streets. For generations the skirl of the bagpipes

has aroused the Highlanders of Scotland to the grim business of war, and the clash of cymbals resounds through the martial pages of Holy Writ.

Let us have music, martial music, with its grip and its thrill. Let it resound in our streets, in our homes and in our hearts.

Many people fail to make provision for music in the home on account of the cost either of the instrument or music tuition and thus sometimes deprive a nature of the very thing which might mean everything in after years, and here again we mention the phonograph as being within the reach of all but this form of entertain-

ment and education must be carefully chosen.

Taken at His Word

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawnmower about, and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

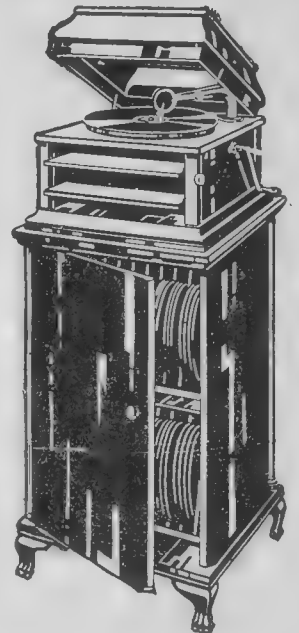
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Grandfather's Thanksgiving

By Minnie Reid French

NOW, pa," said Mrs. Willard to her husband, "you know I can't have grandpa at the table tomorrow with all them young folks that Matildy has invited, to say nothin' of the minister an' his wife, an' her so stylish. An' what's more, he never does come to the first table when we have company, an' wouldn't want to. He's worse'n any baby about his eatin', and his hand shakes so 't my tablecloth would be a sight before the meal was half over."

"Well, ma, I jest made the suggestion. You know 'Thanksgivin' ain't like other days, and this is the first one sence mother died an' he come to live with us. But have your own way about it; I don't s'pose he'll mind anyhow. When people gits as old as he is, they don't care fer much besides eatin' an' sleepin', an' I guess it don't make much difference to 'em how they git it."

"Of course, it don't, an' it would be all foolishness to spoil everything an' make him feel awkward besides." Mrs. Willard dismissed that part of the subject promptly.

"I want to have things proper when they're all here," she said; "because the minister jest bein' from college, an' both of 'em used to city ways, they'll be awful critical. She's fixy an' stuck-up lookin' fer a preacher's wife—hain't got that meek an' lowly way that you allus expect to see in a woman of her place in the neighborhood. But she acted pleased when I asked 'em to eat 'Thanksgivin' dinner with us, an' when I says: 'It's pa's birthday an' we want to do the day double honor,' she jest says as hearty as you ever heard, 'Why, yes, Mrs. Willard, you may be sure we'll be still more glad to come an' pay our respects to him.'"

"I'd most fergit it was my birthday. Well, jest fix up all you please, but don't fergit that the men are haulin' up the corn to-day, an' be shore an' give them enough to eat."

He strode out of the kitchen and busy Mrs. Willard at once began to make preparation for dinner, and also to lay the foundation for the Thanksgiving feast. As she did so, unconsciously her thoughts reverted to the many Thanksgivings she had spent at her husband's old home, and when she looked at her cakes and pies, put away in tempting rows in the pantry shelves, it was to remember those that Grandmother Willard used to bake. Her cranberry jelly sparkled in the tall carved goblets, which for years were the old lady's special pride, and grandmother's best dishes were in the cupboard and her tablecloths folded away in the dresser drawers.

Mrs. Willard could not help thinking of the old lady this morning, surrounded as she was by so many things which had once belonged to her; and naturally she began to think of grandfather, too, and to reflect upon his possible feelings in regard to the day. It had been almost a year since grandmother was buried, and they had brought him home with them. She remembered when they were ready to start, they found him standing by his wife's empty chair in the big old-fashioned sitting-room, looking so lost and helpless, and not seeming to understand the change. He had grown more feeble and childish every day since then, and it was a great burden to have him; but Mrs. Willard accepted it in a philosophical manner, and said, perhaps, he was no more trouble than most old people. She was annoyed this morning to find herself feeling uncomfortable in regard to the old man. She knew he would not mind waiting until the others finished their Thanksgiving dinner, and she felt sure he would not remember that it was his son's birthday. Of course, old people did not remember anniversaries unless it was Christmas, or—maybe Thanksgiving.

"Ma, do I have to wait tomorrow?" asked Johnny Willard, who was watching her active preparations with the expectant longing of a healthy boy of eight.

"Why, of course, you do," returned his mother, sharply. "What are you thinkin' about?"

"Because I am too young to eat with grown-up folks?"

"Now, Johnny, how you do go on! Yes, that's why."

"An' grandpa has to wait because he's too old?"

"Merciful heavens, if you keep on I'll never get anything done. Here, take these cookies an' run out an' play."

Johnny went out on the back porch at the far end of which he knew he should find grandfather sitting in the autumn sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Willard had not thought for a moment of giving up their room, with its wide fireplace, to the old man, so he occupied the small bed-room, which was cut off at one end of the back porch. It was sufficiently comfortable, but so much smaller than that to which grandfather had been accustomed, that he sat outside most of the time and usually seemed to be asleep, or his eyes would be fixed on something far in the distance. He appeared more dreamy than usual to-day, but he accepted one of the cookies with a pleased, childish smile, and patted Johnny's head.

"Grandpa, you ought to see how ma's fixin' up fer 'Thanksgivin'. They's lots to eat, I tell you!"

"Is there, sonny?"

"Yes, an' she's lookin' fer the preacher an' his wife an' a lot of other folks."

Johnny remained silent for a few moments, then suddenly inquired:

"Grandpa, did my pa have to wait when he was a little boy?"

"Yes, sonny, sometimes when they wa'n't room fer him at the table. But all the rest of the time he set in his little high cheer right close by me so'd I could feed him out o' my plate some. He used to say my vittles tasted better'n his'n."

"Don't it seem strange to you, grandpa, to think he used to be so little? He's so big now, lots bigger'n you. Will I be bigger'n him some day?"

"Maybe, sonny. Yes, it does seem strange. I was jest settin' here thinkin' of it. How strange it is that he's a big, strong man, an' I'm almost like a child. It don't appear more'n yestiddy sence he wa'n't no higher'n you, an' I patted his head jest like I pat yourn."

"Johnny, I need you!" called his sister from the "front room." "Come help me move the organ."

She came to the window, feather duster in hand, and her sleeves rolled up to her dimpled elbows. She was a pretty, buxom lass, very much admired in the neighborhood; but she did not look so attractive this morning as she would on the morrow. Her brown hair was confined in curl papers, and her rosy face wore a fretful look.

"Grandpa," she said, "if you don't mind, I wish you wouldn't sit there to-morrow when all the people are here. It's right in front of this window, and when you go to sleep you nod and look so queer. Come on," she said to Johnny "I'm in a hurry."

"Sis is so funny," remarked Johnny. "She's dragged that organ all over the room. First it's in one corner, then another. I don't see why she can't let it alone."

"Run along, sonny, and help her," said the old man, feeling about for his cane.

When he found it, he set it out before him to steady himself, and, leaning heavily upon it, rose to his feet. He moved his chair very slowly and with effort across the porch to a spot where it would be safe from observation, and sat down. But his point of view was not the same, and the grape arbor shut out his favorite tall pine on the distant mountain. He moved again and yet again, but could not arrange his view satisfactorily, so at last he closed his eyes and apparently went to sleep.

All was life and bustle about the farmhouse. Down in the field, where the corn was piled in great whitish-yellow heaps the men were loading their wagons, and out at the cribs they were unloading and throwing it in. One of the farm hands was hauling an immense wagonful of yellow pumpkins to be stored in the cellar, while another guided a yoke of clumsy oxen toward the barn with a swaying, heaped up load of fodder. Every one was busy doing something, except the old man who sat there, idly, feeling that he had no part in the active currents of life that eddied about him.

But grandfather was thinking. He was living over years that were long past, and as in a dream he saw himself a young man again, and grandmother a blooming maiden. How happy they were that day they were married and came to the new

home he had built in the wilderness! How strong he was, then, as he cleared and tilled the land and gathered his harvest! He remembered their first Thanksgiving together, and the many, many years which followed. Their little ones grew up about them and became men and women; then one sorrow followed fast upon another, and when she had lived to see the grave close over all of them except their "baby," she, too, folded her withered hands, and the gentle spirit fled. How strange to think of Thanksgiving without grandmother! But, thank God, it would not be long until he joined her! As he sat there thinking the tears crept from beneath the closed lids and stole silently down his withered cheeks; but there was no one to see them or to care. There was no one to sympathize with him, for all were busy with plans for the future, and grandfather lived only in the past. For him there was no future in this world.

He was roused from his reverie by the sound of the dinner horn, which announced the noon meal. The men drove their teams into the barnyard, and after washing their perspiring faces at the pump and giving their hair a few awkward rakes with damp fingers, presented themselves in shirt sleeves at Mrs. Willard's bountifully spread table. The old man rose, went into the dining-room and timidly took his place at the table, and his daughter-in-law hastily whisked away his plate to put a big napkin underneath, and noisily threw down a spoon beside it. Her face was flushed from contact with the heat of the stove, and the burden of serving the meal had contracted her brows into little anxious puckers. Matilda, looking quite fresh and sweet, was coming in from the pantry with a big pitcher of milk, but paused in the doorway as all heads bent for the blessing, which Mr. Willard asked in his usual business-like manner. Then there was a clatter of knives and forks as all plates were turned over, and the meal began in earnest. Mr. Willard and the men discussed crops and a variety of other subjects, which were of general interest. A great many clumsy jokes were told, and all joined in teasing Matilda about her admirers. All took part in the conversation except grandfather, who ate his dinner silently, glancing up now and then at his son, however, but meeting no responsive look. Mr. Willard never thought of him. His mind was filled with affairs of the farm, in which, of course, grandfather would not be interested.

After dinner, the old man went back to his chair on the porch, and sat there the whole afternoon, looking afar at the hills veiled in misty blue, and the fleecy cloudships which sailed so slowly across the sky. By and by, the shadows lengthened over the brown meadows, and the last rays of sun lingered on the hilltops. No sound broke the stillness, save the call of a lonely cricket in the withered grass; and over all settled the mournfulness of autumn. That oft-heard comparison of the fading year and the autumn of life formed itself in grandfather's mind, and as twilight gathered about the farmhouse, and a chill breeze swept down the valley, bringing with it the tinkle of bells as the cows came slowly home, and the patient horses with clanking harness entered the barnyard, he thought of the twilight of death which was soon to gather, and felt that he, too, should be glad to turn his steps Homeward. The men came in for supper, but grandfather had already taken his simple meal of bread and milk, so he entered his little room and the day was ended.

Next day, although beautifully bright and clear, seemed less like Thanksgiving to poor grandfather than any he had ever spent. Every one appeared to forget his existence, or only to remember it when he was found to be in the way. He carefully hid himself from the young people, who came early; but often found himself in the way of Mrs. Willard, who made a great many trips across the back porch that morning. Grandfather moved in a timid, apologetic manner, but each time he was directly in her path. She looked cross, and once or twice gave vent to her annoyance. She had just come out for the purpose of telling him that he was not expected to appear at the table with the guests, when the minister and his wife drove up to the gate.

They were at once ushered in by Matilda, and introduced to the country maidens and their beaux, who were ranged in chairs stiffly around the room. The couple shook hands with them all, then the minister's wife, whose sweet face and gentle manners were being silently admired, asked pleasantly: "And where is your grandfather, my dear?"

Greatly surprised, Matilda's rosy face took on a deeper hue as she answered:

"Grandpa! Oh! Why he is out on the back porch, I believe. Won't you have seats?" indicating the two best rockers, resplendent with pink and white tidies.

"Not until we have paid our respects to him, thank you," replied the minister.

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"We'll just make ourselves at home, Miss Mattie, and go find him."

They turned and passed out the door, followed by Mattie, and came upon Mrs. Willard, nervously pinning on a white apron preparatory to receiving her guests.

"Why, howdy do, Brother Stevens?" she said, cordially; "how are you an' Sister Stevens? Matildy, couldn't you find enough chairs in the front room? Jest walk in an' be seated, an', Matildy, take Sister Stevens' things."

"We are looking for Brother Willard," said the minister, smiling as he shook hands. "Oh, yes," in answer to her look of surprise, "we met your husband at the gate; but we are looking for Brother Willard, Senior, in whose honor we were invited to-day."

And before Mrs. Willard had recovered from her astonishment to make explanation, he had exclaimed:

"Here he is, I am sure."

Grandfather looked up, mildly per-

plexed, and his son, who had come in the back way, said loudly:

"This is our new minister, father, and his wife."

The old man held out his hand in a tremulous pleased manner.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Brother Willard," said the minister. "It does my heart good to meet old people God bless them, what would this world be without them?"

As he said this he turned to his host and hostess, whose faces betrayed considerable embarrassment. His wife had taken grandfather's hand between her soft gloved palms, and was saying:

"We were so glad when your daughter-in-law invited us especially in your honor." Then seeing his puzzled expression, she exclaimed: "Why, I do not believe he knows anything about it. It was to be a surprise, of course! You see, Brother Willard, your son and daughter planned to make it all the more enjoyable by surprising you with your guests."

Grandfather shook her hand while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then the dinner had been given in his honor, and they were his guests! To think he had imagined himself forgotten, and all the while they were planning for his happiness! How could he have been so thoughtless as to believe they could neglect him on Thanksgiving. He was completely overcome with mingled joy and remorse.

"I'm glad to see ye both," he at length found words to say, and his voice quavered and shook. "An'—an' I thank you, son an' you, daughter, fer bein' so kind to a useless old man."

Matilda brought chairs out on the porch, and went back very quietly to her guests, while the minister and his wife sat down and had a beautiful talk with grandfather. They were both young and at the beginning of their married life and the old man evinced a sympathetic interest in their affairs of which few would have imagined him capable. He seemed

to grow young with them, and they were all quite merry together. The minister's wife told several amusing little anecdotes, and for the first time in many months grandfather laughed heartily. He was overflowing with happiness, and addressed his son with something of the old familiar tenderness which had been timidly withheld so long. It was something new for him to feel the burden of entertaining, but he bore it well, and was quite cheerful, and said a great many pleasant things.

When dinner was announced Mrs. Stevens took his arm and they went into the diningroom and took seats side by side, her pleasant, easy manner helping to wear off the embarrassment of the young people, as well as that of her host and hostess. And it was her expressive glance, perhaps, which caused Mr. Willard to say at the close of the minister's blessing:

"Father, will you return thanks, too?"

Again all heads were bent, and grand-

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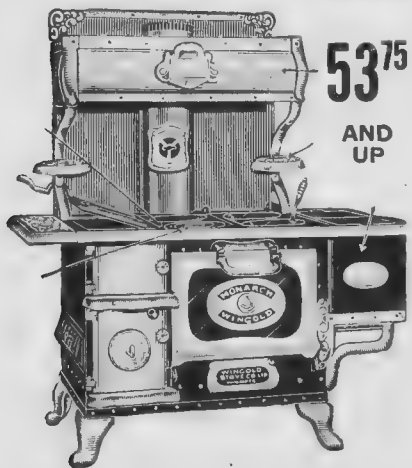
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father quavered out the old familiar blessing which, although long unuttered, rose so readily to his lips. After dinner when all were assembled in the "front room," the young people sang grandfather's favorite hymns, and before they left every voice, even that of the old man, weak and trembling, joined in singing "Praise God, from Whom all Blessing Flow." The minister and his wife stayed until late, and as they drove away in the dusk and grandfather turned to enter his little room, Mrs. Willard said with a new kindness of tone:

"Grandpa, it's gettin' chilly these nights, an' to-morrow I'm goin' to fix you up a bed in the front room, so you can have a fire to set by."

"Thank you, daughter," said the old man. "Old folks do like to set an' look at the fire; but I don't want to be sech a sight of trouble."

"Pshaw, father," said Mr. Willard, "I reckon we can go to a little trouble for you, when you've done so much for us in times past. I've been a-thinkin' all day about how we used to be at home with you an' mother ever' Thanksgiving, an' how happy we was."

"An' so have I," said his wife, with tears in her eyes.

The old man laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and said, tremulously:

"Yes, my son, an' so have I. She has been mighty near me to-day—so near it seemed like I could almost hear her voice. An' I've been a-thinkin', too, about it bein' your birthday, an' I could jest see you like when you was a little feller hangin' on to mother's dress and follerin' me about the place. I didn't know I could be so happy in this world as I've been to-day, nor that I had so much to be thankful for."

He opened the door, hesitated, then said, "Good-night." But after a while, when Mrs. Willard was singing, he came out

and stood there listening until she finished. Over his favorite pine the evening star shone clear and full, and the old face that was lifted toward it glowed with a light of love and thanksgiving.

No Partiality

The workings of justice, as recorded by Major E. C. Johnson in his "Track of the Crescent," were a trifle erratic. An Englishman was travelling in a wild part of Hungary, and anxious to see the institutions of the country, he made an application to a town magistrate, asking to hear how justice was conducted.

The magistrate, gorgeous in a magnificent Magyar costume, received him cordially, and sent for any case which might be awaiting trial. A gigantic gendarme, in an immense cocked hat, ushered in a prisoner, a plaintiff, and a witness. The prisoner was accused of stealing the plaintiff's goose.

"Well, sir," said the magistrate to the accuser, "what have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, the prisoner stole my goose."

"What have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I saw the prisoner steal the goose."

"Prisoner, what have you to say?"

"Please, your high mightiness, I did not steal the goose."

The magistrate then delivered the sentence.

"I give you a fortnight in prison," he said to the accused, "for stealing the goose." To the plaintiff he said, "I give you a fortnight in prison for not looking after your goose," and turning to the witness, "You shall have a fortnight in prison for not minding your own business."

If this method were adopted generally there would be fewer cases in the law courts.—Onward.

On the Trail with the Ox

Humors of the Great Land Seeking Trek in the Early Eighties, when the Ox was King of the Travelled Ways

By A. C. Wood

IN these days of fast travel along the country highways, with the auto pushing jagged-edged tunnels through the air, and leaving unholy smells by the way, I am minded to recall, by contrast, days on the trail with the old ox team.

"Uninteresting lot, are they not?" said a Western friend to me recently, as we sat on his verandah and regarded the passing of an apparently endless stream of automobiles. My friend had been with me on the ox transport in the Northwest Rebellion of '85, and was also a pioneer on the trails over the prairie when the old ox team and covered wagon were about the only means of travel. "These things," he continued, waving his hand toward the auto procession, "are not so interesting as ox teams. There's no individuality about them—they all look alike to me. And the drivers, you can hardly tell one from another. It wasn't that way with ox teams and their drivers. Oh, no! There was great variety in those slow old ox teams—both in character, appearance, picturesqueness and 'cussedness.' You remember, on the transport, we had white faced oxen, long-horned oxen, spotted oxen, black oxen, tame oxen, wild oxen and 'cussed' oxen, and all sorts and conditions of oxen, and every team of them had peculiarities that made them interesting, very."

"And the drivers were about as picturesque, original and resourceful a bunch of men as ever hit the trail. They just breathed romance and their lan-

guage was full of dynamic energy and, well—had lots of kick to it.

"This travelling by auto is mostly departing and arriving, anyway," he continued; "with the old ox team it was full of adventure and incident."

A Poetical Occasion with the Ox Transport

I recall that one evening while sitting about our camp fire, on the trail between Troy, Qu'Appelle and Batoche, during our little affair with the half-breeds and Indians in the spring of '85, some one suggested that we make limericks—this was a not unusual form of recreation in the early days on the lone prairie. Qu'Appelle station, in those historic days, was known as Troy, Fort Qu'Appelle being a few miles to the north. Two young "bull-punchers" were tied as winners in the rhyming contest. They spilled out the following "alleged" limericks:

There was a young man of Qu'Appelle,
Failed in love and then fell in a well;
He was fished from the water,
Given thanks he had oughter,
Instead, he just raised merry h—l.

There was a young maiden of Troy,
Who dressed up in clothes like a boy;
Mamma looked at the stocking,
Then she said, Oh, how shocking!
Piped the maid, Well, who cares to be coy!

A tall, broad-browed young homesteader, who would likely have been a college professor if he had not chosen the better part, and become a prairie farmer, contributed these lines, which he termed:

An Apostrophe to the Ox

Here's to our friend the Ox,
Stolid Ox!
He's the boy to stand hard knocks,
Tough old Ox!
He's rarely known to fail,
He'll jerk you o'er the trail
Up the hill and through the swale,
Useful Ox.

Hook him to the breaking plow,
Slow old Ox!
Brother to the dairy cow
Is the Ox.
'Fore he steps he always thinks,
All he needs is grass and drinks;
And he's h—l on breaking links,
Strong old Ox!

Best Poems in the World, Because Shortest

"Talking about poetry," said a non-poetical but highly practical "bull-puncher," "the two best poems in the world, 'cause they're the shortest, are these spring and fall poems that I learned out of the almanac. The spring one goes:

"Smell o' woods afire,
Creakin' garden gate,
Poet with a lyre,
Liar diggin' bait.

"And this here one about fall, there ain't no foolin' about startin' or hifalutin' words. It goes bang like this:

"The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze.
The fields are bare, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked."

His Poetry Wouldn't Stand the Test

The scholar of our outfit—a graduate of Varsity, I believe, produced what he announced as a "Tribute to the Prairie Adventurers," but he got no further than the first verse, for the reason that a warm discussion broke out over an expression he used.

This first verse as I recall it ran:

Into a world of grass, far to the westward lying,
Hardy venturers went—brave, full of hope and gay;
Made camp by creek and swale, nor heeded the coyotes' crying,
Keen of the joy of life on the trail with the sun all day.

"Jim," said the deputy-shepherd, the acknowledged boss and most expert bull-puncher in our party, "you're some word

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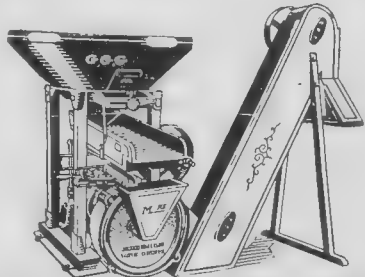
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tailor and verse milliner, sure, but them words o' yourn "Bout heed'n' the coyotes' cryin'" will have to be struck out. Nobody ever heeded the cryin' of a coyote unless he was a tenderfoot. Ye might work that line of talk off on them folks at your old home back East, but ye can't put anythin' like that over with this bunch."

"You're right, old man," said a tall, bronzed fellow, who had been on the wind-swept prairie several years; "them coyotes' yells might make a man turn over in his blankets, if he wasn't a sound sleeper, but he wouldn't be scared bad enough to get up and say his prayers if he'd forgotten them. No, Jim's verse just won't do, and 'tain't true."

So Jim's "Tribute to the Prairie Adventurers" came to a full stop.

If vers libre had been in vogue in those days as it is to-day, some lone prairie Edgar Lee Masters would likely have given forth something like this, of course without reference to the auto:

Lines To My Old Ox Team

Slow-moving, ponderous and always in low gear,

You get me there, you white-faced steers:

You always think, I know
Before you set one foot before the other,
But that's your way and I am content.
Men with prancing steeds pass us by
On the trail every day;

But, say, you don't-care-a-cuss pair
I like you and your ways.
There isn't any more happiness in speed
Than in your crawling, you long-horned breed.

Why do they haste these men of steam,
gasoline and equines?

Is there some haven of content, that lures
them on at break-neck speed?

Ah, nix on that happiness by speed stuff;
You and I my old ox-team can travel
just as fast

Toward the Depot of Content, in our slow
ancient way,

As these chaps who make the old world
real

To the jarring of many cylinders and
high gears.

Me for the ox.

A young "bull-puncher" in our outfit who had aspirations to make himself a poet—he hadn't been born one—was observed one evening sitting by the camp fire evidently in distress of mind. It transpired that he had been wrestling with the Muse, for in the morning, scribbled on a sheet of white birch bark and in characters suggestive of a thumbnail dipped in tar or a burnt match, were the following doggerel lines nailed to the box of his freighting wagon.

Who's the scamp that caused this war?
Louis Riel!

Who's the chap we're gunning for?
Louis Riel!

I would steal your bucking bronc,
I would thump you on the "conk"—

No wild goose for you would "honk,"
Louis Riel!

With my thumb nail dipped in tar
Louis Riel!

Your pass for parts afar
Louis Riel!

I would sign and have you go,
Your exit would not be slow—

You'll not have to shovel snow,
Louis Riel!

The Great Land-Seeking Trek

In the early eighties, on the Western prairies, all trails led toward the Rocky Mountains. Most everyone was looking for land in those days, and perhaps it may have been that they wanted to view the landscape with the setting sun smiling good-night on it—at all events, everybody journeyed in search of land toward the sundown point of the compass. Land right at hand did not appeal to the home-seeking adventurers. Some imaginary beautiful and sheltered valley, away off in the great beyond, drew them on and on. A wanderlust and the love of faring forth into the uncharted and vast areas of virgin prairie, possessed them.

It was no mad rush such as takes place when a reservation is thrown open for homesteading, but, rather, a crawling movement in which the old ox-team bulked largely. There were, indeed, many adventures on the prairie trails in the West. There were innumerable sloughs

and creeks to be crossed, in an overland trek, from the muddy Red River to the foothills of the Rockies, and some of those adventurous land-seekers went clear across the plains and only stopped when the tongues of their wagons were jammed right up against the big mountain range. Only for the adamant obstruction they'd have gone clear to the deep waters of the Pacific.

Advice on Driving Oxen

I was camped one day beside Boggy Creek or Cussed Creek or Weed Creek, resting up after an arduous period of travel, when a young Englishman came along the trail with a pair of white-faced and rather skittish young oxen, and a covered wagon, loaded to the gunnels with settler's effects. The young land-seeker was travel stained and weary, and observing that there was water, grass and company to welcome him, decided to halt and make camp. He had made the trip all alone from Winnipeg, been mired a dozen times, and had broken the tongue of his wagon off in one of the many bog-holes he had crossed. He was still, as the saying is, "right up on the bit" and anxious to peg out a claim for himself and, incidentally for posterity, in the far West. We ate together, smoked and talked and naturally our conversation turned to oxen.

"These bally brutes of mine just don't seem to respond readily to 'Gee' and 'Haw,' and if one uses the whip, why, don't you know, they seem to get offended and run so as to spill the load," he informed me.

I tried to show him that the business of driving oxen was one of the fine arts and that an ox-driver had to be mighty careful how he punctuated his remarks to his team, particularly when the punctuation marks were put in with a buckskin whip-lash.

"Why, blyme, they're just cattle, aren't they?" he came back.

Sure thing, I replied, they're just cattle as you say, but this great country is very democratic and here, even the cattle sometimes have notions of doing things off their own bat. You've got to humour the critters if you want to get the best out of them.

"Humour 'em, eh? Well I've been licking 'em most all the three hundred miles we've travelled," he confessed. "How would one go about this humouring, that's what I would jolly well like to know?"

Pat 'em occasionally, I says, and rub their noses and say a few kind words to them once in a while.

"By jove, you know, that does seem the right thing, doesn't it? Why shouldn't a man make pets of his oxen just as most men do with their horses. I'll practise that."

Some time after I saw him going across the creek bottom where he had his white-faced pair tethered with stout ropes. I was too far away to hear the monologue but later he came over to my tent.

"Would you believe it," he said, "those critters of mine, as you Westerners name them, met me half-way. Why one of 'em even licked my hand. It's blymed lonesome sometimes, too, and this talking to one's oxen would seem like having company."

Now when you get in a tight place, I advised, don't cut loose with the buckskin. Just talk emphatically and crack the whip. It may be necessary at times to put on emphasis.

"Swear," he says.

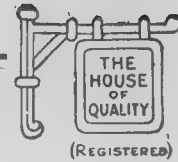
Well most Canadian oxen savvy a vocabulary of that kind, I replied.

"I can do it," he says, "if put to it, but, you see, in England, it's considered running to bad form to speak profanely. But, of course, when one gets set down in a mud-hole it alters the case some."

That same evening I heard him lilting an English love-song as he staked out his team on new pasture, and he told me that he had decided to change the names of his cattle from the alliterative titles of Brag and Bluster, to Jo and Jolly, as he felt that the former were not expressive of cordiality and good fellowship.

"Now about that vocabulary for driving oxen, is that easily fetched up with," he asked.

Easiest thing in the world, I answered. First time you see one of these wild and woolly Western Canucks stuck in the mud with an ox-team, just get within earshot and you'll hear him running the



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gamut of wordy notes. Finest combination of blasphemy and expression to be heard in all the world, is from the tobacco-stained lips of an ox-driver, you know. As a forceful linguist and juggler of words blasphemous, the bull-puncher is without a peer.

Next morning my whilom friend decided to hit the trail and Jo and Jolly waded the creek, under the new dispensation, like a pair of veterans. From the solid ground beyond, the driver waved his hand to me and then set off on the westward trek.

An Ox-Race on the Plains

I recall memories of an occasion when I was camped beside a crossing at a far west creek along with half-a-dozen or more adventurers on the trail. A discussion arose over the speed merits of our ox-teams when one lanky bull-puncher referred to another's team thus:

"Them cattle o' yours, pardner, jest mark time on the trail to eternity. Why ye've got to look close to know ye ain't always standin' still."

"An' I don't see them critters o' yours speedin' up so as they'd keep a graveyard procession in sight, either," the other came back with a snap.

The outcome was a race—an ox race. A half mile course was measured off on the prairie and the disputants astride their "nigh" oxen, lined up for the speeding event.

The racers went off from a standing start and came across the prairie, at times trotting, then galloping, with the jockeys waving their hats, slapping their fliers with their open hands and yelling like Comanche Indians in a war charge. Never graceful of movement an ox in quick motion is about as awkward and cumbersome a bunch of motive power as is to be seen on earth, but he gets there.

It was a neck and neck race, and just at the end of the course, one of the horned steeds veered from the track and stepped in a badger hole, throwing himself and his rider.

Neither was hurt and the ridiculousness of the whole affair suddenly dawned upon us all, and it ended in everybody laughing fit to split.

Just fancy a city man—and there were many of them from the East and also the Old Land—starting out on a land-hunt on the trail with oxen. Likely any of them hadn't seen an ox-team before they landed at Winnipeg, and as for driving the critters, why they weren't even qualified for the kindergarten class. These tenderfeet had never heard the words "Gee" and "Haw" and the "nigh" and "off" side had no meaning to them when applied to oxen.

They tell of a young Englishman, who, on Main Street, Winnipeg, was an ox-driver for the first time. He shouted "Gee" when he meant "Haw," and this is the way he backed out.

"Ah, I beg your pardon, you bally brutes, I say 'Haw'."

Crossing creeks and muddy sloughs was, indeed, no slight undertaking with a green, unused-to-the-trail ox team. It was sure no knitting socks in an old ladies' home sort of job, but required a man to be all alive. Put into a boggy place for the first time, an ox-team was very likely to try to make the nearest hard ground and would often swing about suddenly—the result would be an upset wagon or a broken tongue. But an expert driver could do wonders by the persuasive powers of voice and discretionary movements of the whip—but a tenderfoot, ye gods, it was sure some sight to see one negotiate his first difficult crossing.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Tidal Wave of Deeper Souls

We are none of us perfect, but we need not save our souls with this truth. We can all improve. Let us each ask ourselves this question: Which is more pronounced—the creative or critical power in me? If the critical is choking the creative, then let me stop long enough to ask "why?" Perhaps I am overworked and need a rest or a change. The time a farmer takes to sharpen his scythe or mower is not lost. Are we destroying more than we construct?

Each soul must work out its own destiny. We each must find out ourselves; realize the natures God has given us in the activity of life; and it is only when we realize our natures in activity that we are happy. I know happiness comes from within because the most unhappy, the most restless girls I have known have lived in homes of luxury with every physical wish granted. The cure of many ills is the act of forgetting one's self. This is just what our brave soldiers are teaching us in their complete readiness for sacrifice. Disloyal grafters should blush with shame at the way they are nullifying the work of the noble men who would rather be underground than live the soft life of the one whose Shylock spirit grows fat with the blood that drips from the sword of war.

It is disloyalty for any girl to be idle these days.

A club has been organized under the name of the Hour-a-day Club, the purpose of which is for each member to give one hour a day to patriotic service. It may be an hour's wages to the Red Cross, or an evening canning fruit for sale, or a lesson in First Aid or knitting socks; or it may be an effort to arouse interest and love for our country in the heart of a foreign woman.

There are thousands of women giving very much more than an hour a day, which emphasizes the plea that not one girl in the land should give less than an hour a day. Each day, as it dawns, is full of colossal needs, and we are failing our duty if we do not meet a few of those needs every day. La'Rochefoucauld says: "True courage is to do without witness that which one would do were the whole world looking on."

One girl is making ten little notebooks, all of them different, and they are for ten soldiers "over there." She puts into them beautiful and cheering notes and a few drawings. The soldiers say it is a great comfort to know someone thinks of them and appreciates what they are doing, so a very little service helps someone.

During three months of last year, in our own club of girls, we had every Sunday seventy-five little books from the Bible for distribution among the girls. These little separate books cost from two to three cents apiece. Each Sunday we had for our lesson the story of a book or an outline of a subject worked out in the book. Every girl was provided with a pencil to mark the verses we emphasize in the lesson. Then I asked every girl to carry her little book in her purse a week so she might read every day and mark verses herself. At the end of the week she was requested to send it to a soldier friend at the front. Each little book fitted nicely into an envelope. After a few weeks letters came from France, from Africa, from England, asking the girls to attend every Sunday, for they

enjoyed the little marked books so much. A little book from the Bible—perhaps it was Proverbs, or Matthew or the beautiful story of Ruth, marked by the girl in Canada, meant much to the soldier lad over there. I am sure we enjoyed those lessons more than any we ever had. It was the straight Bible, and it helped those who are giving their lives in service for our protection.

Every girl has individual power, and can help, in her way, to bless those men who give so much gratitude for so little.

It was only a tiny photograph that my little girl sent to a soldier she has never seen, but to whom she writes regularly, and this is his reply:—"I really can't express my appreciation for the picture of you and your baby sister. It is before me as I write this. When I get your letters I enjoy them so much because I know they are the sincere thoughts of a child's pure heart."

The Girls' Conference

An organization has recently come into prominence that, in my judgment, is the very best of clubs for girls in the "teen" age. Recently, the Manitoba branch held its annual convention in the First Baptist Church of Winnipeg. The group of girls in the picture is a photograph taken during the session. Over five hundred girls from all parts of Manitoba represented the various branches of the club. The women in the picture are the leaders in the work and some of the hostesses of the delegates. We are especially pleased to publish this, as our magazine goes in to most of the homes of these splendid Manitoba girls.

Those who think the Sunday School is not progressive, will be surprised to learn that this great organization for girls is the result of an organized Sunday school class movement. It holds before the members the fourfold standard of a girl's life—the physical, intellectual, religious and social development of a girl. Under each phase a printed outline suggests how she may develop the standard. Splendid reading courses are carefully worked out, physical exercises, and broad, attractive ideas for service. The outline of the work alone is an inspiration to girls. At this particular convention Miss Taggart, from Toronto, created an atmosphere of such womanly sweetness that every delegate felt the power of a spiritual woman in everyday life. She led many beautiful services, showing how a well developed body, a keen and well informed mind, and a life devoted to unselfish service, insures happiness that gold cannot buy.

The resourcefulness of the different clubs appealed to me. One club in a little town obtained permission to place a barrel in an elevator. Above the barrel was a request for everyone with a load of grain to throw one shovelful into the barrel. In this way a good sum was collected for Red Cross work. The clubs were all interested in patriotic work. The more isolated clubs seemed the most resourceful. This alone is excellent training for girls. And they have good social times. We are all becoming reconciled to the fact that girls need good times, and we are getting busy on the environment. There were a thousand girls in attendance at some of the sessions of the conference. I am sure these girls, the sisters, daughters and friends of Manitoba's

soldiers sang "God Save Our Splendid Men," with an inspirational note that those present can never forget. It was a wonderful privilege to see this group of some of Manitoba's finest girls gathered together with the earnest desire for more light, more vision, more strength and more wisdom. Rev. R. D. Armstrong, the man in the picture, with Miss Falk, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Alfred White, of Brandon, and several others, are the leaders of this organization in Manitoba. Miss Sadie McDonald, of Winnipeg, is the newly elected president. Dr. F. W. Patterson closed the convention with an address that will bless a great many Manitoba homes through these delegates, who caught from his sermon a picture of the ideal woman.

While writing of this convention, a notice of a similar convention in Saskatchewan came to my desk from Miss Helen Davison, secretary of the Regina Y.W.C.A. The Saskatchewan work is divided into two conferences—one meeting in Saskatoon, Oct. 26th-28th, the other meeting in Regina, Nov. 2nd-4th. The notice sums up the value of these conferences in this statement: "This is the day of great demands upon womanhood; demands upon her strength, courage, faith, optimism, resourcefulness and spirit of service. These conferences mean vision, courage, faith, good cheer and training to the girls of Saskatchewan," and I want to add Manitoba, Alberta, and all other provinces in Canada that take up this progressive movement for the girl in her teens. It is the very best of training for our young girls.

The River

She sat next me in the street car, very close; in fact she unconsciously leaned against me. I looked down at the profile of her face, sad and forsaken; it expressed the heart hunger of some mother's girl alone in the city. She did not know my heart went out to her, for I sensed that indescribable burning of remorse that scorches the very soul of a girl—those downcast eyes, the drooped body, tiny little fragment of one of the city's numberless rejected victims of smooth-tongued betrayers. She was one of Heaven's sacred gifts to humanity—withered under the venomous social blight. I knew it.

Every day I live I feel more indebted to the army of young girls and young women whose foreordained mission was to bless humanity. Every day I feel more bitter towards a human bound—man or woman—who would violate and crush beneath their polished boots the heart of a young woman. A big lump chokes me when I think of those fourteen-year-old, fifteen-year-old and sixteen-year-old mothers in yonder Salvation Army Home. Who dares to chide them for believing the promises of the men they loved too much, promises made by men who knew these girls had not been taught the knowledge of life by their mothers. In many cases these girls lost their mothers in early childhood. Who dares to chide them when they have been kicked down into the social mud by the very men to whom they had given their very life? The more I know these precious girls the more determined am I to say no word of criticism regarding them.

And oh! the multitude of girls in this city and other cities who are part of our

economic system who need the personal touch—good, clean, pure, brave, honest girls they are in the great majority, because they have come from good homes, and they need us to help keep them as pure as they were when they left those homes. Most of them recognize villains, but they do not see into the leprous souls of the majority of tempters who swim in decent society and even sit in the Amen seats of the church.

A working woman tells of her safety in a pioneer section of the country in the west where, she said, men were killed in drunken brawls. Yet, with it all, womanhood was safer than in the padded parlors of civilization. Why? I asked my friend's brother that question once.

"Because every man in this camp knows that if he as much as looked disrespect at a decent woman, he would be cut into scraps in about two seconds; and there would be no coroner's inquest," he answered savagely. One of the girls of our club married an engineer and went to live in a town near Alaska. On one of her visits to me I asked her if she were not afraid to stay alone when she was only one of two women in that town. She was surprised at my question. "Afraid? I was never afraid but once, and that was at a mouse that I caught in a trap the next morning." The well-known villain or the branded criminal are not the greatest dangers to girls. Girls know them when they see them. The average girl is in danger of the "part saint and part sinner sort of man"; he is the greatest danger to the wage-earning girl, and he is usually married. "The greatest danger is not from open enemies but from tainted friends," one authority quotes truthfully. One very hot day last summer I went down town to shop. Customers were impatient, and the girls, all who waited on me, were worn-out physically. It was at the end of the day, yet every girl who served me said a pleasant word to me and smiled. As I passed out of the stores I looked back in admiration on those brave girls, and I went home kinder to everybody because of their courage. There were trials in those lives. There was little Miss —, who helped support her family; and at the time when she was most tried, for she was paying for her sister at the hospital, the one over her tried to buy her soul. "He bothered me most when he knew I was most worried," she told me later, when she had come out victorious. And he was a saint outwardly—yes, a saint in a respectable church. There are girls whose loved ones are all at the front, who are fighting harder battles at home. "You! What can you do?" sneered a man to a young girl whose brother and sweetheart had gone to the front. She was all alone. He knew it, and he threatened to fix it so she could not get a position in another place—a form of existing fraternity. The poor young girl sobbed herself faint on the shoulder of a sister worker. There are tragedies going on that investigation committees cannot reach. Why, do you know I was actually put on a committee one time for investigating a place of industry, and one of that committee was the wife of the manager? The thing seemed so ridiculous to me that I stayed home and did my week's washing. I never served on an investigating committee in my life—social calcsomines never appealed to me.



Manitoba Girls' Conference, at its First Meeting.

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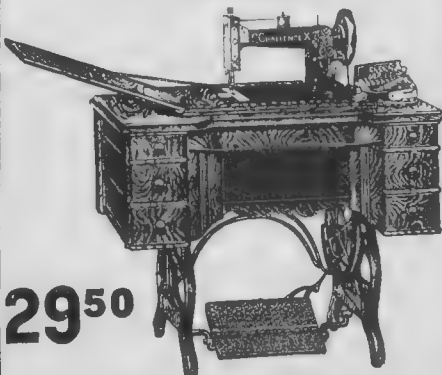


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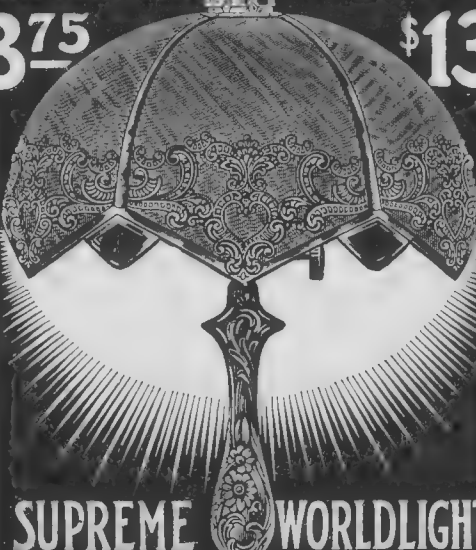
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The Lamp itself is handsomely nickel-plated; all parts are well made and finely finished. The design is neat and symmetrical. The shape is very artistic. The lamp is attractive in every way.

SIMPLICITY The Worldlight Lamp is just as simple as it is safe. There is no work to bother with nor chimney to clean. It uses two shadowless, inverted mantles of exceeding durability. It operates in less than a minute, and no generating torch is required. The generator is removable without the aid of tools, and without disturbing either shade or mantle.



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335 CANDLE POWER As a light-giver the Worldlight Mantle Lamp has no equal. It is the most powerful table or reading lamp on the market to-day. The light it gives is intensely bright, yet soft, easy on the eyes, and steady as the sun. It produces a light of 335 candle power. Gives 13 times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp, 7 times as much as gas, and 21 times as much as the standard 16 candle power electric light. Beside it all other lamps look yellow and dim.

ECONOMY The cost of operation of the Worldlight is practically nothing. You can burn it 2 1/2 hours a night every night in the month on a single gallon of kerosene or gasoline. By actual test it has burned 80 hours at a cost of 10 cents, or 1/4 of a cent for each hour of burning. It will soon pay for itself in the saving of oil.

WITH EACH LAMP WE INCLUDE a pump, wrench, alcohol can, cleaning needle, and an instruction card which shows you how to set up and operate the Worldlight Lamp.



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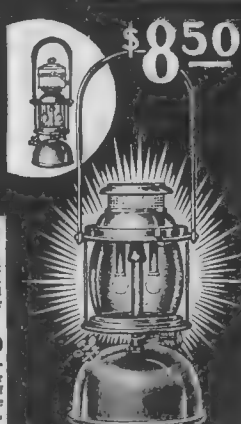
Note the beautifully designed Chinese Chippendale shade, large artistically designed base and standard. It stands 24" high, and shade is 12" in diameter. Burns kerosene. 335 candle power. Send for this on free trial.

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WORLD LANTERN

Has large font, nickel-plated, two powerful mantles giving 335 candle-power. Burns 90% air and 8% oil. Can be used for boiling small saucepan or kettle (see small sketch). Order one on approval.

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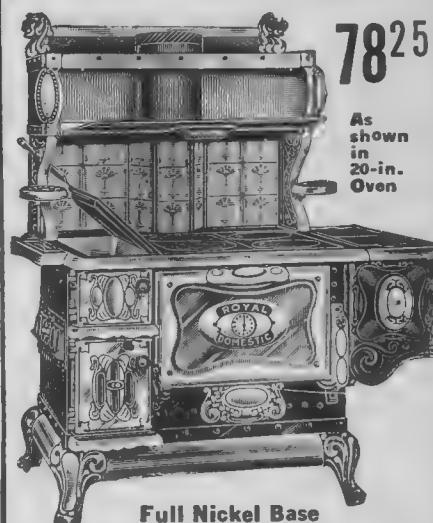


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BURNS KEROSENE OR GASOLINE Either kerosene or gasoline can be burned in the Worldlight lamp without change of mantle. The principal fuel, however, is not oil, but air. The Worldlight Lamp actually consumes but 3% of oil to 97% of air, which explains why the cost of lighting with it is so small.

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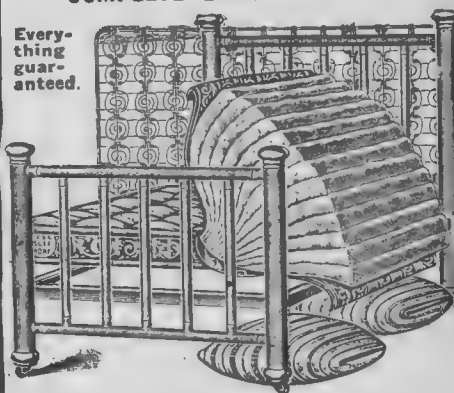
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The Home Doctor

Ticklishness and Kisses Explained by New Discoveries

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Are you ticklish? Offhand you will say that you are or you are not. Yet to be tickled to death is a form of pleasure pain, which no one hankers after. The art and science of ticklishness has never before been thoroughly understood. The laboratories of psychology have delved into it; volumes have been written about it; people have enjoyed and been punished by tickling, yet nothing has come out of Goth or Babylon except gossip.

Comes now Dr. Louis Robinson, the eminent psychologist with the first real tangible information to an awaiting world as to the real basis for the sensation of tickling.

If you tickle a child, it either ignores you, resents it, or laughs and plays according to its mood. Plainly, if the child is not in a playful and responsive mood, it cannot be tickled. If it be ill or if you are a stranger or someone disliked, resentment instead of pleasure at the undesired attempt will follow.

Indeed, you may soon tell whether a child likes you or dislikes you by trying the experiment of tickling the youngster. If the little one laughs to feel such sport, it is a sign of friendliness and good will. Then in its delight, the child will pretend

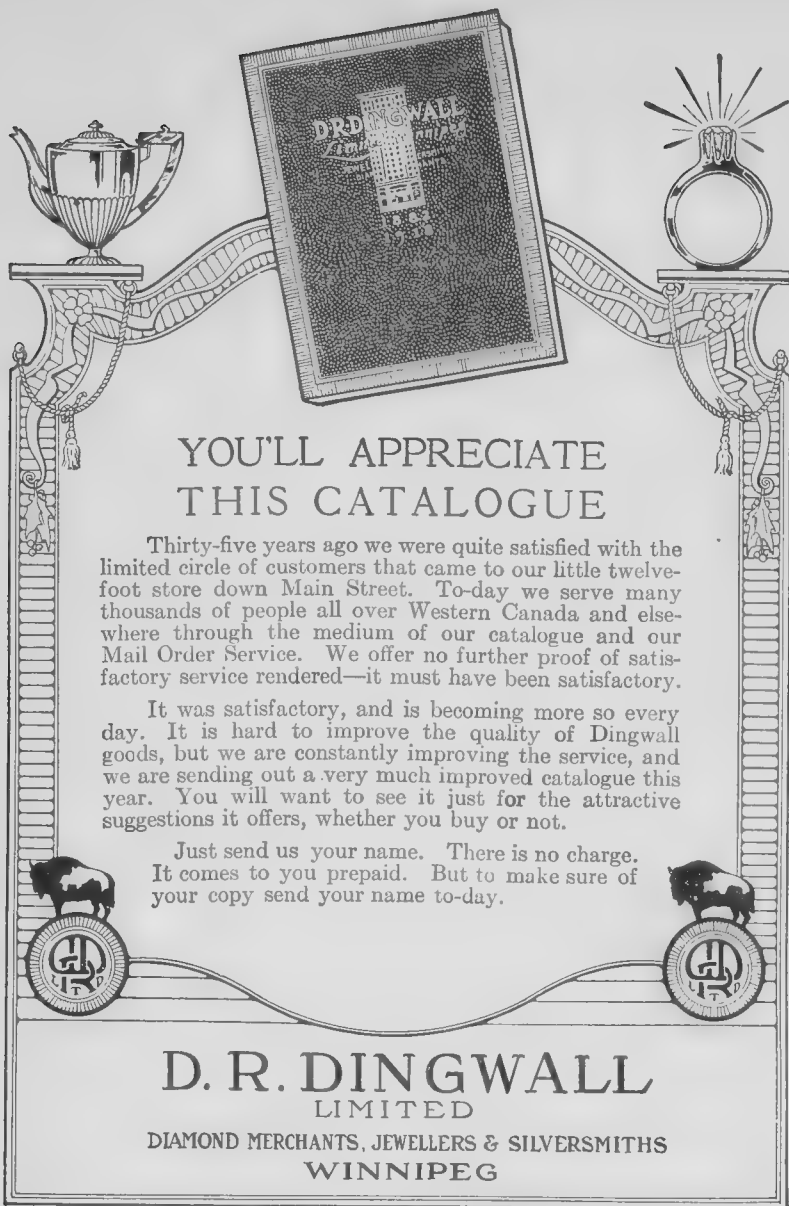
very thing which tickles the palate soon palls on it. "But," says Dr. Robinson, "no one can get even a smile out of himself—much less peals of convulsive laughter—by going into solitude and tickling his own ribs!"

Light touches of the nature of a caress, are the same as these sensations of ticklishness. The same sense of gratification is associated with both animals that lick their young, give them simultaneously a tickle and a caress. When your dog licks your hand, he tickles it and gives it a loving caress at the same moment.

The Esquimaux and the higher types of monkeys also lick their young. The great William Harvey held the idea, which is no doubt true, that the establishment of parental affection is founded upon this licking—tickling sensation.

Indeed the act of kissing is itself an act of tickling more than licking. If you analyze a kiss, it will be found to be a tickle and a caress of various degrees of moisture intermingled. A dry kiss is always pleasanter and filled more with gratification than a moist one, for the reason that it tickles more than a wet. Even children resentfully wipe away a moist kiss and exclaim: "You wet my mouth when you kiss me."

In a detailed map of the surface of the body to show the most ticklish parts, the lips and mouth stand out head and shoulders above all the rest. This is



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Poster showing how Great Britain's Army has grown during the war period

to avoid, while yet inviting the tickling.

This distinct appetite for tickling, discovered by Dr. Robinson, is held by him to be an animal appetite for the perpetuation of the human race. Like all human appetites, he says, there are times when this one of ticklishness is strong and gratification great, and also when it is absent and all provocation fails to take effect.

Ticklishness is like the alternations of an electric current. The craving for it is negative and positive by turns. Contact is wanted, invited and intensely enjoyed up to a certain point. Suddenly it pains, becomes unpleasant, and is avoided vigorously. Yet the appetite for tickling quickly returns. In the instance of the child, for example, if you push the tickling too far, you will see him throw himself down on his back and fence with his limbs to protect the more ticklish parts. This activity of a lively tacker will usually result in protecting the most ticklish parts such as the armpits.

If pursued too sharply, the child may show its teeth and bite, all in fun and with delighted laughter. If, however, anyone is tickled by means of a fly, an insect, a hair turned inside the nostrils or ears, a feather or something of this sort, the sensation of ticklishness takes on a protective character and the object is wiped away with vigor.

"To tickle your palate with something" is a phrase which has more than mere poetic license. A good taste means pleasure just as tickling the soles of the feet or back does. But just like them, the

only one of a multitude of proofs that a kiss is the acme and summation of the ticklishness of mankind, whether of children or of grown ups. A spot just above and to the outer side of the heart and near the armpits is like the hollows under the arm also extremely ticklish. Beneath the ribs and soles of the feet, palms of the hand and many other places known to everybody are known to be very ticklish.

Orang-utans, gorillas and most young monkeys are exactly like children, when tickled. If sulky and morose, they resent the tickling; if friendly and playful they are actually the same as children when kissed or otherwise delighted. Often fox cubs and young puppies are the same way.

Fawns and calves to a much milder degree appreciate the sensation. They, however, enjoy licking the human skin and being in turn licked by their own parents. Lambs, kids and young colts are much the same. Colts are particularly sensitive between the forelegs and in the flanks.

Several of these experimenters are now convinced that the "amatory center" or

The worms that infest children from their birth are of two kinds, those that find lodgement in the stomach and those that are found in the intestines. The latter are the most destructive, as they cling to the walls of the intestines and if not interfered with work havoc there. Miller's Worm Powders dislodge both kinds and while expelling them from the system serve to repair the damage they have caused.

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bump of love—the origin of the mating instinct and affection between the sexes—is located in the sense of ticklishness. There is so much evidence in favor of this that no authority has risen to question the discovery. Among the outstanding facts which prove that in ticklishness is situated the source of love, is first and foremost the fact that children enjoy tickling by those that love them, such as their parents and other affectionate grown-ups.

Then there is the noteworthy experience that kissing is made up for the most part of the sensation of tickling and at the same time kissing is the major domo of the gentle art of love. Cupid himself has his lips puckered up ready for kisses. Furthermore, tickling gives a delightful sense of love gratification more especially when the members of one sex attempt or pretend to tickle those of the other.

Just as all love elements—as when the father dog seizes the mother dog by his teeth on the nape of her neck, or one crab bites and takes hold with his claws the body of another crab—have a fighting and biting element in them, so young apes, dogs and other animals in the numerous sham battles of youth, learn to defend the most ticklish parts of the body. Girls, too, trained by their parents to avoid the protestations of love, also instinctively defend themselves against kissing, tickling the arms, armpits and other ticklish parts of the anatomy.

Moreover, large arteries and even the jugular vein, are all situated very near to the surface in these "amatory" spots. Bites or slight tears may lay these open even in the act of "love and tickling" if the one to be loved—that is tickled—did not guard herself accordingly.

It is also undeniable that children,

girls and the feminine part of the human race are most susceptible than the older and sterner male sex. Tickling, like love, is of man's life a thing apart, while it is woman's very substance.

Birds, apes and most creatures, that is the female of the species, are shy and run away when pursued by the male. They in the end when caught defend themselves. The male always aims at their most ticklish parts of the throat, the face, the ribs near the armpits and heart, the various regions which are most ticklish.

All the chimpanzees, orang-outangs and macaque monkeys seem to have the throat and the mouth as the most ticklish region. In fighting this is the part most often attacked.

Whenever a male bird is large and gaudy, or a male animal strong, pugnacious and well armed, as compared with the females of the same families, it will be

found that the latter are more ticklish and the former the better lovers.

"Ticklishness," says Dr. Robinson, "is a moral faculty which has eliminated plural wives and polygamy in the animal and human worlds, where all religion and ethics would fail." In a community of apes, such as may be found in tropical lands, presided over by a stalwart and wily patriarch, who won his position by victory in a hundred fights, the whole tribe is the patriarch's family as strictly as a harem of a Turk. Sooner or later a young rival springs up. His physical perfections, plainly should be perpetuated, but the old gazabo is past master of all the arts and crafts of war. The youthful courage, physical perfections and instincts are no match for this wise and experimental veteran of a million battles. Nature, however, does better than allow so unequal a battle. She obtains his





Military Service Act, 1917

Explanatory Announcement by the
Minister of Justice

THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT has received the assent of the Governor in Council and is now law. It is the purpose of this announcement to explain the provisions of the Act and to inform the public of the measures being taken to enforce it.

Reinforcements under the Military Service Act immediately required.

First call limited to men between 20 and 34 who were unmarried or widowers without children on July 8, 1917.

Civil tribunals to deal with exemptions.

Proclamation will announce the day.

How to apply for exemption.

Exemption Tribunals in all parts of Canada.

How to report for service.

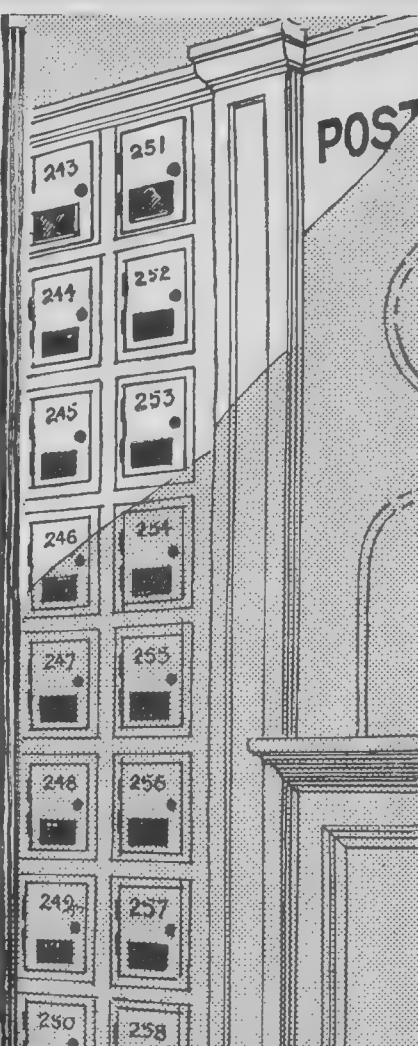
Early report advantageous.

Provision for immediate medical examination.

Notice to give the colors.

Watch for the Proclamation.

CHAS. J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.



SHOULD YOU BE EXEMPT?

Every facility is afforded those who have reasonable ground for applying for exemption under the Military Service Act. Each man's case will be considered by a local, civil board, sitting in the locality where he lives, and will be decided as is desirable in the national interest.

The idea behind the Military Service Act is to call up first only those whose absence from civilian occupations will cause least disturbance to the country's economic and social life. One hundred thousand reinforcements—**no more**—are to be raised under the Act.

CASES OF EXEMPTION

Over 1,250 civic tribunals have been organized throughout Canada, known as Exemption Tribunals. These boards are comprised of 2 members, one appointed by the county judge and one by a joint committee of Parliament. It will be seen that these tribunals are non-military and independent. The members are men closely acquainted with conditions in the places where they sit and will be able to give each case sympathetic attention.

NATIONAL INTEREST WILL GOVERN EXEMPTIONS

Consideration will be given to applications for exemption received from men engaged in the production or manufacture of commodities necessary to the conduct of the war and the support of those at home and cases in which real hardship would be caused by the withdrawal. Not all men who register these claims will be exempted, but such claims will receive careful consideration. National interest must govern.

PROMPTNESS IS ESSENTIAL

Prompt application for exemption is strongly urged upon all who, being included in the first class, believe they deserve exemption. But first visit a Medical Board and find out if any further action is required. Unless the Medical examination places you in Category A., you will have no immediate obligation for service.

racial superiority by training him in the play and appetite of tickling and of love. From his earliest infancy he has been an adept at tickling and defending himself from tickling. Practise has made him skillful and unconscious of this, as the blinking of the eye. Thus by the art of love and his ability to tickle, the tribe obtains the perfective powers of the new

hero without strife within the lines of the family.

Similarly the value of ticklishness in the economy of human life is to be seen in the act of kissing which is more prevalent among mankind than among the lower animals. The identity of tickling in children and in apes also helps to prove this.

These same investigators have found that people who are not lovable, who are pessimistic in disposition, misanthropic, melancholy, who are known as women-haters and men-haters, upon examination are less ticklish than the general run of humanity. Individuals who are icy-cold, reserved and without a spark of affection, are rarely, if ever, ticklish. On the other

hand, persons known to be kind, genial, good-hearted, affectionate and lovable will upon trial be discovered to exhibit an extreme degree of ticklishness.

Thus it is proved that ticklishness is not limited to the skin and surface of the body, but permeates the whole being. The whole warp and woof of human fabric is concerned with the mechanism in the skin that causes you to feel "tickled to death."

Speech Defects and Cure

By Smiley Blanton, M.D., University of Wisconsin

The story of Samuel McKay bears a moral for all people, but more especially for those who are trying to meet the requirements of life with remediable speech defects.

When Samuel was fourteen he had to quit school and go to work to help support the family. He was an especially bright boy and it was easy enough to get a job but impossible to hold one—for he stuttered.

From one job to another—down the line, and with longer periods of depression and hunger, until finally he came to one of the big medical clinics and was set to work to correct the defect which had all but made an outcast of him.

Stuttering is a most serious disease, and though it does not kill it incapacitates the individual nearly as much as would the loss of an arm or leg.

There is a little center in the brain which sends out impulses setting in motion the wonderfully complicated speech mechanism; and when these impulses are interfered with, halting, broken speech is the result. The most common cause of stuttering seems to be a serious or exhausting illness in early childhood, such as measles, whooping cough, and especially scarlet fever.

It is one of the unfortunate things that stammering and stuttering are considered funny. It would be less perpetually the material for jokes were it better known what a great per cent of this trouble is thus caused by imitation. Sometimes a stuttering child will start a whole school. We should use our influence to prevent characters on the stage from simulating stuttering as a means of getting a laugh.

Severe injuries or surgical operations or great fright may induce it. One case is on record where a boy was chased by a vicious hog; in another instance frogs were placed in a child's bed as a practical joke, frightening him so that he became a stutterer.

It is essentially a disease of childhood and it is then that the cure is easiest. A few may outgrow the disease but most untreated cases last on into adult life. As soon as the disease begins the child should be examined by a competent physician or nerve specialist if possible and any abnormal physical condition treated, and the child then placed in the charge of a trained teacher who has had experience in teaching stutterers. The treatment consists mostly in carefully re-educating the child's speech mechanism. With some the cure requires only a few weeks, others much longer. All cases can be cured or greatly helped.

The thinking public should drop the hopelessly pessimistic attitude generally held toward this handicapping disease. Each community should have at least one teacher in its schools trained to handle this class of cases while they are still in the formative stage.

Life and Roses

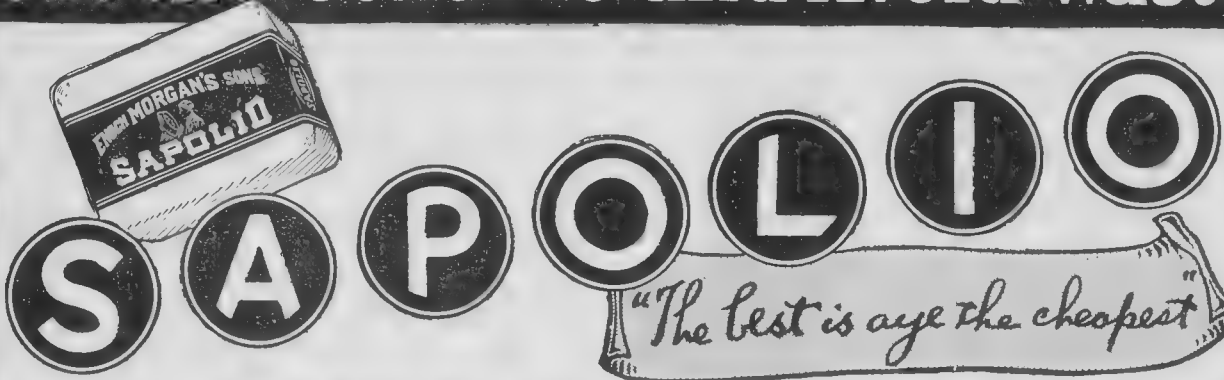
By J. H. Arnett

Life is not a bed of roses,
Fresh and fragrant, beautiful;
There is toil and care and sorrow
Mixed with love so wonderful.

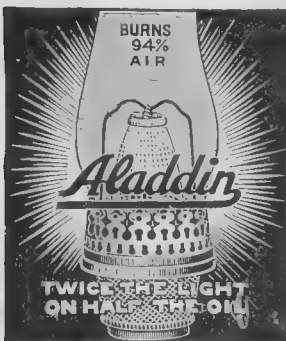
But in life you'll find the roses
If your heart is pure and sweet,
After darkest hours they blossom,
Tear-dewed as the morn they greet.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Pamelée's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste



The General All-Around Cleaner



Get One FREE

New COAL OIL Light Beats Electric or Gasoline

10 Days FREE—Send No Money

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Passed by Insurance Underwriters. Children handle easily. Tests by Government and 35 leading Universities show that the new ALADDIN

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common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Over three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

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Photograph of jar containing 5 lbs. of No. 1 Northern Wheat. Prof. S. A. Bedford, Official Contest Judge, will break the seal and count the kernels after the close of the contest on May 1st, 1918. His decision will be final and satisfactory to all.

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How many kernels in five pounds of 1917 wheat?

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Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.
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About the Farm

What the Soil is Composed of

A soil serves two purposes, to anchor or hold the plant, and to supply it with plant food. But a very small amount of the material of which the soil is composed is available for the use of the plant. We might infer this from our study of the way plants take up their food. Before the plant can take plant food it must be in a soluble form, and most of the material of which the soil is composed is insoluble, and the work we do in plowing and cultivating the soil is to make this insoluble material soluble, through the action of air and water. The more the soil is aerated, the more plant food will be unlocked for plant use. This is one reason why the yield of wheat is greater after a summer fallow than if it followed some other crop.

We may consider a normal soil as consisting of four parts, viz., mineral matter, which is derived from rock material, soil water, organic matter, and soil organisms. The mineral matter can be divided up according to the size of the particles of which it is composed. It can be graded into stones, sand, silt and clay. The clay portion furnishes most of the plant food, as the other particles are too large to be appreciably acted on by the air or water and thus rendered soluble. The soil water holds mineral matter and other material that has been made soluble. This soil water in a properly drained and

Where Horses Once Reigned

While waiting between trains at Orrville, Ohio, recently I walked around to the stable where I have seen more strictly high-class fat draft geldings than at any other place—that was several years ago. Big green draft geldings were shipped to Orrville by hundreds from the West, bought by feeders, finished and re-sold, most of them going East. I had not been at Orrville for three years.

I turned the corner where in times past the first sight to meet the gaze at this time of year was the long row of regulation chairs in front of the stable and in the chairs the portly occupants who talked horse and put over the deals. The chairs were not there. The "tryout" carts and wagons were gone. The auction block had been moved away. No horses were stepping to the crack of the whip. Over the sidewalk in front of the big stable hung a great sign, GARAGE. Inside the stable where once 300 horses each had a feed box there is now not a stall. Rows of automobiles are backed against the wall. The place has a fresh, business-like appearance as in the days of yore, but the equine air has departed. With a touch of sadness I viewed the work of progress, and indeed it must be progress for we are not a nation to go far backward.

"Why all this change?" I asked. "Just business," came the reply. "The



A wounded Boche being carried in by fellow prisoners during Canadian push near Lens, Hill 70

cultivated soil surrounds the soil particles as a film, and when the water in the upper layers of the soil becomes scant, through being taken up by the roots of the plants, more water is being drawn up from below through the action of capillarity.

The organic matter in the soil has been derived from plants that have formerly grown in the soil. When we grow any crop we add organic matter to the soil even if we do not plow it under, because the roots and stubble remain behind. The organic matter consists of carbon that has been taken from the air and plant food material that has been taken from the soil. When it decays this plant food material becomes available for crop use and acids are formed which render soluble some of the insoluble mineral matter. Organic matter is very important, also, because it loosens up heavy clay soils and makes loose sandy soils more compact. When a soil is out of condition it usually lacks organic matter.

The organisms that the soil contains are very important, as some of them are beneficial, as they aid in the formation of plant food, while others of them are injurious, as they rob the soil of plant food by changing it into gas. The latter kind of organisms work best when the soil is poorly drained.

Makes Breathing Easy.—The constriction of the air passages and the struggle for breath, too familiar evidence of asthmatic trouble, cannot daunt Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This is the famous remedy which is known far and wide for its complete effectiveness even under very severe conditions. It is no untried, experimental preparation, but one with many years of strong service behind it. Buy it from your nearest dealer.

days of big doings in horses is over for Orrville. The business went dead and no one can afford a lagging business."

There is still some business in good horses at Orrville but not on the scale that made the town famous as a horse center.

This instance is not alone in the horse history of the land. Hundreds of other markets of more or less interest have been abandoned or become so limited in operations that they are forgotten.

There is still a place for horses, and good ones, especially good drafters, can never be entirely replaced by any contrivance of man. Occasionally someone repeats the above statement and pays much tribute to the much-loved horse and predicts a return or partial return to the use of equine power. We all feel that way more or less at times, yet folks go on just the same replacing horse power with machine power, and aside from the search for war material in places, there is a quiet about horse markets that is not indicative of big business. There is no real occasion for sorrow in all this and there need be no serious readjustment. All will come out well. It is reasonable to believe that the folks will be fewer who continue to raise good horses and they will have a market with horse-using folks who will also be fewer. After the war, or even before the war is over, there may be a spirited demand for horses of all types. The anticipation of this is not enough to warrant anyone in launching into horse-breeding except with big, useful mares and high-class sires.—R. A. Hayne.

TO THE GIFT SEEKER

The true Gift Giver of to-day is better known by the wisdom of his selection than by the amount of money he spends. So long as the Gift bears distinction and quality, its cost may be dropped out of consideration. The Gift spirit is not measured in Dollars and Cents.

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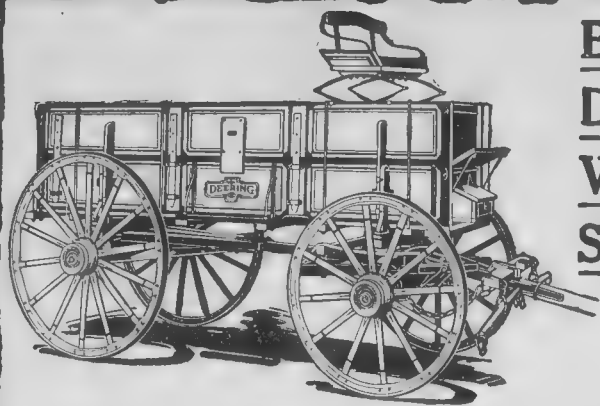
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Wheat prices are fixed but service is not. The best is assured you when you consign your

Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax or Rye

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The Best Magazine Value Available—
The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year

A Premium on Management

More farms fail because of poor management than because of poor farming. This is a cold fact that has been brought out in testing the farm enterprise by the business man's test, as is done in the farm surveys.

Good management can often make a success even with mediocre work with crops and livestock, but a good stockman or a careful cultivator will usually fail if he is a poor manager.

The vital thing is management. It becomes more important as cost of production rises and other complications—labor shortage and market variations—enter in as they have this year. With a steady market and a fixed cost of production a margin is assured, and the operation of a farm is a simple matter of cultivation. Bad practices in the fields may not begin to cut down an income for several seasons.

Price fixing will help the poor manager and tend to stabilize his business. He has only production problems to struggle with, though this year these are serious enough at the best.

Good farm management, in its broad sense, involves keeping the business constantly in hand, ready to make changes to meet any emergency that may arise. Records and accounts are essential, but they are only a part of the equipment.

A fixed rotation and cropping system is a link in the chain, but it is not sufficient to make any farm successful. The vital thing is to know the increases in value and cost of every line of production as they come along, so as to foresee losses and be able to forestall them.

A detailed plan to start with, cost ac-

Oats as Hog Feed

Ground oats will be found a good feed for brood sows and growing pigs but not so useful as corn for fattening hogs. When made a part of the fattening ration oats should not constitute more than one-third of it, and probably one-fourth would be better. The great hog fattener is corn, and nothing else on earth equals it for gains or quality of product. But corn is most effective in making gains when balanced by some tankage or oats or middlings, and here the oats may be useful in the fattening process.

To Keep Pullets from Moulting

Every fall we hear a number of reports of pullet-egg production being cut down by fall moulting. This is perhaps only natural when we consider that every one is working toward early maturity and production by means of better breeding, early hatching, and heavy feeding. It is natural for very early hatched pullets to stop laying and go through a partial moult before cold weather. In addition to this natural tendency, the moult may be hastened by any sudden change of feed, care, or environment. The following simple rules, if followed, will be helpful to prevent this fall moult:

1. Avoid hatching out of season; March, April and May are best, the exact time depending on the breed.
2. Provide free range during the entire season.
3. Avoid rations containing an excess of protein.
4. Do not attempt to hold pullets back, let them mature normally.
5. Have the pullets in their winter quarters before production starts.



Canadian Cavalry machine gun section getting their guns into action.

counting as the season goes along, and several optional methods of utilizing every crop and by-product give the only safe basis upon which to anticipate a profit. Some farmers learn good management by slow and expensive experience, but there is a short cut—observation.

This is the method the county agent uses, and our best farmers are usually keen observers and frequent travelers in their neighborhood. Every neighborhood has farmers who are producing for the same markets, under the same conditions, yet are operating on a variety of plans. In this variety lies the chance for everyone to safeguard himself.

In this year of new and difficult complications every bit of aid that can be had is needed. The loosely managed place is moving on quicksand. The trouble can be forestalled only by anticipating it.

Good management is the only success insurance.

The Small Unit

We desire to call your attention to the fact that in innumerable instances one sow can be handled to advantage and an economic production of pork brought about, where five sows would mean production of pork at a loss. The one sow would largely mean utilization of what is now waste; five sows the purchase of high-priced feed for turning progeny into pork, with the result of high cost of production. The one-sow man is the farmer who can come to the rescue of the nation in this emergency. Make it possible by furnishing the necessary credit at a low cost. The same principle applies to both sheep and cattle. It is the man who will produce in small units whom we must rely upon to get our increased supply of livestock.—Food Administration.

6. Avoid any sudden change in feed, care, or management after production begins.—Conn. Exp. Sta.

Fleas in the Poultry House

We find our hen house infested for the first time with tiny black insects resembling fleas. What are they and what is the remedy? The children are badly bitten by them whenever they go near the hen house, hence the pest is doubly troublesome.—J. B.

Clean out all dirt and refuse in the poultry house and spray thoroughly with a solution of one of the standard stock dips, such as are advertised in this paper. Scatter a little lime around on the floor. It also would be a good thing to white-wash the interior of the house, adding to each gallon of the whitewash three or four tablespoonfuls of the dip. Spray with this dip solution at frequent intervals in order to keep down this parasite.

Potash from Wood Ashes

With potash selling for ten times what it did before the war, interest has revived in its manufacture from wood ashes. This was formerly an important industry, but then the price became too low to justify operations. The high price prevailing now makes the business again profitable, and as the construction of a plant is simple and inexpensive there is no good reason why one should not be in operation wherever the supply of ashes will justify it. Hardwood distillation plants, refuse burners at sawmills, and the household supply can be utilized to advantage. It should be remembered that hardwoods, such as oak, are richer in potash than the softwoods, such as pine, and that coal ashes are worthless.

Severe Headaches

CAUSED BY
SLUGGISH LIVER.

When the liver becomes sluggish and inactive the bowels become constipated, the tongue becomes coated, the breath bad, the stomach foul and then ensues headaches, heartburn, floating specks before the eyes, water brash, biliousness and all kinds of liver troubles.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the foul-coated tongue, sweeten the sour stomach, and banish the disagreeable headaches.

Mrs. A. Shubler, Halifax, N.S., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver."

When my liver got bad I would have severe headaches, but after using a couple of vials of your pills, I have not been bothered any more."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

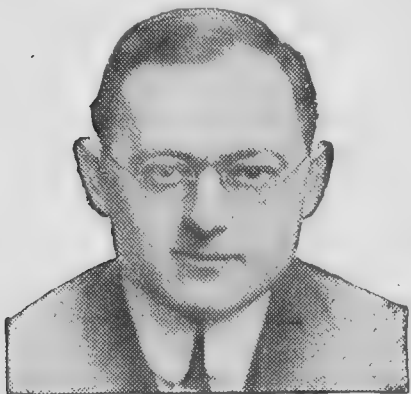
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Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something



delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh, and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked or this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room D. R. 1158
142 Mutual Street TORONTO, ONT.

The process by which potash for fertilizer is obtained consists, briefly, in leaching the ashes in wooden vats, boiling down the lye in evaporation pans as in the making of maple syrup, calcining the syrupy product in cast-iron kettles, and lading the finished material into metal containers or molds ready for market. Following is a description of a potash factory in Michigan:

The vats are six feet in each dimension and are arranged in series of twenty, in the form of long troughs with partitions. They are made of planks about one and one-half inches thick, well braced, with the bottoms slightly inclined toward a three-fourth-inch outlet in one corner. These bottoms are covered with tin to prevent leakage and the sides are tight except along the lower edge, where seepage is permitted.

Tacked to the under edge of the bottom is a projecting strip of tin about a foot wide; from which the lye drains into a long shallow tin trough inclined toward the storage tank. An inch pipe runs along the top of the vats to supply water for the leaching. It is connected with an over head tank, into which water is pumped by a small engine.

Preliminary to charging with ashes, a layer of straw four inches thick is spread over the bottom of the vat, and upon this is placed a three-inch layer of slaked lime. These layers need not be removed oftener than every three months. About 200 bushels of ashes, slightly dampened to facilitate handling and tamping, and mixed with one-third of a barrel of slaked lime, are put into the vat and packed down tightly.

The surface is leveled and about the edges the ashes are raised a few inches and pressed tightly against the boards to hold the water on top and keep any from running down the sides. Unless care is taken some of the ash is likely to be carried out into the lye.

In applying the water enough is run in to cover the surface to the depth of an inch. This is then allowed to percolate slowly through the mass.

From time to time more water is added as needed. The potassium salts are gradually leached out and appear in a solution that is bright orange red when strong and becomes yellowish as it grows weaker. The stronger the lye the less boiling required in evaporating it, thereby reducing the time and expense of preparation and increasing the output. The best lye will run twenty per cent potash, but it is found profitable to use it down to four per cent. When it gets too weak the leaching is stopped and the charge is renewed. A larger proportion of strong liquor can be secured by using the weak lye to wet down the fresh charges.

From the storage tank the lye is pumped by hand to the evaporators. These consist of two sheet-iron pans, sixteen feet long, four and a half feet wide, and fourteen inches deep, placed over fire arches and connected with a chimney in common with the calcining apparatus. The lye is boiled over a wood fire until it tests about fifty per cent with the hydrometer. The resulting black or reddish-black liquor is then ready for the final treatment.

For calcining, three cast-iron kettles about four and a half feet in diameter are used. These are set in fire brick and an intense fire is kept under them. At first the liquor boils violently, with a continual bumping, but when the water is driven off the mass quiets down. The surface turns whitish or brownish red and the lower portion becomes red hot. When a thick syrupy consistency is attained, which hardens readily upon cooling, the stuff is ladled out into sheet-iron barrels or cast in iron molds.

Ashes to be used for this purpose should be kept as dry as possible up to the time of charging the vats, as the potassium salts are readily soluble in water. According to the operator of the plant in question, an average of three pounds of potash is obtained from every bushel of forty pounds of good hardwood ashes, or 150 pounds from a ton. The cost of the ashes at the plant is about \$3.50 a ton, or about fifty dollars a ton of potash.

The maximum capacity of the plant using strong lye is four tons of potash a week, but with weaker lye, as is commonly used, the output is very much less. The value of the finished product is \$800 a ton.—Samuel J. Record.

Tuberculosis in Hogs

Not everyone is aware that tuberculosis will affect hogs as well as cattle. While we in Canada have not found this disease general among hogs, it is nevertheless true that in certain districts it exists and is making headway. Buyers for packing houses can numerate certain districts in Western Canada from which hogs will not be bought for slaughter on account of the general prevalence of this disease. It is, therefore, in our interests to know as much about this disease as possible.

Farmers' Bulletin 781 recently published by the United States Department of Agriculture on tuberculosis of hogs, states that of the hogs slaughtered during 1916 at establishments under federal inspection, which includes all important ones, 9 per cent were found to be affected with tuberculosis. While this is the general average for the entire country, it is noticeable that a much larger per cent of diseased hogs comes from some sections than from others. For example, hogs from some of the southwestern states, such as Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, are remarkably free from the disease. This is, doubtless, due to the fact that hogs in that section are pasture fed to a very large extent.

On the other hand, corn belt hogs and especially those from dairy states, are altogether too frequently affected with tuberculosis. While only 2.4 per cent of the 451,478 hogs slaughtered at Fort Worth, Texas, during 1915 were tuberculous, 9 per cent, 10.9 per cent, 12.1 per cent, and 25.1 per cent respectively of those slaughtered at four cities in a leading dairy state showed tuberculous lesions.

From this it is evident that the subject is of importance to dairy farmers and especially so since the above mentioned bulletin reports that packing houses are beginning to discriminate against hogs from localities known to be badly infected.

The most frequent infection of hogs occurs through the digestive tract and is intimately related to tuberculous cattle. In those localities where a large number of hogs have been found affected with the disease, investigation showed that most of the hogs in question had been fed upon unpasteurized skimmilk or occasionally that the carcass of some animal succumbing to the disease had been thrown to them to dispose of. Another source of infection is the practice of allowing swine to run behind tuberculous cattle. Still another is the infection of young pigs through the milk of a tuberculous sow, but to dairymen, at least, the first is of most importance.

Experiments have been conducted to show that milk from cows affected with tuberculosis will produce the disease in swine. When hogs were fed such milk for only 3 days and held for 107 days more, 83.3 per cent of them showed tuberculous lesions when slaughtered. Of those fed tuberculous milk for 30 days and then allowed to live 50 days longer, 100 per cent developed generalized tuberculosis.

Nor is this true of experimental cases only. In one instance a shipment of 74 hogs showed tuberculosis in 61 and investigation brought out the fact that the hogs had been fed skimmilk from a creamery in a nearby town. The separator slime from the creamery contained tuberculous bacilli.

Accordingly, unpasteurized skimmilk from creameries is not generally a safe feed for hogs. Neither is unpasteurized milk from the farm separator safe unless the herd is free from the disease. The creamery skimmilk is more dangerous only because it is the mixed product from numerous herds, any one of which may be infected, and because it in turn may be fed to a number of lots of hogs rather than one, thereby doing greater damage.

One remedy for this is, of course, to feed only pasteurized milk but even that will not suffice because hogs working over manure from tuberculous cattle will contract the disease. The only sure remedy, then, is to clean up the dairy herd, make sure it is kept clean by testing regularly, and get rid of any brood sows that may have the disease.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price.



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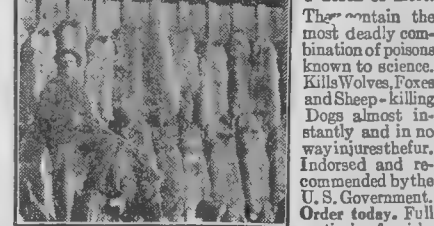
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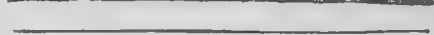
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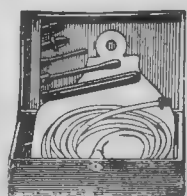
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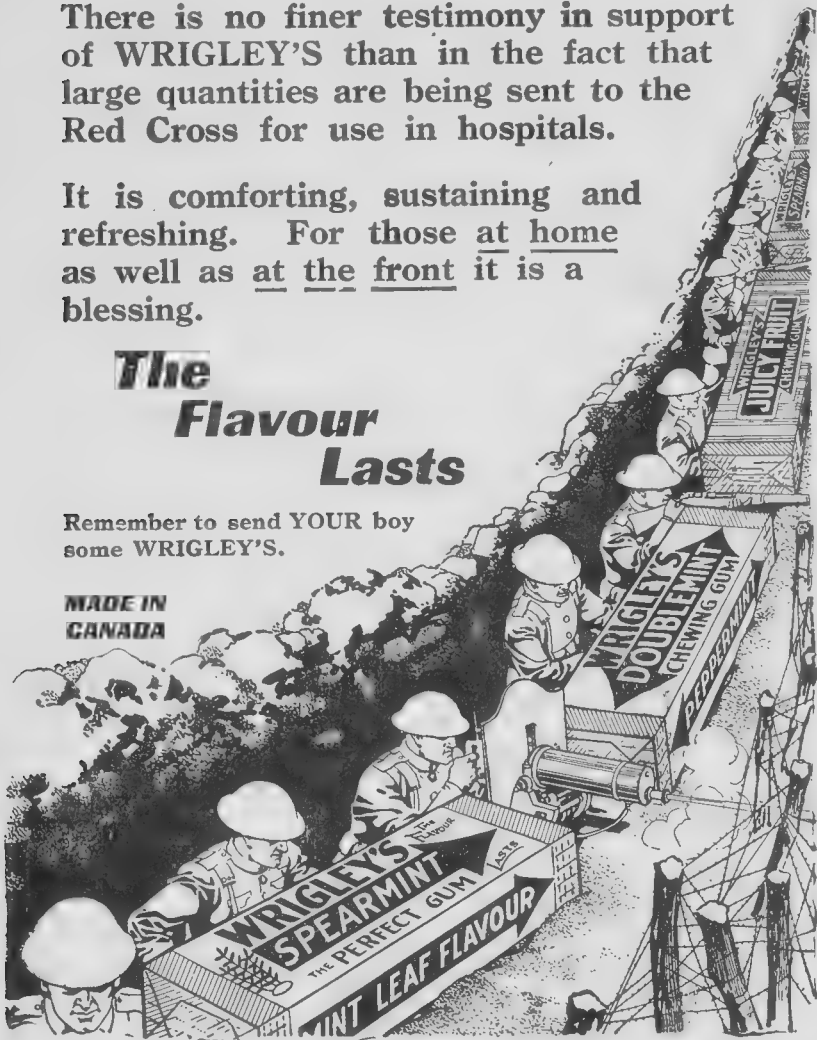
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Woman and the Home

How to Keep the Boys and Girls on the Farm

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Too often we hear the perplexed parent cry out, "my boy has left the farm, and just at a time when he was becoming most useful to me."

Again we hear the assertion of other parents, "Our home is lonely now. The children are scattered. They went out into the world early in life to seek their fortune."

Why did these young people leave the home farm to seek employment? Why is your community so devoid of youth and spirit? Why has the burden of running the farm fallen heavily on the shoulders of the parents, when they should be relaxing and relying on the younger generation?

The answer is this—Farm life makes little appeal to the progressive, ambitious, adventure-loving age. Its monotony is irritating, for the race is possessed with a passion for excitement. It is little wonder that the city, with its mystery and spirit of competition lures the boys and girls from the country.

Is there a remedy? Yes—and it lies in your own farm home and vicinity. First arouse your children's interest in the farm. Allow them to assist in all duties; but be careful not to burden them with duties beyond their strength, or make drudges of them. Secondly, give to them the idea that they are co-workers, or partners with you. To each child might be given as a birthday gift, the deed to a certain lot of land. No matter how small this lot of land may prove to be, it will have a tendency to interest the recipient, for the power of ownership has great appeal.

Watch the youth of your vicinity closely, and give thought to their development along the lines in which they exhibit the most interest. But do not harp upon the subject, until the idea nauseates them with its persistency.

Organize in your community a club—a sort of juvenile institute, which has for its object—development and the seeking of opportunity. This may also be combined with entertainment for the young people. Induce lecturers on agricultural subjects to give a series of talks. Provide moving picture films, which will illustrate these practical lectures. For instance—lectures could be given by a good authority on sheep or beef raising and made more interesting by pictures of local stock flashed on the screen. Local suggestions always make a hit.

Engage a soil expert to talk to the club members. If he is a live talker, he may arouse the enthusiasm of a future chemist. He may so appeal to the youth of your settlement that they will go home and study the soil of your own farm. Perhaps this has never been accomplished in your work. Possibly the younger vision may discover that you are growing corn on land that would yield you a bigger, more valuable crop of beans. Perhaps your boy may be quick to sense that the muck soil, which you so despise, could be converted into a valuable onion bed.

Be sure that the lecturers are enthusiastic regarding their subject, and if possible, humorous. Do not allow a single "dry" speaker a place on any programme. The training that this club should give toward arousing the young people should startle the older folks with original ideas. Do not cry these down. Even if many of them fail, keep the boys and girls active and interested in experimenting.

If you laugh at some suggestion that appeals to you as crude, some day your boy, then recognized as an authority, may throw it up to you in this manner, "I suggested this very thing to you, father, years ago. Had we tried it out then the farmers long ago would have reaped benefit."

Should a lecture on fertilizer arouse the interest of a scientific mind, the club might be the means of establishing a fertilizer plant. This would provide employment for many of the surrounding company and keep the work seekers at home. Indeed, the fertilizer plant might be owned by the club, each member taking shares.

If the boy exhibits a genius for carpenter work, do not hurry him off to the

city to apprentice him to a block builder; but interest him in the agricultural buildings being erected in the neighborhood. Impress upon him the necessity of improving upon the present method of building stables, etc. Perhaps when he has mastered his trade, he may prefer to take contract work in the country, erecting modern piggeries and henneries.

Should another boy prove mechanically inclined, let him monkey with your machinery. Later, when he has made of himself a master mechanic, he may come back to that corner lot that has never paid you in raising grain, and open up a machine shop. Think what a boon this would be to the farmers, struggling with new machinery and unable to operate it, because they have so little mechanical knowledge. Think of the valuable time lost as the farmer ponders over some necessary repair, which is simple enough to the machinist. When questioned as to why he came back home to put his trade into practice, he will truthfully answer:

"When Dad and I used to get balled up with machinery, we used to say over and over again, if there were only someone near who understood machinery; and I decided that I would be that one."

There is the girl who has a talent for cooking—let her mother give her the freedom of the kitchen. Do not restrict her when she wishes to try some dainty dish. Do not say to her, "we are only farmer's folks and farmer's food must be plain and hearty." Give her a chance to study Domestic Science. Persuade her to come home and open up a tea room, the daintiness of which will have appeal, because it is so often lacking on the home farm. Perhaps the same girl, interested in the seed as she has watched her father plant it, will study out new methods of making bread from that home raised flour, and thus increase its sale.

Modernize your home. Do not keep it old-fashioned because it is in the country. Perhaps it is the modern home of the city that lures your son and daughter from you. Remember that they belong to an age that demands change. Add something new to the home several times a year, if it is only a rug, a chair, a book-case or a jardiniere.

Provide the youth of the home with books and pictures. You would not think of refusing to purchase new hats or gloves each season for your daughter. If you do not hesitate to please her vanity, why should you deny her food for her intellect?

Occasionally, when you hear of a high class concert or performance in the neighboring city, make up a crowd of young people and take the excursion. Even if it costs several dollars per person, it is nothing to the amount that your girl or boy would spend on cheap shows and movies, if living in the city. And when the trip is over—and doubtless, you will have had to remain in the city over night—you will have the satisfied feeling that you are taking the young people back with you.

Instill into the youth of your community strong ideas of patriotism and loyalty. If you find your children corresponding with city friends, who picture the glories of the metropolis gaudily, discourage that correspondence. If you discover your nearest tradespeople quoting other nations, holding up their ideas, manufactured articles, modes and fashions, urge that this be discontinued.

Be individual and be original. Cultivate in the youth of your settlement a love for the native, a spirit of progression, a genius for development and invention.

Encourage the building up of your community, and with its progress will leap the progress of the nation.

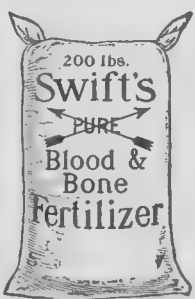
Challenge the youth to assist in this making of history for Canada and proudly will they echo Pauline Johnson's spirited song:

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;

We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;

And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag

That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.



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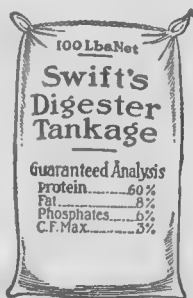
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Can Middle-Aged Women be Happy

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

When we think of middle-aged women, and by that I mean women from about forty to fifty-five, we invariably think of them as being semi-invalids. If, as a wise Frenchman has said: "Woman is always ailing," how much more true is this of her between the two ages I have mentioned. And a sick woman is seldom a happy woman. Of course, there is a kind of resigned placidity sometimes; but this is far removed from the real, exuberant happiness of one who is well and is overflowing with the mere joy of living. Therefore, if a person is to be naturally happy, that person must, first of all, be well.

To a great extent, we can most of us be well, if we choose to be; for it is a known fact that even bodily sickness is mostly of the mind and can be controlled by will power. Take, for example, a woman of forty-four who imagines that she must be ill during the inevitable "change of life." She has headaches, dizziness, strange cravings and indefinable pains. She is irritable and out of sorts all day, and, following old traditions, she is firmly convinced that this state of things must last for the usual amount of years. She does nothing to prevent it, except take a few worthless medicines. Now, suppose this woman is a rather hard-working woman and suddenly she comes into a fortune, where are the aches and pains in her new excitement? Temporarily, they are in abeyance, at least whilst she has other interests, and when these get monotonous, she becomes sick again. At least, she thinks she is sick, and that amounts to the same thing.

Excitement is not necessary to keep a woman happy. Indeed, it often has a contrary effect, by reason of the reaction which inevitably follows. To be happy is to be well, and every person who comes into this world has a right to happiness. So what can a woman do during this so-called trying period of her life?

First.—She must persuade herself that she is well. It is not so difficult to attain perfect health as some people seem to imagine. With regard to her body she must, of course, do away with corsets, high heels, heavy-hanging garments and all those idiotic fashions of society which make so many women look like dressed-up dolls and puppets in a show. Clothes were never meant to squeeze and press on all sides until the beauty of the "human form divine" is entirely lost and made hideous and unnatural. There is no beauty in anything forced and unnatural. The lovely shape of the human body in the old statue of Venus is rounded and perfect. Proper breathing, digestion and free movements are hampered by improper clothing. I suppose all this has been said before and will be said again, and women will pay little heed! But if only a few could be persuaded to try to dress hygienically, those few would gain health and happiness, and each individual woman might persuade another woman to follow her example and so on until a great many had done so.

Second.—To gain health a woman of forty and thereabouts must not eat as much as she was formerly accustomed to do. Why do most of us eat? Is it because we are really hungry? Very seldom so. We eat because it is dinner time or supper time—because others are doing so at the same time and so—just for custom's sake—we sit down to a heavy meal we did not want! Because we have healthy children who are growing all the time, and a husband who works hard all day in the fields or elsewhere, we are not bound to eat when they do, if nature does not demand food at that hour. It seems unsocial not to sit down with the others—it is harder still to sit down with them and not eat! It may be remarked at first, and a woman would be called disagreeable; but this would pass off in time. A woman must have a strong will and not eat for custom's sake if she be not hungry. While she is ministering to others, and making light, joyous conversation, the fact as to whether she be eating or not eating will soon be overlooked.

Third.—Lastly, if a woman from forty to fifty-five wants to be well and happy, she must be interested in something

outside herself. She absolutely must have a hobby, even if that hobby be business or the interesting task of educating her own children, if she can do so to advantage. In these days of free schools so many parents shift their responsibilities on to the poor teacher's shoulders. Many women, if they would, could educate their own children. I think home influence is always best. Some nice-mannered children come back to us so rough and common after they have mixed with other children at school. This is not the teacher's fault. She cannot be everywhere, especially at recess, and it is at this time that the little ones pick up such dreadful words—slang and even worse!

I strongly urge every middle-aged woman, if she can do so, to educate her own children, especially if they be girls. She cannot imagine how interesting it is until she has tried it.

A hygienic, interesting life has no place for illness, above all for those little ailments which have no name and make us feel "we know not how—but never quite well."

Will to be quite well. Women have no idea how far the will can go towards giving them perfect health and happiness until they have proved it:

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;

And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

Do not consign your old kid gloves to the waste basket. Save them, as they can be fashioned into a variety of pretty and useful articles; and, if you have not enough of your own or lack particular colors, you can beg of your friends. The long wrists of mousquetaire gloves can be fashioned into dainty and serviceable bags for opera-glasses, lined with silk or velvet. These need not be all of one color, but may be of two shades or of different colors. Finish about the top with a thick cord, and draw up with a narrow ribbon, or make in square shape with flap. On the outside you may put your initials, monogram, or any other decoration to suit your fancy, either in silk or bead embroidery. Party-bags are made of smaller pieces, overseamed together on the wrong side. These bags are made large enough to hold opera-glasses, fan, handkerchief, gloves, etc. A little pocket is often put in the lining for a tiny powder-puff. Exquisite sofa cushions are made of this kid patchwork, the favorite designs being diamonds or hexagons. The cutting must be evenly done, and the sewing the perfection of neatness. To do this you will require a regular glove-needle. Tidies, head-rests, and corners for the arms of chairs can be made of cast-off gloves, and are especially appropriate gifts for gentlemen. The kid must be cleaned with benzine or some other detergent.

HAD TO GO TO BED KIDNEYS SO BAD COULD NOT STAND STRAIGHT.

Women should not despair even if they are troubled with severe pains in the side or back, and not able to attend to their household duties.

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Children's Page

The "Thank-You" Day

By Frances Harmer

Jimmy was a little boy who had come to live with some cousins because his father and mother had gone West for a time. The cousins of course had a father and mother, too, but Roy and Katie and Dick seemed so much more interesting and important than the grown-up people, who did not play, that Jimmy always said he had come to live with his cousins.

Katie, who was thirteen years old, was very good to him. She helped him to dress every morning, and washed even his ears without hurting him. Not everyone can do that, although, of course, your mother can.

Roy was fifteen. He could carry Jimmy on his back, and run! Dick was about Jimmy's age, and knew lots of games; but Dick sometimes played tricks on Jimmy, because at first Jimmy believed everything that Dick said.

"There's a big turkey just come in," said Jimmy. "To-morrow isn't Sunday."

"No, to-morrow's Thanksgiving," answered Dick. "You get a better dinner on Thanksgiving than you do on Sunday."

"Why?" said Jimmy. "Why" was a word he used very often.

"Don't you know about Thanksgiving Day?" asked Dick.

"No, I don't think I do," said Jimmy. "No, I'm sure I don't know about it."

"I'll tell you," said Dick, with twinkling eyes. "It's the day when you mustn't say anything all day, except 'Thank you.'"

Jimmy was glad it was so late when dinner came. He wanted to say so many other things, and he was afraid he might forget them by to-morrow. He was glad that there was only one day in the year when you had to say nothing except "Thank you."

Dick was having a glorious time listening to Jimmy! He was thinking how much more fun he would have at night, when he meant to tell Jimmy how he had fooled him. But, as you will see, when the time came it was not Dick who laughed!

There were many guests at that Thanksgiving dinner. One was a tall, dark man whom no one except uncle and aunt had ever seen before. Roy said "Sir" every time he spoke to him, and so did Katie. Jimmy thought they seemed somewhat afraid of him.

"He's the new schoolmaster," whispered Dick to Jimmy, behind his mother's back. "They say he's so strict that even the big boys are scared of him!"

When the plates came round to the youngest at the table, who were served last, Dick was soon so busy with his dinner that he forgot to pass anyone the salt, or olives, or anything.

"Come, come, Dick, pass the bread, my boy," said Dick's father. "Don't you see that Mr. Brown hasn't any?"

Even merry Dick felt a little frightened as the big dark man turned to look at him. He passed the plate of bread to Katie very quickly.

"No hurry," said Mr. Brown; but he did not smile, and everyone was quiet for a minute.

"The other little boy is forgetting to pass things," he said suddenly.

Everyone looked at Jimmy; and Jimmy, wondering what he had forgotten to pass, saw that there were three salt cellars right in front of him. He rather suspected that Dick had pushed them there when his mother was not looking; but he handed one of them to Mr. Brown, and as he did so said, "Thank you, sir."

Dick chuckled, but Mr. Brown said: "I'm glad you can say thank you for a reproof, my boy. It promises well."

"More dressing, Jimmy boy?" asked his uncle.

"Thank you uncle," answered Jimmy, holding out his plate.

"How many, many times that child has said 'Thank you' to-day!" exclaimed Roy. "What makes you do it, sonny?"

Jimmy was puzzled. How could he reply to that question in the brief phrase that was all he could speak? He was silent.

"Never sulk, Jimmy, even if they do tease you," his aunt said in a low voice. Jimmy looked up at her, smiling. He could make his one answer to that.

"Thank you, aunt," he replied.

"I like that," said the new schoolmaster. "He can take instruction. I like that very much." And he nodded at Jimmy.

"But I must know why he does it to-day," persisted Roy. "Why do you keep saying 'Thank you' all the time, Jimmy?"

Jimmy decided that he must say one more word. "Thank-You Day," he answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown. "Thank-You Day! I like that. Good boy! 'Thank-You Day! Capital!'"

At night, Dick said to Jimmy: "I fooled you. You don't have to say 'Thank you' all day."

"Boys," said the father of Dick suddenly, "you're pretty young, but I'm going to send you both to school to-morrow. The new schoolmaster thinks you ought to begin right away."

"Oh!" cried Dick. "I'm sorry; he's so strict. They all say so."

"I like him," said Jimmy, "and he said he liked me, too. I'm not scared one bit."

"Yes, he likes you because you said 'Thank you' so many times," explained Katie, coming to help both the little boys to bed. "He didn't know it was all Dick's joke."

"No joke," said Dick. "I'll just have to make to-morrow a 'Thank-You' Day myself."

"All our days ought to be 'Thank-You' Days," said Dick's mother, when she kissed them good night. "And none of them 'Trick' Days, my boy."

Then Katie tucked them both into bed.



"Do you think its done."

"Why?" asked Jimmy again. "Do people give you things?"

"Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't," was Dick's answer. "But whether they do or not, you must just keep on saying 'Thank you.'"

The next morning Jimmy rose, full of excitement.

"This is 'Thank-You Day,'" he reminded himself.

So, when Katie helped him to lace his shoes that he might not be late for breakfast, he said, "Thank you." Katie kissed him, being a motherly little girl, and he said "Thank you" then, and how Katie laughed!

"You may sit here, Jimmy," said his uncle, who had not seen much of the little boy. "Get his chair, Roy."

"Thank you, uncle," Jimmy answered, and as Roy moved the chair to its place, he added, "Thank you, Roy."

He remembered the one word he was to use whenever anyone gave him anything to eat or drink. As his cousins talked a great deal, no one noticed him particularly, but at last so many "thank you's" made his aunt say:

"I think he's been very well brought up."

"Yes, he has," said his uncle. "I think I'll take him over to market in the wagon. All the others have something to do."

So Jimmy had a ride, just because he had said so many "thank you's" while he was having his breakfast.

When dinner time came he was tired and sleepy; but the big table, with its lights and colored leaves and pretty dishes and good things to eat, woke him up. He sat next his aunt, who had Dick on the other side of her.



Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit--It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or cal-
lus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and
see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough 'cal-luses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Gown. Waist—2252. Skirt—2251. This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2252 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2251. Pussy willow satin in a new shade of brown is here combined with embroidered crepe for the under-waist. Serge, velvet, broadcloth and cashmere are also nice for this style. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 5 yards of 44-inch material for the skirt and bolero, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the waist. Skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard at its lower edge. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Stylish Dress. 2256—This design will be nice for serge, pussy willow satin, taffeta, cashmere, gabardine, poplin or crepe. It is also nice for linen

of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Morning Dress. 1947—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style shows the ever-popular "big" pockets and has a smart collar in sailor style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. This model is good for serge, gabardine, flannelette, gingham, percale, linene and linen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Coat and Cap for the Little One. 2249—Serge, cheviot, gabardine, velvet, plush, silk, linen, corduroy, pique and all cloakings suitable for children, are nice for this style. The cap may be



and gingham. The pockets may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2253—One-piece Dress for Juniors. This model has simple, straight lines. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The design is good for serge, corduroy, mixed suiting linen, galatea, percale and other seasonable fabrics. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl. 2231—All wash fabrics are nice for this style, also challie, cashmere, serge, checked and plaid suitings. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards

of self material, or of embroidery, lawn, faille or fur. The pattern includes coat and cap. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the coat and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Seasonable Design. 2247—Ladies' One-piece Dress. This is a good model for serge, cashmere, satin and broadcloth. It is also nice for plaid and checked suitings. The back and fronts form panels in plaited effect. There are two sleeves, one in wrist length and one in loose, flowing style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Ladies' House Gown or Lounging Robe. 2248—Crepe, percale, cashmere, albatross, serge, batiste, dimity, dotted swiss, silk and satin, are nice for this style.



5 Breakfasts For the Cost of One

Do you know that most breakfast meat dishes cost five times as much as Quaker Oats, measured by nutrition? And that eggs alone cost six times as much for the same amount of food units?

The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

Pound for pound, round steak and chicken have less than half the nutrition of oats.

Beef supplies, in lime, phosphates and iron, not one-fifth so much as oats.

As a balanced food, the oat stands supreme.

Also as a vim food and a food for growth.

Also as a savory and inviting cereal dish.

Serve oats liberally and often. They will minimize your food cost, and your folks will be better fed.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious Oat Flakes

For extra flavor, insist on Quaker Oats. These flakes are made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Omitting the small grains makes them doubly delicious. Yet they cost no extra price.

Use them also in bread and muffins, in cookies and pancakes. Use them to thicken soup. The Government is urging every housewife to help conserve our wheat, and this is one way to do it.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in far West where high freights may prohibit

An Aluminum Cooker for \$1.00

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us our trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages, or an affidavit showing the purchase of five packages of Quaker Oats. Send \$1.00 with the trademarks or affidavit, and this ideal cooker will be sent to you by parcel post prepaid. We require the trademarks or affidavit as assurance that you are a user of Quaker Oats. The trademarks have no redemption value. This offer applies to Canada and United States. We supply only one cooker to a family.

Address The Quaker Oats Co., Premium Dept.

Peterborough, Canada

(1723)

Saskatoon, Canada



C/C

à la Grâce

Corsets

Easy fitting and stylish for every woman. On sale at all stores.

Crompton Corset Co. Ltd.
TORONTO



The skirt is shirred to the waist and finished with a heading. The neck and sleeve have a smart collar and cuff finish. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32 and 34 inches bust measure; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42; and extra large, 44 and 46 inches. Size medium requires 7 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Stylish Dress. 2230—This will make a splendid dress for business and general wear. The skirt is gathered and joined to the waist under a broad belt. The sleeve may be in wrist length and close fitting or in elbow length; each style having a plain but smart cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

the guimpe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yard for the guimpe, and 3 3/4 yards for the dress, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Shirt Waist with Long or Short Sleeve. 2229—This pattern is pretty for madras, pique, striped flannel, serge, taffeta, voile, crepe and crepe de chine. The fronts are closed in coat style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. 2232—Seersucker, linen, gingham, percale, serge, corduroy, satin, messaline, repp and poplin are good for this model. The front has a deep yoke, to which the



A Smart Skirt in Raised Waistline. 2228—This style is nice for Jersey cloth, serge, cheviot, broadcloth, satin, corduroy and silk. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 2 1/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 2242—Girls' one-piece, plaited dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Many girls are now wearing these box-plaited dresses. The one-piece style is so comfortable and becoming to growing girls. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a shaped cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 3/8 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Seasonable Model for Mother's Girl. 2255—This style is nice for cashmere, gabardine, repp, voile, plaid or checked suiting, and also for all warm fabrics. The guimpe may be of crepe, lawn or batiste. The dress closes at the left side of the front, and is worn over

skirt portions are joined. At the back the dress plaits extend to the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Not Exploiting the Carpenter

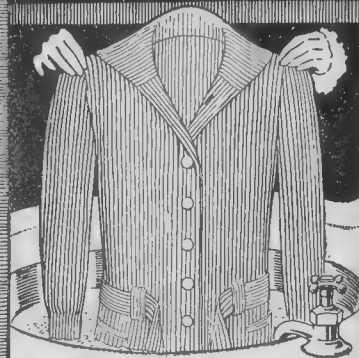
A Chicago violinist who gives concerts throughout the west was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in an Iowa town paper.

"I told your man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a single word about it, not a word."

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh: "That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in my paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

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Never rub woollens. It thickens and hardens them. Just soak and stir gently about in tepid LUX suds—rinse and press the water out and hang to dry. The silken flakes of pure essence of soap make woollens as soft, fleecy and light as when new. Try LUX to-day.

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Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.

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(ESTABLISHED 1879)

Used While You Sleep
For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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ALL SEASONS

JAEGER UNDERWEAR may be had in weights to suit all seasons. It offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits and combinations, in all weights, for men, women and children.

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British "founded 1883".

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Malted Milk for the Home

A nourishing food-drink for All Ages. Anywhere at anytime. Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

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Young People

The Pine-Tree's Secret

By Ellen E. Chase

The pine-tree lifted his proud head high,
While the frolicking winds went trooping
by;
The boisterous winds that high and low
Had tramped that morning over the snow.
They had climbed to the top of the bleak
round hills,
Had loitered to jeer at the captive rills.
"O-ho!" they cried to the pine-tree old.
"We can guess, we can guess what your
great arms hold!
They are empty nests; for away, on wing,
The nestlings have flown where the south
winds sing."
The pine-tree sighed,—he had grown so
wise
From the old white owl with the blinking
eyes,—
The pine-tree sighed, but he whispered low
To the sunbeams merry that danced
below,
A secret we, who are friends, may know.
The winds went on with rollicking shout;
They scattered the brown little leaves
about;
And they never knew—nor do to this
day—
What the faithful pine kept hidden away.
But the sunbeams merry, he welcomed
them all;
They climbed with never a fear or fall,
Higher and higher where, lo! on his breast
The brave old pine held a warm, round
nest.
The sunbeams smiled as he gave them a
peep,
Three small flying-squirrels fast asleep!
Round and fuzzy and puffy and gray,
While mama squirrel had flown away
On her funny flat wings from tree to tree
To bring some nuts to her babies three.
The winds heard only the pine-tree's sigh;
But we know him better, you and I!

Marjorie's Victory

By Lily Manker Allen

"Uncle Howard," asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, "what is a coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Howard, trying to think how to make a simple definition. "When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled, he started to explain further, when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused long enough to say, "I'll look out for a first-rate coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better."

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school, and because she was not able to walk so far, she was obliged to remain at home.

Mama and Uncle Howard were very sorry, and they all thought of the two shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank that meant two whole years without an absence, and of the third that was to have joined them so soon; for Great-Aunt Morton, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a five-dollar gold piece at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing compared with the broken record, and Marjorie sobbed aloud for a few minutes; then, like the brave little girl that she was, she dried her tears, got out her paint-box, and began coloring up some sunbonnet babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday morning everybody was talking about the fire that had occurred the day before, and to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. She said to herself that she just could not have stood it, if anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report-cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart, as she thought of the broken record. She did not even open the envelope until Gertrude Harris had turned off on her own street and she was alone.

But as she glanced over the card, something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column! The teacher must have made a mistake.

Mama and Uncle Howard looked the card over, and said they were glad Marjorie had gone from "G" to "G plus" in her reading but neither of them thought of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake, the record would remain as it was, and the teacher and pupils would forget by next year, and Great-Aunt Morton need never know. So the report-card was returned to the teacher without anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Marjorie could stand it no longer. Summoning all her courage, she came back into the school-room at recess, after the others were all out, and sobbed out her story to her teacher.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did

you?" asked the teacher. "I'm so glad you told me, because I can assure you that you are the one who has made the mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke about the furnace early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day. We sent word to all whom we could reach easily, and dismissed the others as soon as they came. You live so far away we could not notify you. I'm sorry this has troubled you so much; you should have told your mother or me sooner."

Marjorie ran round to Great-Aunt Morton's after school with her report-card, and then fairly flew home to tell her story to mama and Uncle Howard.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence," said Uncle Howard, as he heard the five-dollar gold piece rattle down with its mates. "Now you know the meaning of the word."

"I call it a great victory," said mama, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both.

Helen's D's

Helen was skipping and dancing along on her way home from school. She was happy because Miss Dalton had called her up to the desk, and said, "Helen, tell your mother that if you will practise writing at home every day this month, you will be ready to go into the next grade."

Helen had almost reached her own gate, when a dancing piece of stiff, shiny white paper, that showed a gleam of red, was hurled by the wind right against her feet. Helen picked it up.

A small circle of red paper was pasted on the white, and on that red circle the letter D was written in a curving line of white.

The little girl held the paper up to her eyes. She could not see through it. She folded a corner of it over the red circle. The big white D showed through it plainly. She pulled the red circle off the waxed paper, and carried them both up to her own front door.

Fastened to the door-bell was a slip of note-paper. On it was written:

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS



For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

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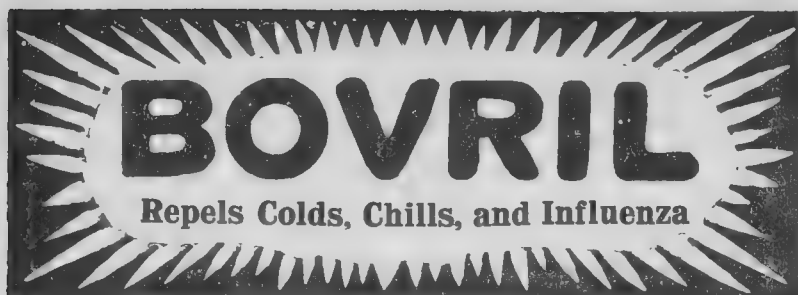
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

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Mrs. COATES COLEMAN

PHONE MAIN 996

224 SMITH STREET

A Medicine for Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Relieved the Sufferings of Women.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

Mrs. Kieso Cured After Seven Month's Illness.



it is."—MRS. KARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my house work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for herself how good

Could Hardly Get Off Her Bed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. JOSIE COPNER, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Dear Daughter. I am going over to Aunt Lulu's for a little while. You may go over to Alice's, or you may play in the yard until I get home.

Mother.

Helen sat down on her own door-step to think what she could do. In a crack between two boards of the piazza she saw a short pencil that she had lost a few days ago. She found a stick, and poked the pencil out. Its point was sharp. She laid the red circle she had found down on the piazza floor, put the waxed paper over it, and traced the graceful curves of the D.

"How pretty it looks!" she said, aloud. "It's the prettiest D I ever saw, and I don't see how anybody could make such a nice one as that, and I wish I could make one half as good."

Helen traced the D again and again. She made ever and ever so many beautiful D's, until they were scattered all over one side of the waxed paper. Then in every bit of space between the traced letters, she began writing D's of her own. She was trying to see if she could not make them so well that she could not tell which D's were traced.

When mother came home, Helen was still making D's. Helen gave her Miss Dalton's message, and mother looked down at the waxed paper, and laughed. "You've done your practising for to-day," she said.

"Why, so I have!" Helen answered, and she was so surprised that for once she forgot to say more than one sentence in a breath.

Helen was ready for promotion at the end of the month, but all through her life she made her D's better than she made any other letter.

The Pool and the Tree

By Clayton Duff

Under a tree on my way from school
I found a dear little baby pool.
It must have come with the rain that day,
And thought it would stay behind and play;
And there it was having a game with the tree,
From under whose branches it twinkled at me.
The pool would smooth itself out and stare,
And the branches would look at themselves in there;
And then the water would ripple and run,
And wobble their picture just for fun,
And break it all into bits, and then
Let the branches look at themselves again.

To-day I looked on my way to school.
Just think what had happened to that dear pool!
The frost had come in the dead of night
And frozen the poor laughing pool up tight!
It seemed a pity to spoil its fun;
All of its ripples and games were done.
But, bending over, I saw the trace
Of a picture, still on its cold, wee face.
A lovely picture of branches fair
And leaves of silver were frozen there.
The dear little pool was asleep, you see,
And dreamed in its sleep of the beautiful tree.

In the Garden

By Winifred Watson Gautenbein

A light wind is stirring the apple-tree bough,
And a snowstorm of petals shakes down on her brow,
As she lies in the grass and looks smiling above,
She that ain't good for nothin' but only to love.

She talks to the leaves in a speech of her own,
From out the old garden with thyme overgrown,
And her soft little hands seize that blossom and this—
That ain't good for nothin' but only to kiss.

O tangle of hollyhocks, tangle of vine,
And tangle of hearts for this baby of mine!
In all the old garden with fragrance astir
There doesn't live nothin' that isn't for her.

Real Luck

"Tommy," said his mother at dinner on Christmas Day, "do stop eating. How can you possibly eat so much?" "Don't know," said Tommy between bites, "I guess it's just good luck."

THE CHIEF CHARM OF LOVELY WOMAN

Soft, Clear, Smooth Skin Comes With The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



NORAH WATSON
86 Drayton Ave., Toronto.
Nov. 10th, 1915.

A beautiful complexion is a handsome woman's chief glory and the envy of her less fortunate rivals. Yet a soft, clear skin—glowing with health—is only the natural result of pure blood.

"I was troubled for a considerable time with a very unpleasant, disfiguring Rash, which covered my face and for which I used applications and remedies without relief. After using 'Fruit-a-tives' for one week, the rash is completely gone. I am deeply thankful for the relief and in the future, I will not be without 'Fruit-a-tives'."

NORAH WATSON.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



BE WELL

I am a woman who helps women to be well. I tell women how to be free of headaches, backaches, nervous spells, crying spells, tired, listless feeling, constipation, fretfulness, sleeplessness. Simply write me and I will send you postpaid, ten days' free trial treatment, with names of people in Canada who owe their present health and strength to my treatment.

Write me to-day.
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quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.

In 15c. & 25c. sizes. Extra large size 50c.

Agents: Of all Chemists.
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BANKIN & CO. Kilmarnock, Scotland.
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Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. My treatment has reduced at the rate of a pound a day. No dieting, no exercise. Absolutely safe and sure method. Let me send you proof at my expense.
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CAUGHT COLD NEGLECTED IT WAS SICK FOR MONTHS.

You should never neglect a cold, however slight. If you do not treat it in time it will, in all possibility, develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

On the first sign of a cold or cough it is advisable to cure it at once, and not let it run on for an indefinite period.

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Correspondence

Fighting for the Boys

Dear Editor:—Please forward enclosed letter to "Scotty." I'm indeed glad someone understood me. I would like to tell "Rationalist," that I'm no slacker. I work from 8 in the morning till 10 or 11 at night for a man whose sons are all in khaki, no holidays either and I take no wage. What is money, pleasure, or anything when all our loved ones are fighting and dying for us. Can we enjoy it? No. My only pleasure is working for the Red Cross and writing to our dear lads, who as one man says are the roof that protects us, and they are. I'll fight for the khaki lads always. Best wishes.

"Pocahontas."

Western Girls Wanted

Dear Editor:—I am a young soldier training at Valcartier Camp, Que., and appreciate your paper very much as it has the news of Western Canada where our Battalion was formed. I enjoy the letters in the correspondence section and agree with "Irish Norah" (in July edition) on the slacker question. People should be very careful before they start slinging that slur at any civilian especially at farmer's sons as they are doing their duty as much as we soldiers are.

I would like to receive letters from Western girls who would care to write to a soldier away from home. Letters help us to "pack up our troubles" and bring home nearer.

I would like to correspond with "Kissamee." My address is with the editor.

I will use the name I am called in the army for this time.

"Nipper."

A Pleasant Mistake

Dear Editor:—Please accept my very best thanks for publishing my letter also for forwarding the letters from correspondents (one in Sask. and one in Alta.) which I am so pleased to have, shall be glad if you give my name and address to anyone else asking for same. Would like to hear from any one in far North Canada. I guess a nice little paper like "The Western Home Monthly" travels far and wide. My husband is a "wireless operator" in the Royal Flying Corps. He was reported killed on 1st April in Palestine, but I am pleased to say we got a cable a week later saying a mistake had been made.

With best wishes to you and "The Western Home Monthly", I remain yours sincerely,

"Isabel."

Wants a Companion

Dear Editor:—I have been reading "The Western Home Monthly" for a long time. Some of the girls write very nice letters and I think some of them are good Christian girls.

I do not like the word slacker used so much, as I have a son that could not leave the farm as he is the only boy left, but in his heart he would like to be at the front. We are an English family. We have a large farm of a section and a quarter and a hundred and forty head of cattle. These last two years my boy has had much of the work to do himself so you will see girls that the word slacker strikes hard on those dear boys of ours. Now I will tell you that I want some good Christian young person of about 23 or so to come and make her home with me. I should like her to know music as I have a little daughter. I would just treat her as my own, but she must be of a nice family and a dear good Christian person. I should like to hear from a farmer's daughter. This is a lovely part of the country, a lot of young married people in it so you would not be dull. If anyone writes to me tell me all about yourselves and inclose photos if possible. I put this in this paper because I thought it might reach someone left alone by this dreadful war to sorrow and grief for loved ones gone. I too have lost friends at the front and can sympathize.

You will find my address with the editor. I sign myself,

"A Mother."

[Editor's Note—The following is an extract from a letter received from a former correspondent. We are very pleased indeed to know that our "Letter

Exchange" is helping to brighten many a weary hour on the battlefield.]

Dear Editor:—I still write to "Lonely Westerner," and enjoy his fine letters very much. I also correspond with the Belgian friend, whose letter you kindly forwarded in first instance. I forget his nom-de-plume. We write to each other half in French and half in English. His English is very quaint, and I am afraid my French is very unidiomatic and ungrammatical, although he has the chivalry to say it is charming. I also write to my French boy still and if I am helping them in any way, the benefit is mutual, for both of them correct my mistakes, and it is as good as taking a course in French all over again. We all enjoy your magazine so much, and I should like to say here, that I think the quality and tone of the letters in the correspondence page are much improved of late. I think this dreadful war is making most of us take a higher view of life and in many ways is going to purge away much of the dross and earthliness that used to defile us.

Wishing you increased success, and much blessing to your work.

"Helper."

Will the Girls Write?

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your paper, which I find very interesting. We have had it sent us for the last three or four years and I have often thought of writing but never seemed to find time, or perhaps couldn't settle down to it. I always had the paper sent me from home while I was in training in England, and have always been very pleased to receive it for the last 15 months while out in Greek Macedonia. Now I am in a hospital at Malta with malaria, so have plenty of time for writing. The paper has arrived by this morning's mail, so I have just run through the correspondence page. I like "Kissamee's" letter very much, also "Grey Girls", would like to hear from them, if they will write first I will only be too pleased to answer all letters. I expect to be in England by the time you will receive this letter, so will leave my home address with the editor. I really think "Kissamee" is a sport; she seems to be a second Spit Fire. Still I hope she is not easily offended.

"Shropshire B'ho."

Irrigation Period Extended

Calgary, October 1st.—The steps being taken in Western Canada to increase food production manifest themselves in many ways. Among the latest is a request made by the Lethbridge Board of Trade to the Canadian Pacific Railway that the Company should continue to flow irrigation water in its ditches beyond the usual time this fall to enable farmers to fall-irrigate their lands for the purpose of increasing the crops of 1918. Similar representations have been made by settlers in the eastern section of the Canadian Pacific Railway Irrigation Block. In both cases the Company has shown its desire to co-operate with the farmers in increasing production by agreeing to the request that water should be supplied through the ditches after September 30th, which is officially the end of the irrigation season.

Anybody Could Guess It

Socialist Orator—"Tell me why it is you have to work from morning until night."

Auditor—"It is the only time we got. We sleep from night till morning."—Judge.

Getting to the Bottom of Things

Mrs. Jones had just punished her little boy, Tom. After crying for a few minutes, he turned to his mother and asked: "Mamma, did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty," was the reply.

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?" continued the little boy.

"Yes, Thomas," replied the mother.

"And was she whipped when she was little?" further questioned the boy.

"Yes!" answered Mrs. Jones.

A few seconds elapsed. Then Tommy exclaimed:

"Well, who started it, anyway?"—Classmate.

Rheumatism Entirely Gone

After Twenty-seven Years of Suffering—Swelling and Puffiness Has Disappeared—Not a Pain or an Ache Left

Kincardine, Ont. (October 2nd)—A most astonishing cure of rheumatism and eczema has been reported here, and Mrs. Ray is enthusiastic in telling her many friends how cure was effected.

Rheumatism and eczema frequently go together, and in this case caused the most keen distress imaginable. All the swelling and puffiness resulting from many years of rheumatism have disappeared, and there is not a pain or an ache left.

Mr. G. H. Ray, R.R. No. 1, Kincardine, Ont., writes: "Mrs. Ray has been using your Kidney-Liver Pills. She was very bad with rheumatism and eczema, and had had that fearful itch for twenty-seven years. It was simply terrible what she suffered. I persuaded her to try \$1.00 worth of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, she is now on the last box, and let me tell you she scarcely knows herself, she is so free from both these diseases. All the swelling and puffiness caused by the rheumatism has gone away, and she has gone down in weight 18½ pounds. She never has an ache nor pain, biliousness nor sick headache all these months. She often says herself 'How glad I am that I know what to do instead of paying doctors so much to make me worse.'"

There is only one way that the poisons in the blood can be cleaned away and the cause of pains and aches removed, and that is by the healthful action of the kidneys, liver and bowels. Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on these organs and ensure their activity they remove the cause of rheumatism and other dreadfully painful and fatal diseases. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bed-ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 335D Gurney Bldg.,
Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

What the World is Saying

As Japan Sees It

The German Emperor's outburst against Britain is the sincerest tribute to the naval and military efficiency of that mighty nation.—Tokyo Nippon.

The Outlook for Germany

Germany will be compelled to restore Belgium, and then she can set about the task of restoring Germany.—Madrid Diario Universal.

He Was, Indeed

"When Count von Bernstorff, on leaving America, said that he had a feeling he would never return, he was a true prophet.—Rome Giornale d'Italia.

Hun Teeth-gnashing

"Let us gnash our teeth and not say a word about peace," says Hindenburg. It always is safer to stop talking while gnashing the teeth.—Dublin Irish Times.

The Morality of Kultur

Berlin has evidently worked out a new morality by the simple process of reversing the old one, and saying, "Evil be thou my good."—Glasgow Herald.

He Will Not Dare It Outside Germany

Our idea of an utter lack of a sense of decency is the man who will have the bravado to display an Iron Cross after this war.—Washington Star.

The Falling Mark

The value of the German mark may fall and fall, but it can never hope to get as cheap as some of the people it bought in America.—New York Sun.

A Noble Red Man

In point of color, the most appropriate recruit to Red Cross work is the Sioux chief who has been made vice-president of a North Dakota chapter.—Minneapolis Journal.

Not a Bar between Montreal and Japan

If a man started out west from Montreal with the intention of having a glass of beer at the first bar he came to, he would not be able to realize his desire until he had reached Japan.—Ottawa Citizen.

Ruthlessness vs. Theory

Invading Germans have hanged about one hundred and fifty Socialists at Riga. This should give an awful jolt to their peace at any price brethren in Petrograd.—Montreal Gazette.

A New Definition

"What is the truth?" said jesting Pilate. We are now in a position to answer this definitely. It is the exact opposite of anything the German autocracy swears to.—Paris Figaro.

True Here, as in Great Britain

Food economy is more essential than ever. There should not be the slightest slackening in the rigid self-restraint which it demands from each individual.—London Times.

He Will Never Get It

Hindenburg has been getting the freedom of many cities, in honor of his seventieth birthday. He would cheerfully trade them all for the freedom of Paris.—Victoria Colonist.

More Surprises Coming

With each new revelation of its rottenness and treachery, the German autocracy is filled with fresh surprise at the world's failure to love and appreciate it.—Londonderry Sentinel.

Unwise to Prophecy about Russia

One reason for not paying attention to what literary persons are writing about Russia is that everything they wrote about Russia before the war was contradicted by what happened.—Vancouver Province.

"By Gum, That's Me!"

It is related that in a certain newspaper office in Chicago, as a linotype operator was setting numbers of those drafted, his eye reached his own number, and, without halting his fingers in their flying task, he exclaimed to his neighbor: "By gum, that's me!" and went on with his work without further comment. That is the spirit in which the great majority of the young Americans have taken the news that they are included in the first draft.—Halifax Herald.

A Great Maker of History

General Joffre is to be elected to membership in the French Academy. He certainly wrote one of the greatest chapters in the world's history at the battle of the Marne.—Toronto World.

A Deserved Compliment

It is a great compliment to Mrs. Nellie McClung that when she delivers an address, her women hearers are more interested in her words than in her hat.—Hamilton Herald.

German "Efficiency," So-called

Another example of German efficiency is shown in the way, after years of patient effort to establish itself in Argentina, it can by one stupid blunder wipe out all the work of years. German efficiency?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Wonders of Hun Psychology

The trained troop of eminent German psychologists recently appointed to report upon opinion in the Allied countries have informed the Kaiser that the way to secure generous peace terms will be to kill as many London school children as possible.—London Truth.

Hun Achievements

Dr. von Kuehlmann speaks of Germany's "glorious deeds of imperishable greatness." But he doesn't explain whether he means outraging nuns in Belgium, chopping the hands off little boys in France or shelling open boats on the high seas.—New York World.

Germany's National Hero

Hindenburg is reported as saying: "Let us gnash our teeth and not say a word about peace until the bloody work is done and victory is ours." The image of the German people "gnashing their teeth" is an unconscious revelation of the national (no pun please) ideal. Germany's hero is the wolf.—Providence Journal.

The Sort of Fodder Fed to the Boches

England will be sorry indeed that she has asked help from America, in her struggle with Germany, instead of making peace while she could attain it under relatively easy conditions. America is not an ally like France, Russia or Italy.—Berlin Vossische Zeitung.

The German Point of View

The French are under no illusion as to the characteristics of their enemy and the only arguments he understands. He cannot be put under obligations by chivalry or generosity. He takes these as evidences of weakness, and probably cannot conceive that they were inspired by a nobility of nature that he himself does not possess.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Morally Blind Pacifists

It is erroneous to say that Germany's shocking crimes against humanity have left her without a friend among the free nations of the world. She has the pacifists in every clime who think there should be no differentiation between right and wrong.—Chicago Tribune.

Not an Unreasonable Question

So many corrupt and treacherous deeds have been proved against German diplomats, that the world outside Germany must wonder if there is in all Germany an honorable man. Is there one who will refuse to take his part, when ordered, in the most dishonorable plots? Has Germany bred any men of the present generation with a spark of honor in his breast.—Paris Matin.

Boche Self-Opinion

Our German Kultur has, in its unique depth, something shrinking and severe, it does not obtrude itself, or readily yield itself up; it must be earnestly sought after and lovingly assimilated from within. This love was lacking in our neighbors; wherefore they easily came to look upon us with the eyes of hatred.—Leipzig Tageblatt.

Wastefulness in Canada, Too.

As a people, it is not to be denied that we are prodigal sons and daughters. Other nations hold up their hands and exclaim over our costly leavings. A provincial French family could easily subsist on what the average American family throws away. We raise our voices in justified protest against monopolistic robber barons of the food markets. But we do not check the waste from our own back door.—Duluth Herald.

Siam Is Not So Slow

More than two months have elapsed since Siam declared war on Germany, but there have been no German plots or conspiracies in this little kingdom as yet, nor is there likely to be. The declaration of war was announced at daybreak on July 22, and within an hour every German in Siam was rounded up and was on his way to an internment camp. The Siamese may be backward in many respects, but they know how to do things promptly and well in some emergencies.—Chicago Herald.

Workings of the German Mind

The German mind is logical, if narrow. The greatest good for Germany must be the greatest good of the world. The extension of the beneficent rule of Germany and of German kultur over all the world would be of the highest advantage to humanity. Hence he who tries to accomplish this even by blowing up his friends' factories, setting neighbors by the ears, fermenting riots or sinking friendly ships without leaving a trace is doing a work of sweetness and light that should be rewarded with general affection. Such are the workings of the German mind.—Belfast News-Letter.

The World Struggle

The war is now well into its fourth year. How long will it go on? Where shall we be in another three months and another three months after that? These are the questions that are asked in England, and far more persistently in Germany. The enemy is certainly not yet beaten. The German people may have abandoned the hope of establishing a German dictatorship of Europe, but they are still persuaded that they can force the Allies to accept a German peace.—London Daily Express.

The Solution in Our Mouths

A wit has said that the solution of the food problem lies in our mouths. Literally speaking, there is sound common sense in this view. In 1905, medical officers of the American army proved that through complete mastication 25 per cent was added to the nutritive power of food, with the result that the quantity required would be reduced proportionately. Eugenists claim that health, vigor and fitness do not depend on the amount we eat so much as on the way we eat it. Thus, complete mastication will add to strength and efficiency, and this has been taught in the American army for the past decade.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Quarter of a Century Ago

Twenty-five years ago ladies wore bustles. Aviation was unheard of. Surgical operations were rare. Nobody had seen a silo. Nobody swatted the fly. Nobody sprayed orchards. Nobody wore white shoes. Cream was 5 cents a pint. Automobiles were unknown. Nobody "listened in" on a telephone. Folks said pneumatic tires were a joke. The submarine was undreamed of—outside of Jules Verne's story, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." You stuck tubes in your ears to hear a phonograph, and it cost a dime. And a dime was a great deal more money then than it is now.—Kansas City Star.

The Leopard Cannot Change Its Spots

Germany's peace overtures are as deadly as poison gas. They are no more friendly than submarine attacks. They have the same quality of treachery. The Allies would be simple-minded fools if they should suspend for a single second their preparations to demolish Germany, in order to listen to her peace proposals. It is perfectly evident that the robber will not disgorge until forced to do so. The necessary force is now assembling. There is no escape from the avenging hand. Let it be raised in might, and let it strike home!—Dundee Advertiser.

When French was Spoken in English Law Courts

Not only foreign affairs, but the affairs of our law courts were at one time conducted in French. An extract from the official record of an assault on Chief Justice Richardson, in 1631, is interesting as showing the limitations of French. "Richardson, C.J. de G.B., at assizes at Salisbury in summer 1631 fuit assaut per prisoner la condamne pur felony: que puis son condemnation jeet un brickbat a le dit Justice que narrowly mist et pur ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn pur Noy anvers le prisoner et son dexter manus ampute et fixe al gibbet sur que luy mesme immediately hange in presence de Court." It must have taxed the seventeenth-century clerk's French to tell the story and once or twice he nearly broke loose into plain English, as witness the "brickbat" which narrowly mist. Luckily for the judge, he was bending over his desk when the brickbat was thrown, which enabled him to remark as he looked up: "Had I been an upright judge, I had been slain."—London Daily Chronicle.



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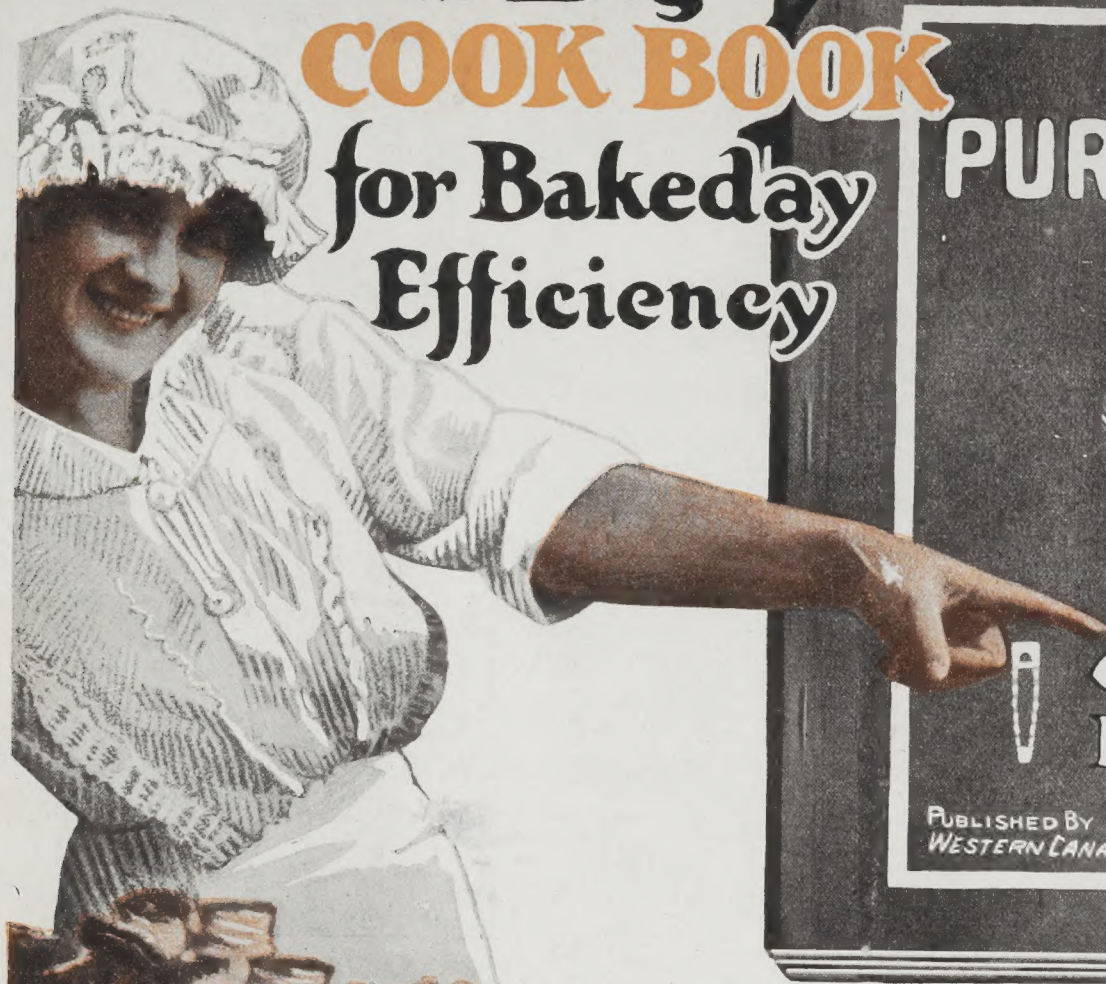
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